APRIL 11, 1983

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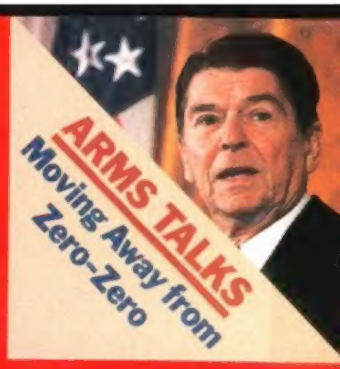
TIME



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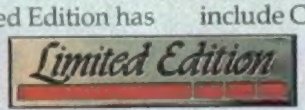

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Besides all that, the Limited Edition has features found on no other RX-7 model. These include Chateau Silver paint with red pinstripe, Bridgestone 195/60HR14 low-profile radials, and extra-wide 5.5-inch forged aluminum wheels.

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APRIL 11, 1983 Vol. 121 No. 15 **TIME** THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

On a tennis court in Miami last fall, West Coast Bureau Chief Benjamin Cate commented to Caribbean Bureau Chief William McWhirter on the huge increase he had observed in the use of cocaine among middle-class Americans. McWhirter responded by citing estimates on the growing traffic in the drug through his South Florida territory. Says McWhirter: "We realized we were talking about two ends of the same pipeline. Like oil, cocaine had become a major commodity. I had the suppliers, he had the consumers."

From there, under Cate's coordination, reporting this week's cover story on the epidemic spread of cocaine was fairly straightforward. McWhirter concentrated on the criminal activities of importers and suppliers and the law's efforts to control them. Washington Correspondent David Jackson talked with members of the Drug Enforcement Administration and other Justice Department officials.

GERRETSEN—MEGA

Cate with coke paraphernalia

Cate and New York Correspondent Janice Simpson interviewed dozens of cocaine users, former users and dealers in an effort to put together a series of profiles. Says Cate of the experience: "Stitching together this grim and sorry story was not easy. Getting these people to discuss their habits, lifestyles and thoughts required the establishment of trust, and that takes time." In one instance, however, there was a reward: one young woman ex-user who confided in Cate later wrote him. "She told me that I had helped her look at herself in a way that she had never done before," says he. "That had to be some kind of first for me: the reporter turned therapist."

In New York, Simpson found the assignment "the most depressing I've had in my ten years as a journalist. These people were not stereotypical junkies; they were just ordinary people, the kind you would meet at a dinner party. And that made the stories they told about lying and stealing and spending every penny they could lay their hands on that much more frightening. I kept thinking this doesn't happen to nice people; we know how to keep these things under control. But it does, and we don't." Helping make that point with horrifying realism, New York Correspondent James Wilde went with a cash-laden couple on a Sunday drug-buying trip to "Alphabet Town" on Manhattan's Lower East Side. Wilde's report accompanies the cover story.

The cover was designed by Deputy Art Director Nigel Holmes and Design Consultant Tom Bentkowski. To fashion the "cokehead," they used nearly 100 one-gram packets of powdered artificial sweetener. "We found that it photographed the best," says Bentkowski. Just as well; obtaining the real thing not only would have been illegal but would have cost $10,000.

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Photograph by Matthew Klein

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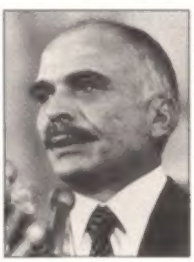
Cover: Cocaine, once an indulgence of the rich, is now a democratic epidemic. Despite a crackdown, record amounts are being smuggled into the U.S. But its destructive power is becoming better known. *See* NATION.



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A 5-part series that may surprise you

Part IV.
If you think oil gets tax breaks, read on.

Here's another true or false mini-quiz:
■ The oil industry is a big fat cat with the political clout to avoid paying its fair share of taxes. **That's false.**
■ Oil companies have been the target of discriminatory tax treatment that could weaken their ability to find new oil and gas. **Unfortunately, that's true.**

Consider these examples:

■ Percentage depletion recognized the fact that an oil company's oil in the ground is both its capital and its merchandise. Unlike a manufacturer, who depreciates a machine over the years and then buys another, an oil company cannot depreciate its oil. So percentage depletion permitted oil companies to recover capital value for oil and gas in the ground, and gave them additional risk capital to look for more. The deduction applied to some 75 minerals in all, ranging from a maximum of 27½% for oil and gas down to 5% for sand and others which are plentiful or easy to find. Percentage depletion for major oil companies was cut, and then almost totally eliminated in 1975. It continues to exist for other extractive industries.

■ Foreign tax credit goes to all U.S. companies operating abroad so they can avoid being taxed by both the U.S. and foreign countries on the same income. Its purpose is to permit U.S. companies to avoid double taxation and compete effectively in foreign markets. (Remember, the foreign tax credits can never offset taxes on income earned in the U.S.) Congress has repeatedly discriminated against oil companies by cutting their foreign tax credits without making similar cuts for other industries. Ability to compete against foreign companies, which get such protection, is weakened.

■ The "windfall profit" tax on crude oil produced in the U.S. was enacted in 1980. Even oil not yet found, whose costs are not yet known, will bear this special tax when discovered and produced, thus reducing incentive for investing in domestic exploration.

The tax helped raise the oil industry's income and "windfall profit" tax burden in 1981 to 51%, compared with an average income tax of 26% for companies in other businesses.

■ Last December, Congress imposed an additional 5¢ a gallon tax on gasoline, starting April 1.

■ Now Congress is looking at a package of standby taxes which includes a new $5 excise tax on every barrel of oil, imported and domestic. Some want to slap on an import fee of $5 or even $10 a barrel. With these in the wings, we think it's long past time to cry "Enough!"

Tax experts may debate the niceties of any particular tax proposal. But the cumulative effect is to dry up oil investment capital, which endangers the energy security of the nation.

Quite often, the torturer's victim eventually dies, even if the intent is just to make him suffer a bit. Isn't it time to let up on the oil industry?

Next: Time to cry "hard astern" on oil taxes.

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Marlboro	16	1.0
Salem	14	1.1
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Newport	16	1.2
Carlton Kings	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**

	TAR mg/cig	NICOTINE mg/cig
Kent 100's	14	1.2
Winston Lights 100's	12	0.9
Benson & Hedges 100's	16	1.1
Parliament Lights 100's	12	0.9
Salem 100's	15	1.1
Marlboro 100's	16	1.1
Carlton Box 100's	**Less than 0.5**	**0.1**

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*Burke Market Research Survey of 5,000 businesses, April, 1980

Letters

Saving Chrysler

To the Editors:

It is not just Lee Iacocca's brains, bluster and bravado that have turned Chrysler around [March 21]. The company is producing a product that meets our needs, a dependable, comfortable car that provides economical transportation.

H. Anthony Hodges
Pittsburgh

Love him or hate him, Iacocca is the epitome of American entrepreneurship.

Michael J. Dunbar
Dallas

I agree that it is dangerous for the Government to lend money to failing businesses. It is also impossible to specify the qualities an executive must possess in order to save a company. However, it is apparent that Iacocca has the unique combination of attributes that enables him to direct a comeback.

Ronald C. Garinger
Paoli, Pa.

Aiding Chrysler, the weakest of the big three auto companies, penalizes those that are fitter and undermines the competitive principle. Darwin would not have approved of bailing out Chrysler.

John Russell
Boston

Lee Iacocca and Ted Turner are the only stars who have appeared in American business in many years.

Jim Griffith
Cincinnati

Your photograph of Walter P. Chrysler shows him posing in front of a 1932 Plymouth and not, as your caption says, a 1928 Plymouth.

Charles H. Windeknecht
Closter, N.J.

I own a 1979 Aspen that has been nothing but a problem. Now every time Iacocca comes on the screen and invites us "to take our chances," my entire family hollers back, "Any chance is better than the one you gave us!"

Albert J. Clarke
Wilton, N.Y.

Recently I purchased one of Iacocca's "babies." For 25 years I had one of the "other biggies' products." After shopping around, I found Chrysler's car and price, coupled with Iacocca's salesmanship, an unbeatable combination.

Edith Owen
South Salem, N.Y.

Kissinger's Plan

I applaud the vigor and depth of Kissinger's arms control proposal [March 21]: his approach in which the U.S. should unilaterally implement a plan of its own even if the Soviet Union does not go along makes the U.S. the leader rather than the follower. More important, it shows the world that this country is committed to world peace.

Sondra Stewart
Garland, Texas

A realistic and open-ended approach to nuclear strategy and arms control is essential if we are to avoid a disaster in the future. At the same time, we must guarantee our nation's security. Master Strategist Kissinger has offered such an approach in his analysis of the nuclear labyrinth. Our elected representatives in Congress should consider Kissinger's suggestions before embracing the simplistic approach of the nuclear freeze movement.

James M. White Jr.
Wahiawa, Hawaii

The ultimate deterrent to nuclear war is to convince the Soviet leaders that if there is war their country will cease to exist. If this were our policy, we could concentrate on diversifying our weapons rather than emphasizing warheads and tonnage. We could also install a system ensuring that if the U.S. were wiped out, American missiles would rise from underwater or deep in the ground to destroy in two or three weeks vital areas of the Soviet Union.

Robert G. Worman
Seminole, Fla.

Whatever merits Kissinger's individual proposals have, his overall scheme to halt the strategic arms race assumes that negotiations with the Soviets are possible. However, Ronald Reagan is making mutual talks impossible with his harsh rhetoric and hard line. The President would do well to remember that when international relations are approached in terms of absolutes, such as good and evil, discussion and compromise become dead concepts.

Jane Hathaway
Austin, Texas

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Letters

Defiant Nun

If our modern nuns like Sister Agnes Mansour [March 21] want to run the world, they ought to make it on their own and not on the back of the church. Now that they have given up the veil, they believe they can serve two masters.

Frank W. Cummiskey
Columbia, Mo.

A hundred years from now, seminarians will continue to study heretical teachings like Jansenism of the 1600s. To that list will be added "Mansourism," a 20th century heresy that taught its adherents to place civil law above the Gospel.

(The Rev.) Kevin F. Lutz
Associate Pastor, St. Mary Church
Marion, Ohio

It has been 20 years since Vatican II. It is high time that nuns and priests cease experimenting and begin to honor their vows of obedience to the church. Those who will not should get out.

Gloria Lieu
Detroit

When Pope John XXIII opened the window, he expected fresh air. Instead, he got a hurricane.

Pat Gilhooly
Livonia, Mich.

Reagan the Divine

I find nothing wrong with the way President Reagan "mixed God and Government" [March 21]. After all, the President was speaking to the Evangelicals. When he appears at a business convention, he naturally focuses on economics. When he delivers the State of the Union speech, he talks about the nation. There is nothing improper about the President's allowing his religious beliefs to creep into a speech at an Evangelical meeting.

Daniel James Kunkel
Madison, Wis.

Despite Hugh Sidey's acerbic disparagement of President Reagan's religious oratory, I found encouragement in the brief quotations from the speech. It is refreshing to see a man take a stand for truth and light.

Rod Nygaard
College Station, Texas

President Reagan is of my generation and speaks my language. I do not always agree with him, but your implication that he was "playing politics" when he adopted a religious tone with the Evangelicals is insufferable. It is right that he should pray for what is important to him.

Florence Whitaker Gross
Milwaukee

Hugh Sidey has never been better than in his story on "The Right Rev. Ronald Reagan." I have been a minister in the

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Letters

United Methodist Church for 40 years, and it pains me when my colleagues in the pulpit confuse the Gospel with political opinions and self-righteousness with justice. When the President of the U.S. falls into such blasphemy, my pain is compounded many times over.

(The Rev.) Vernon Bigler
Buffalo

Reagan's sermonizing before the Evangelicals is a dangerous mix of electioneering hooey and religious claptrap. As Sidey makes clear in his story, the U.S. is a pluralistic nation whose impressive strength derives from its being an open marketplace for ideas and opinions. The country does not need to hear pious bray and howl from the occupant in the White House. It needs to have that marketplace responsibly guarded.

William Patrick Overson
Narragansett, R.I.

The only thing I can add to your article is that President Reagan uses religion like a trolley car. He rides it only while it is going his way.

Fred C. Kosloske
Santa Clara, Calif.

Pen in Hand

Your article on handwriting [March 21] reminded me of my grammar school days, when the Palmer method was introduced. I refused to do the exercises, claiming that we should not all write alike, an opinion I still hold. As a result of my steadfastness, I spent most of my time in the principal's office.

Ernestine Webster Jay
Fort Wayne, Ind.

When I was transferred to St. John's Parish Day School last fall to begin fourth grade, I was incredulous that I had to learn italic writing. Thanks to your article, I now know why we practice this so endlessly. I am now doing fairly well, but on the first day I couldn't even get the ink to flow from the nib!

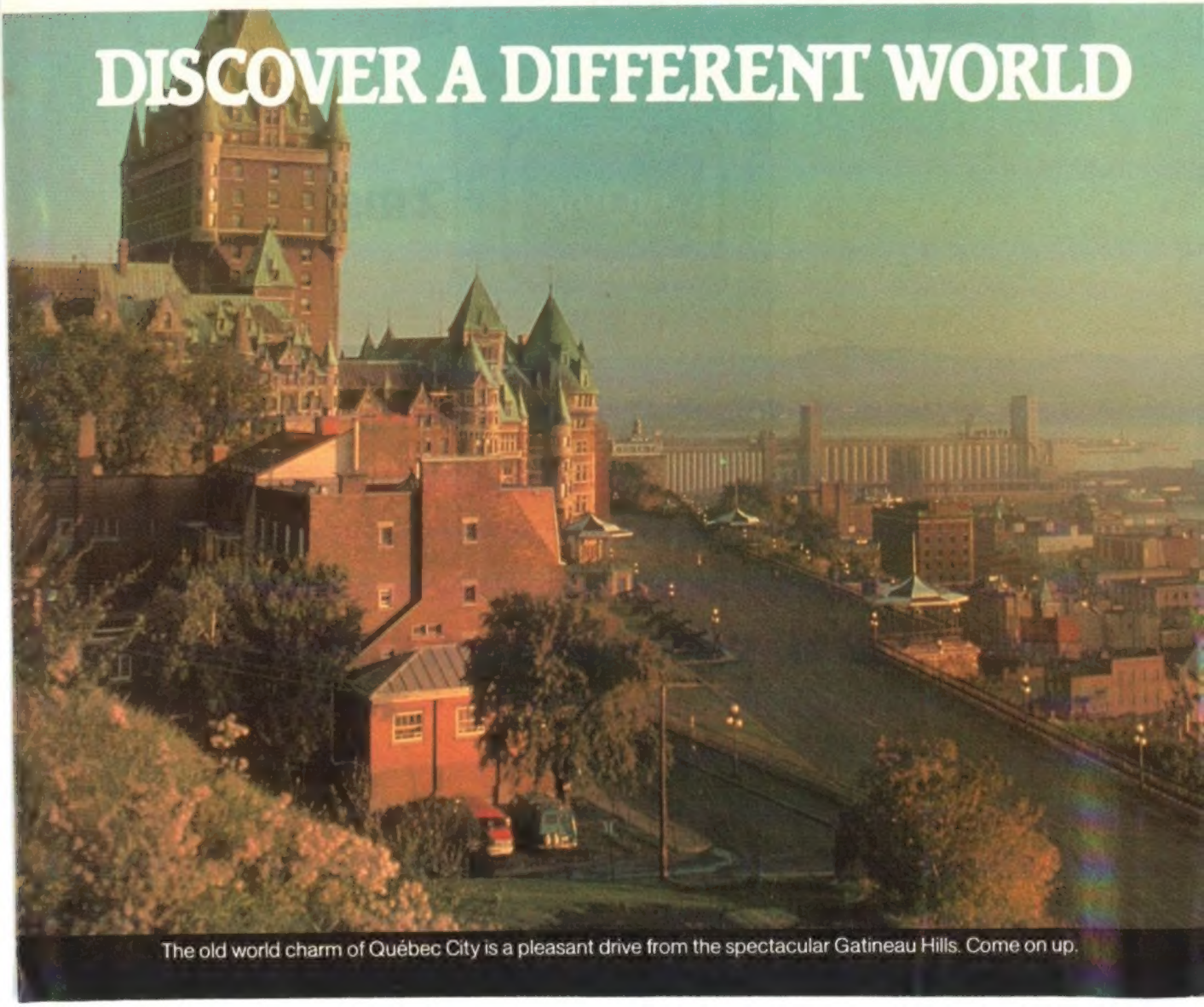
Chanta G. Hundley
Tampa

Children should be allowed to write the way they want, provided it is neat and legible.

Chris Stacey
Spokane, Wash.

Stop the Cameras

The filming of Cecil Andrews' tragic act of self-destruction [March 21] shows that people like to see others get hurt. Consider the excess of violence on television and in films. While TV-news leaders condemned the judgment of WHMA's news director, the major networks all



showed portions of the tape that recorded a man setting himself on fire. The networks cannot resist satisfying the public's grisly appetite.

Glen Pelletier
Toronto

In your article "When 'News' Is Almost a Crime," you were critical of the newsmen who filmed a man setting himself on fire. You are right. Why, then, did you print a picture of the man committing the act? You put yourself in the same boat as the erring newsmen.

Tarek T. Arja
Tampa

Papal Peregrinations

Words, words and more words. These are all that the Pontiff offered the oppressed people of Central America during his recent visit to that region [March 14]. The only solace that John Paul II distributes to the impoverished peasant masses is an ideology that encourages acceptance of their generally miserable lot. Not until the Catholic Church in Latin America embraces the theology of liberation will it cease to be an obstacle to regional development and an instrument of the power elite.

Paul McCarthy
Manotick, Ont.

The participation of the lower clergy in radical politics is not new. Because of their close contact with the common people, priests often find themselves obliged to act in support of the peasant's case. It must not be forgotten that the first armed rebellion against Spain, in 1810, started in a church courtyard in Dolores, Mexico. The leader was Father Miguel Hidalgo, who died before a royal firing squad. The insurrection ultimately succeeded when Mexico won its independence from Spain in 1821.

María Eugenia Bonifaz de Novelo
Ensenada, Mexico

Shultz's Style

I concur with your assessment of Secretary of State George Shultz as a man of outward calm and deliberate style. When members of the Asia-Pacific Council of American Chambers of Commerce met with him during his recent trip to Hong Kong, we found him a man of opinion and strong feelings. He demonstrated a solid knowledge and understanding of the complexity of current trade problems and issues. His firm, direct and candid approach will ensure that U.S. interests are faithfully represented

Robert E. Adams, Chairman
Asia-Pacific Council of
American Chambers of Commerce
Hong Kong

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TIME APRIL 11, 1983

A Hot Nuclear Exchange

Reagan puts the ball in the Soviet court—and Gromyko bangs it back

The first salvo from Washington prompted an unprecedented counterblow from Moscow, which in turn triggered a second strike from the U.S. Fortunately, this intercontinental escalation involved only words about nuclear missiles—in fact, competing proposals for getting rid of them. But the public relations battle, essentially for the mind of Western Europe, could not have been more serious.

Ronald Reagan made the first use of a high-tech propaganda weapon: international television. As cameras hummed in the East Room of the White House, projecting his image not only across the country but also by satellite to Europe, he announced on Wednesday morning that the U.S. is now prepared to negotiate an "interim solution" to the problem of medium-range nuclear-tipped missiles in Europe. If the Soviets would dismantle a significant number of their 351 modern, triple-warhead SS-20s, Washington would reduce the number of American missiles, capable of hitting the U.S.S.R., that it is scheduled to station in Western Europe beginning in December. Instead of deploying the 572 single-warhead Pershing II and cruise missiles now planned, the U.S. would install only enough to match the Soviets warhead for remaining warhead.

Previously, U.S. negotiators at the intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF) talks in Geneva had stressed the zero option: if the Soviet Union scrapped all its medium-range missiles, the U.S. would deploy no missiles at all in Europe. But, said the President, in 16 months of negotiations it has become obvious that the Soviets will not agree to that plan. Thus the U.S. was willing to accept a less ambitious solution on the missiles. Said Reagan: "It would be better to have none than to have some. But if there must be some, it is better to have few than to have many."

The President had no illusion that Moscow would embrace this idea or even bargain seriously about it for many months. His real purpose was to prevent a potentially disastrous split between the U.S. and its NATO allies. Under pressure from a noisy antinuclear movement that regards the installation of American missiles as a dangerous escalation of the arms race (conveniently overlooking the fact that the Soviets are installing new SS-20s at the rate of one a week), West European governments have been pleading with Washington to show more flexibility in the Geneva talks. Initial government and press reaction indicated that Reagan had told Western Europe what it most wanted to hear. Said a front-page headline in the influential Paris daily *Le Monde:* WASHINGTON SCORES A POINT.

The point obviously struck home in Moscow too, provoking the Kremlin into an all-out propaganda counterattack. Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko called a televised press conference to reply to Reagan. That in itself underscored the urgency felt by the Soviets: in 26 years in his job, Gromyko had given only a handful of news conferences in Moscow, and this was the first broadcast outside the U.S.S.R. The two-hour session was beamed live to the U.S. starting at 2 a.m. Saturday, Eastern time *(see box)*. Gromyko's aim was obviously to keep European nuclear fears high by quashing any hope that Reagan's initiative could lead to a breakthrough in the Geneva INF talks.

Thus the Soviet Foreign Minister described elements of Reagan's plan as "absurd," and said that if the U.S. sticks to it, "there is no chance of an agreement." Moreover, he grumbled darkly that if the U.S. goes through with the deployment of the Pershing IIs and cruises, "then the Soviet Union—there can be no doubt—will take the necessary measures in order to defend its legitimate interests." Gromyko did not amplify, but other Soviet leaders have hinted that the U.S.S.R. may station medium-range missiles close to the U.S., possibly on submarines off American shores.

Gromyko assailed the U.S. negotiating position on three specific points. First, he noted, the President demands that the 162 British and French nuclear missiles be left out of any calculations on how many warheads would be permitted on each side under an interim agreement. Also, he said, Reagan's proposal "does not take into account hundreds and hundreds of U.S. nuclear-delivery aircraft based in Western Europe and on aircraft carriers." Finally, he objected strenuously to Reagan's demand that any reduction of missile totals be "global," which means that it must apply to 108 SS-20s now stationed in the Asian part of the Soviet Union and presumably targeted on China and Japan. These missiles "have nothing to do with Europe," said Gromyko, and American insistence on this demand "precludes the possibility of an agreement."

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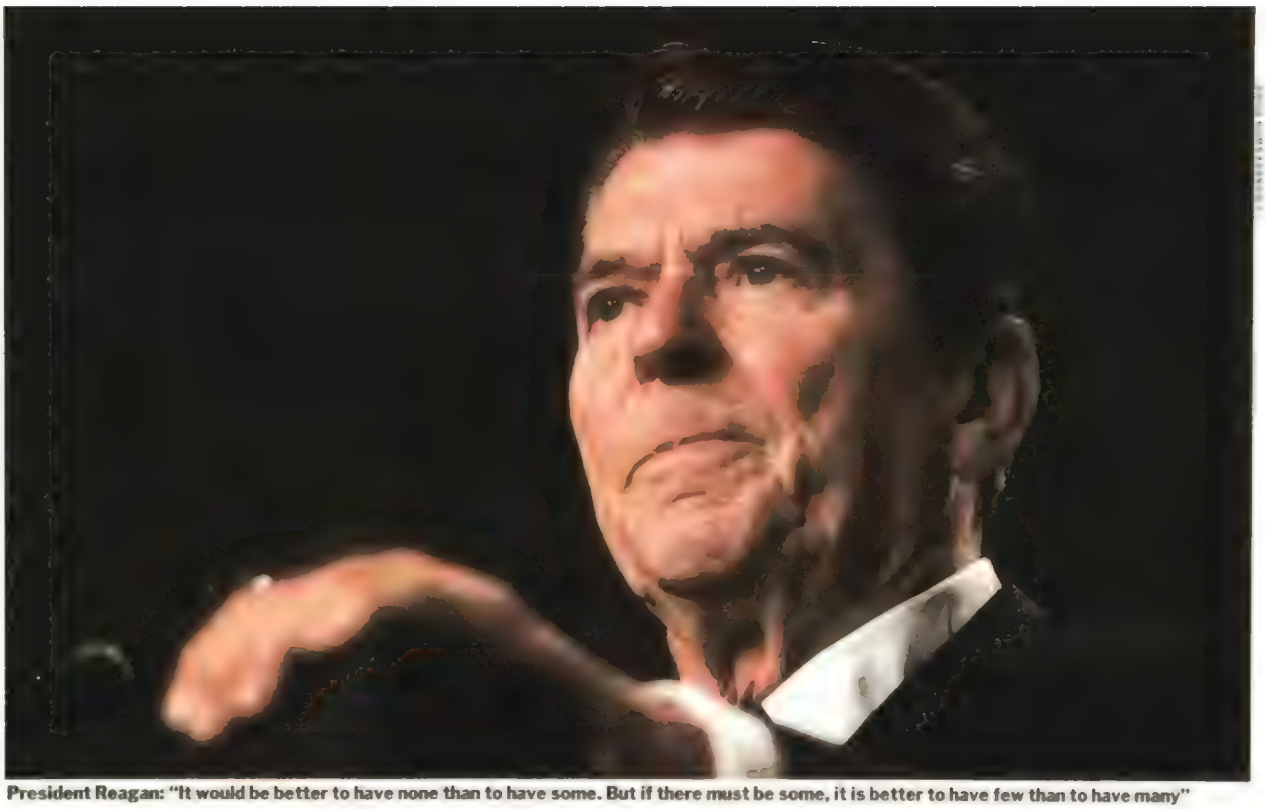
Gromyko's statement was by no means a surprise. As he noted, wryly and accurately, "We do not believe that Washington counted on any other reaction on our part." But unwilling to let the Soviets monopolize European attention even for 24 hours, the U.S. State Department began composing a point-by-point rebuttal as telex machines were still chattering out the transcript of Gromyko's press conference. Spokesman Alan Romberg handed out the official American response at midday Saturday, in time for it to share evening TV news programs in Western Europe with tapes of the Soviet Foreign Minister's performance.

British and French missiles should be left out of Geneva bargaining, the statement asserted, because "these forces are national strategic deterrents designed to defend France and Britain," not the other West European countries menaced by the SS-20s. "To include aircraft [in the missile bargaining], as Mr. Gromyko suggests, would divert attention from the most threatening



President Reagan: "It would be better to have none than to have some. But if there must be some, it is better to have few than to have many"

and destabilizing systems and complicate the negotiations." And SS-20s stationed in Asia must be included because these highly mobile missiles could easily be shifted westward and retargeted on Western Europe in a crisis. The statement concluded: "The Soviet Union owes the world a more positive response."

No one expects any such response soon. The Geneva talks recessed last week and will not resume until May 17; the intervening six weeks will probably be devoted to scoring propaganda points. Even when the bargainers return to Geneva, it is unlikely that a specific American proposal will be on the table. Reagan last week decided against spelling out what number of warheads on each side the U.S. might accept, and instead challenged the Soviets to say, "To what equal level will you reduce?" The only Soviet offer so far has been to reduce the SS-20 force—in Europe, not Asia—to 162 missiles, matching the British and French arsenal, if the U.S. cancels its European missile deployment completely. Both the U.S. and its European allies call this proposal "zero on one side."

American officials readily concede that if they cannot prompt a new Soviet proposal, U.S. Negotiator Paul Nitze will have to fill in some numbers on warhead limits to keep the talks from completely stalling. But the almost universal expectation is that the Soviets will not seriously negotiate until just before the U.S. missiles begin going into Western Europe and perhaps not until after deployment has actually started. The reason: the Kremlin must first be convinced that demonstrations by the European antinuclear movement will not be strong enough to block the installation of the U.S. missiles. In other words, Moscow is hoping for a different sort of zero-zero outcome: no American missiles, no concessions from the U.S.S.R.

That depressing prospect made it incumbent on the U.S. to take a new line in the Geneva talks. The allies strongly made the case for an interim solution to Vice President George Bush when Reagan sent him to Europe in February to sound out opinion, and Bush argued it with equal vigor at the White House when he returned. The Administration then decided to wait until after the West German elections of March 6. Once those elections had confirmed in power the pro-American government of Christian Democratic Chancellor Helmut Kohl, an interagency group under Deputy Secretary of State Kenneth Dam started intensive planning of a revised American position.

The Europeans were closely consulted at every step. Reagan exchanged letters with the heads of government in all five of the countries that are scheduled to accept U.S. missiles (Britain, West Germany, Italy, Belgium and The Netherlands), and is said to have talked by telephone with Kohl and British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher. These consultations were so fruitful that when the President announced his decision last week, the British, German and Italian governments all claimed partial credit for prompting it. Said one British official: "It was a model exercise of how these things should be done."

Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko: "Absurd"

Within the U.S. Government, all factions quickly agreed that the Administration could not simply stand pat on the zero option. But the Pentagon tried to stay as close to it as possible, while the State Department sought to move away from it. The dispute came to a head at a secret meeting of the National Security Council on March 18. Pentagon representatives argued that Reagan should propose limits on warheads only if the Soviets agreed, as a precondition, to eliminate them entirely eventually. The State Department not only opposed that idea but argued for a specific proposal limiting warheads to 300 on

British police removing antinuclear demonstrators from Greenham Common Air Base

each side (an idea approved by the Europeans), to be made immediately.

Largely at the urging of National Security Adviser William Clark, Reagan, as he does so often, settled on a kind of minimal compromise: he rejected both ideas. He would retain the zero option only as an ultimate goal, not a condition for any agreement. And he would make the offer general rather than specific. Reagan provided some clues to his thinking in a speech late last week to the Los Angeles World Affairs Council. In remarks that were directed specifically against nuclear-freeze proposals, but that also seemed applicable to the INF bargaining, he asserted, "If one side seems too eager or desperate, the other side has no reason to offer a compromise and every reason to hold back, expecting that the more eager side will cave in first."

Reagan's advisers agreed that an announcement should be made before the Easter weekend in the hope that it would take some of the steam out of antinuclear demonstrations scheduled in Britain and West Germany over the holiday. (That hope was not entirely fulfilled: some 50,000 to 100,000 demonstrators linked arms on Friday to form a human chain around Greenham Common Air Base, a British facility where cruise missiles are to be installed.) Reagan first proposed to break the news in his Los Angeles speech last Thursday. But diplomats pointed out that if he did so, he would not catch the attention of many European newspaper readers on Good Friday.

So Reagan called ambassadors from the NATO countries into the White House on Wednesday morning for a 15-minute briefing and immediately afterward delivered his televised speech from the East Room. In it, he sought to depict the Soviets as the intransigent party and the U.S. as the flexible one. The failure of the Soviets to make a "serious" counterproposal to the U.S. zero-option plan, he said, "is a source of deep disappointment to all of us who have wished that these weapons might be eliminated . . . But I do not intend to let this shadow that has been cast over the Geneva negotiations further darken our search for peace . . . If the Soviets will not now agree to the total elimination of these weapons, I hope that they will at least join us in an interim agreement." In Los Angeles the next day, Reagan pledged that "my goal—and I consider it a sacred trust—will be to make progress toward arms reductions in every one of the several negotiations now under way . . . To the leaders and people of the Soviet Union, I say: Join us on the path to a more peaceful, secure world."

As always with Reagan, it was effective theater. And in this case it was more relevant than usual. The U.S. has no hope of installing missiles in Western Europe to counter the Soviet SS-20s, or of negotiating limits on them, without the united support of its allies. And to hold that support, Reagan must appeal to European opinion against the efforts of Soviet leaders, who, as Gromyko proved last week, are consummate public relations artists themselves. —*By George J. Church. Reported by Douglas Brew with Reagan and Strobe Talbott/Washington*

Saturday Morning Live

Not many Americans were both awake and tuned in to CNN, the all-news cable-TV network, early Saturday morning. But those who were saw something that had never appeared on U.S. screens before: a Soviet leader conducting a press conference in Moscow, live. It was not exactly American-style—the questions were mostly written, not shouted by reporters—but it was close enough to arouse feelings of déjà vu.

The Kremlin apparently wanted to make the maximum publicity splash for its official reply to President Reagan's Euromissile proposals. So the Soviet foreign ministry began notifying reporters on Wednesday, hours after Reagan had stopped speaking, that Andrei Gromyko, the U.S.S.R.'s Foreign Minister, would meet with them at 11 a.m. Saturday, Moscow time. The timing presumably was calculated to win big headlines in U.S. and European Sunday newspapers.

Scenting a scoop, CNN headquarters in Atlanta had its Moscow bureau chief, Stuart Loory, ask the foreign ministry if the conference would be televised live, an extremely rare event in the Soviet capital. When the reply was yes, CNN bought time on a satellite to hook into the telecast. The Soviets supplied two feeds: one for the picture and sound in Russian, the other for a rendition in English by a Soviet translator. Cost to CNN: $15,000.

First time ever on U.S. screens

About 300 Soviet and foreign reporters, including TIME Correspondent John Moody, were waiting when Gromyko strode into the ministry's press center with a jaunty step that belied his 73 years. He delivered a 65-minute speech, then answered a dozen questions. Speaking without notes or a prompting device, Gromyko came across as thoughtful, worldly and more humorous than his nickname, "Grim Grom," would suggest. Insisting that British and French missiles must be included in any agreement limiting warheads in Europe, he asked what would happen if they were launched against the U.S.S.R.: "Will a French missile have a stamp on it, 'I am French. I was not to be taken into account?' " When Loory inquired what effect his promotion last month to the additional post of First Deputy Premier would have on his duties, Gromyko deadpanned: "I think I can say the Foreign Minister will not have less work to do." It was an act that the Great Communicator himself might applaud.

The Making of a Litmus Test

Chicago's mayoral race goes down to the wire, and the mire

There may be other issues in the Chicago election in addition to the fact that Democrat Harold Washington, 60, an undistinguished Congressman with a disconcerting disregard for filing income tax returns happens to be black, and that Republican Bernard Epton, 61, an equally undistinguished former state legislator happens to be white. But it was getting increasingly hard to find any. The racial partisanship that dragged the mayoral race to a new low last week removed any doubt that next Tuesday's election was, alas, likely to turn out to be essentially a black-and-white matter

It was mainly because he is black that Washington was able to win the Democratic nomination over Jane Byrne, the current mayor, and Richard Daley, son of the legendary mayor. They split the votes of the white population, while Washington took more than 80% of the city's black vote, which makes up 41% of the electorate. And now it is mostly because he is black that Washington faces a tight battle against a Republican who otherwise could have counted on little more than the votes of his family and a few close friends

Bigotry spewed into the open on Palm Sunday, when Washington, accompanied by former Vice President Walter Mondale, went to pray at St. Pascal Church at the invitation of the pastor. NIGGER DIE was freshly spray-painted on one door of the Roman Catholic church on the city's lily-white northwest side. "Carpetbagger!" an angry crowd of about 200 standing outside shouted at Mondale. A cordon of police was needed to protect the pair as they quickly departed

Mondale, who had endorsed Daley in the primary, was part of a parade of national Democratic leaders who went to Chicago to appeal for party unity and cultivate black voters. Congressman Claude Pepper of Florida, the octogenarian hero of the elderly, also was booed by a white audience last week. Douglas Fraser, the president of the United Auto Workers, confronted the race issue head-on. Said he: "This election would have been over the day after the primary except that Harold Washington is black." Ohio Senator John Glenn said the Chicago campaign showed that "we're at the hardest part of the civil rights movement . . . How do you change hearts and minds?" One prominent personality the Washington campaign has been keeping out of the picture lately is the Rev. Jesse Jackson, aggressive leader of the civil rights group Operation Push. At Washington's primary victory party, Jackson led a cry of "We want it all!," which Epton supporters are now using as an anti-Washington slogan.

The once fabled local Democratic machine is hardly putting forth the type of effort that has kept city hall in party hands for half a century. Byrne endorsed Washington after her primary defeat, then decided to oppose him through a write-in bid, then decided not to. Few of the machine's 50 ward bosses have offered their nominal nominee much help, and last week Alderman Roman Pucinski became the eighth of them openly to endorse the Republican. He said he could not ask his present workers to support Washington, who has pledged to abolish the patronage power of the party machine. Said Pucinski: "Why should I give him the guillotine with which to chop off my head?" At one rally in a Democratic neighborhood last week, formerly staunch Democrats serenaded Epton with a campaign song to the tune of *Bye Bye Blackbird*

Some Chicagoans are wearing vividly telling campaign buttons. One shows a watermelon with a black slash across it Another is simply all white, as if there were really nothing more to say. T shirts are similarly emblazoned. VOTE RIGHT, VOTE WHITE read some.

WM. FRANKLIN MC MAHON

Democratic Nominee Washington; buttons for a divisive race

Bigotry came into the open as the campaign heated up

Epton, a Jewish millionaire and successful lawyer, is an unlikely hero for Chicago's ethnic neighborhoods. He is certainly no racist, himself, and once marched in Memphis in memory of the late Martin Luther King Jr. But his newest ads have played on the underlying theme of the election with the tag line: EPTON—BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE. The Chicago *Tribune* characterized Epton's constant disavowals of race as an issue as "the ring of a man who doth protest too much."

The numbers still seem to favor Washington: assuming he gets almost all of the black vote, he will need only 20% white support to win. But polls show that he may have trouble. In just two weeks, according to one local poll, Epton has cut by half Washington's once-commanding 28-point lead

Many of Epton's new fans cite nonracial reasons for opposing Washington, who in 1972 served a month in jail for failing to file income tax returns for four years. Washington, whose birthday is April 15, claims he "forgot" about the requirement, an explanation that may not win a lot of hearts and minds from voters wrestling with their 1040 forms. He also had his license to practice law suspended in 1969 for failing to perform legal services for which he had been retained. In any normal campaign, these issues would, of course, be serious enough. Writes New York *Times* Columnist William Safire "If Mr. Washington were white, would it be remotely conceivable that his jail term and suspension from practice would not be pointed out on television by his opponent?" Yet his record is doubtless being used by some as a disingenuous rationale for voting against a black. In a satirical fantasy, *Tribune* Columnist Bill Granger describes Washington and Epton waking up one day with their skin colors miraculously switched: those in front of St. Pascal Church who had attacked Washington as a "crook" quickly reverse field and boo the now black Republican as a "Nixon lover."

The struggle in Chicago may seem atavistic at a time when Americans would like to believe that overt bigotry is a diminishing phenomenon. There are now 15 major cities that have black mayors, including Los Angeles, Atlanta, New Orleans and Washington. In some ways Chicago is a special case: two-thirds of its neighborhoods are 95% white or 95% black. And because there is otherwise so little to choose between the two lackluster candidates, the outcome will surely be read, right or wrong, as a litmus test on color. —*By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Christopher Ogden/Chicago*

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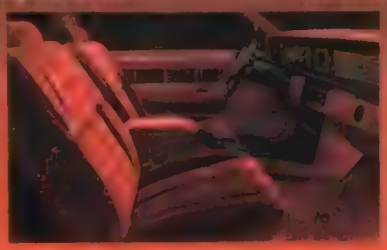

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Ford

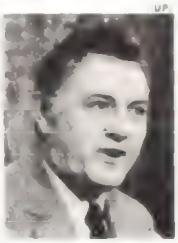
The site of Dow's alleged dioxin discharge: the Midland plant on the Tittabawassee River

Fish Stories and Empty Offices

Michigan and California firms feel pressure over pollution sites

It was a disturbing revelation. In testimony last month before a House subcommittee investigating mismanagement at the Environmental Protection Agency, Midwest Regional Director Valdas Adamkus accused John Hernandez, EPA's acting administrator until he resigned last month, of allowing Dow Chemical Co. to censor the agency's 1981 draft report on dioxin contamination in Michigan, including two rivers and a bay near Dow's Midland plant. Particularly alarming to Adamkus was the deletion of one of the draft's conclusions that "Dow's discharge represented the major source, if not the only source, of [dioxin] contamination" in the waterways.

Now, it seems, Adamkus may have the last word. The preliminary findings of a new EPA study of the site, released last week by the agency's Midwest office, indicate that more than 40 toxic chemicals, among them the most dangerous form of dioxin, are being released by Dow into the Tittabawassee River. The report estimates that there are up to 35 lbs. of toxic organic pollutants in the approximately 61.4 million gal. of waste water Dow discharges daily.



EPA's Adamkus

The study found 2,3,7,8T, a highly toxic form of dioxin, in the edible parts of fish in amounts twice as high as the level established by the Food and Drug Administration as a "level of concern." Environmental officials contend that the buildup of the poison in fish over time, a process known as bioaccumulation, poses a long-range, if not immediate, health hazard. Warned Adamkus: "This is going to be a ticking bomb for human beings if it is accumulated over the years." The sample fish in the study were bottom feeders, such as carp and catfish, which scavenge in slimy sediment, where dioxin tends to settle. Cautious environmental officials renewed warnings against eating fish from the Tittabawassee, though no outright ban has been declared. The exact health risk from dioxin absorbed by fish has not been determined.

Dow asserts that its responsibility for the contamination is limited because dioxin is coming not from its plant but from "normal combustion" sources, such as natural fires and furnaces. The health risks, says Dow, have been exaggerated. "You would have to eat more than 25 tons of fish per year," contended Company Spokeswoman Sarah Rowley, "to reach a level of dioxin that has been shown to cause cancer in animals."

Back in Washington, the Justice Department's Division of Land and Natural Resources revealed plans to sue some of the more than 200 companies responsible for dumping hazardous wastes from 1955 to 1972 at the 22-acre Stringfellow Acid Pits near Riverside, Calif. The aim: to recover cleanup costs, now calculated to run as high as $40 million.

The Stringfellow site has been at the center of charges, under investigation by the FBI and congressional subcommittees, that former EPA Administrator Anne Burford last year withheld federal cleanup funds from California for political reasons. Newly appointed EPA Head William Ruckelshaus is doing his own kind of tidying up: his aides are busy screening candidates for top EPA jobs, almost all of which are now vacant. ■

Battle of Algiers

Three convicted, four acquitted

The three-week trial in Dallas of seven New Orleans police officers for violating the civil rights of four witnesses under interrogation would have set any jury's heads spinning. The prosecution laid out allegations of almost gestapo-style brutality; the defense countered with a description of police behavior that approached textbook perfection. Last week the jury in effect delivered a split judgment. While they found four officers innocent of all charges, they said three were guilty of both conspiracy, a felony, and beating a black witness under interrogation, a misdemeanor.

The case began on Nov. 8, 1980, when a white police officer, Gregory Neupert, 23, was found dead, shot in the neck in a predominantly black neighborhood of the Algiers section of New Orleans. The police mounted a furious probe, in the course of which four blacks were killed by investigators under circumstances that are still not entirely clear. Then Police Superintendent James Parsons resigned. Grand juries were convened to investigate the killings and consider allegations of police beatings of three blacks and one white in order to obtain leads and evidence in the Neupert case.

In July 1981, a federal grand jury in New Orleans voted indictments of seven officers. Last month in Dallas, where the trial had been moved on a federal judge's orders, two former Algiers residents, Robert Lee Davis, 20, and Johnny Brownlee, 23, told of being handcuffed, then beaten by New Orleans police with a hardback city directory; of being suffocated with a plastic bag; and of being taken out to a wooden bridge over a levee and having a shotgun put to their heads. One New Orleans detective, a black who had been given immunity from prosecution, corroborated some elements of the government's case. More than 20 other police officers, however, denounced the testimony of the accusers. "There are high-pressure salesmen and there are low-pressure salesmen," said Detective Dale Bonura, a 14-year police veteran. "We're not high-pressure salesmen. We like to kill them with kindness."

But the jury did not believe Bonura, 34, or Sergeant John E. McKenzie, 40, or Detective Stephen Farrar, 30. They will now appeal their convictions, which could lead to eleven-year sentences. Said Government Prosecutor Michael Johnson: "This civil rights case sent a message to New Orleans that they have a problem, or that they had one in November of 1980." Others would just as soon forget the Algiers tragedy. Said Joe Giarrusso, president of the city council: "This case ought to be put to rest and not be a thorn in the community's side." ■

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In a Tradition

Williams gets the maximum

Teamsters President Roy L. Williams, suffering from emphysema, waited attentively last week in Chicago's U.S. District Court to be sentenced for his part in a bungled conspiracy to bribe then Senator Howard W. Cannon of Nevada. If anyone was moved by his illness, it was not U.S. District Judge Prentice H. Marshall, who slapped Williams, 68, with a provisional maximum sentence: 55 years in prison and a fine of $29,000.

Williams and four co-defendants were found guilty on Dec. 15 of conspiring to bribe Cannon by offering him choice Teamsters-owned property in Las Vegas at a $200,000 discount in return for the Senator's help in scuttling a trucking-deregulation bill. Williams will undergo medical tests at a federal prison in Springfield, Mo., that could lighten his sentence. He is the third president of the 1.9 million-member union to receive a prison sentence in a criminal case in the past 25 years. ■

Boom Town

San Francisco cracks down

Decked out in mesh stockings, spike heels and a nun's habit slashed to miniskirt length, Jack Fertig, a San Francisco transvestite, campaigned for a seat on the eleven-member San Francisco board of supervisors last November under the alias of Sister Boom Boom. On the ballot he had listed his occupation as "nun of the above," and he got 23,124 votes. This was not enough to win a supervisor's seat, but enough to encourage him to enter this fall's mayoral election. Also declaring: "Lady Lillian Chaucer-Peace, gentlewoman," "James Bond Zero, political exorcist" and "Ronnie B. Foxy, world's greatest pimp." Not to mention, "Crown Prince Arcadia."

COHEN—OAKLAND TRIBUNE

Sister Boom Boom

All this got to be too much, even for San Francisco. Last month Mayor Dianne Feinstein signed a measure that was instantly dubbed "the Sister Boom Boom Law." It requires candidates for San Francisco city offices to use their legal names. Afterward, the mayor, whose nickname locally is DiFi, observed, "I don't think you ever have to worry about politics becoming too stuffy in San Francisco." ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Power of Charm

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY MICHAEL C. WITTE

Over and over the word recurred as Biographer Edmund Morris made his way through research on Theodore Roosevelt. His contemporaries talked of T.R.'s "sweetness." Even Roosevelt's political opponent Woodrow Wilson was smitten. "There is a sweetness about him that is very compelling," he said. "You can't resist the man." Mark Twain, William Jennings Bryan and even the peevish Henry Adams all were beguiled at one time or another, according to Morris.

"Sweetness" was a word scorned by muscular America. It became "charm." And that is what T.R.'s fifth cousin Franklin Roosevelt was all about, says James Rowe, the Washington lawyer who at 28 became F.D.R.'s executive assistant. Franklin made people like him and want to please him. At their first meeting in the Oval Office, Roosevelt threw his head back, beamed up at Rowe and said, "Jim, I want your advice." Rowe was captive for life.

During his two years in office, Ronald Reagan also has turned charm into power. Critics would contend it is the only thing sustaining his presidency. They may be right. Charm is a cousin once removed to style, which was one of John Kennedy's renowned qualities. Both go deeper than clothes and Irish stories.

At the recent Gridiron dinner, the President appeared onstage in a sombrero and sang a ditty in his uncertain baritone. The cold-eyed journalists leaped to their feet to cheer. "That's charm," said one of Reagan's close friends. A fortnight ago, House Speaker Tip O'Neill called a cease-fire in the budget war and asked Reagan up for lunch to celebrate St. Patrick's Day. Reagan readily accepted. For a few hours there was nothing but sweetness. The next day they were back beating each other's brains out. Says O'Neill: "Away from politics, he's a charmer."

West Germany's Helmut Schmidt and Canada's Pierre Trudeau both came to meetings with Reagan ready to eat him for breakfast. They ended up proclaiming their good feeling for him. India's granite lady, Indira Gandhi, actually seemed coquettish with Reagan. Queen Elizabeth did not have to throw a party-after-the-party for the Reagans during her West Coast visit. But she did, and even joined in songs around the piano, a royal rarity.

"He looks straight at you, gives you an eager handshake, always smiles, and it is obviously an honest expression," says a diplomat. For the time he is with you, claims one of Reagan's closest friends, "he really is interested in you." Simple but powerful. Charm alone cannot reorder the world, but it seems to go further than many thought possible.

A skeptical Washington author, not wishing to burden Reagan with affairs of state, asked him about Jimmy Stewart. "I don't want to monopolize your time," said the President, "but let's sit down and let me tell you about Jimmy." Half an hour later Reagan had another fan.

One former high Government official who had sat in the Cabinet Room with three other Presidents found himself back there recently. He recalled that Kennedy used to charge in with a wisecrack. Lyndon Johnson lumbered in to intimidate his guests. Nixon entered nervously. Reagan came in quietly, confidently, then went to each man around the table and shook his hand warmly.

The Franklin Roosevelt family, honored by the Reagans at the White House on the 100th anniversary of F.D.R.'s birth, came with some doubt and grumbling, suspecting Reagan was trying to undo parts of the New Deal. Reagan's attentiveness to great-grandchildren and cousins smothered politics. Afterward, the Roosevelts flooded the press office with requests for pictures with Reagan.

A reporter who spent a week with Teddy Roosevelt in the White House in 1908 claimed that T.R. laughed heartily an average of 100 times a day. The journalist surmised that laughter was a crucial element in T.R.'s charm. One unscientific estimate is that Ronald Reagan is up to 75 laughs a day—and gaining.

COVER STORY

Crashing on Cocaine

Burnt-out cases proliferate, as drug-traffic cops wage a no-win war

Phil and Rita's life shimmered like an advertisement. Indeed, to an outsider it seemed less a life than a perfect life-style: tree-lined California suburban street, tasteful $150,000 home (with piano), two sunny youngsters. Phil, 37, was a $30,000-a-year microchip sales engineer in Silicon Valley; Rita, 34, was a $20,000-a-year bookkeeper. Like their smart, attractive Northern California friends, Phil and Rita played tennis and ate interesting foods and knew about wine and, starting four years ago, sniffed coke.

And more coke. And then more. That is why several times last year Phil stood quivering and feverish in the living room, his loaded pistol pointed toward imaginary enemies he *knew* were lurking in the garage. Rita, emaciated like her husband, had her own bogeymen—strangers with X-ray vision outside the draped bedroom window—and she hid from them in the closet. The couple's paranoia was fleetingly sliced away, of course, as soon as they got high; they "free-based," breathing a distilled cocaine vapor. Phil alone all night with his glass water pipe and thimble of coke, Rita in another room with hers. In the mornings, Phil and Rita got back together, down on all fours, scratching and picking at the carpet for any stray grains of coke.

Illustration for TIME by Ed Soyka

This is the good life? This is hip?

It is, anyway, no longer rare. Among the 4 million to 5 million Americans who regularly (at least monthly) use cocaine, drug counselors estimate that 5% to 20%—at least 200,000, perhaps 1 million—are now profoundly dependent on cocaine, a new corps as numerous as heroin addicts.

Cocaine is no longer just a curious upper-class kink. During the past two years or so, the number of Americans who have used the drug climbed from 15 million to 20 million and is rising still: every day some 5,000 neophytes sniff a line of coke for the first time. They cannot be written off as crazy kids. Government studies find that those in their late 20s and 30s constitute the fastest-growing proportion of users and, as of 1982, a majority of people who had tried cocaine were over 26. Nor does it seem that cocaine use has peaked. Says Thomas B. Kirkpatrick, executive director of the Illinois dangerous drugs commission: "My guess is that we're only halfway there. I would say the use of cocaine will double in the U.S. before we see any decline in its popularity."

A national survey, conducted for TIME by the polling firm of Yankelovich, Skelly and White, found that 11% of U.S. adults admit having sampled cocaine, and one in four says that "someone close to me has tried it." Cocaine in the early 1980s has become a democratic craze instead of a high-society toot. Indeed, it is like the once exclusive vacation resort that the masses discover after its founding trendies have moved on: today, just as a lot of cosmopolites on both coasts are souring on cocaine, the drug is pushing its roots wider and deeper into America's social strata. Peter Bensinger, director of the Drug Enforcement Administration from 1976 to 1981, is now a consultant to businesses on employee drug use. "It is not just a matter of John De Lorean and John Belushi," he says. "Cocaine use does not exempt anyone. You see it in mid-level managers and factory workers." Indeed, the Yankelovich survey found that blue-collar workers are more likely than professionals (14% *vs.* 9%) to have tried cocaine.

The spread of cocaine has continued even though police and, more significantly, some 2,500 federal drug agents have mobilized to cut into the booming trade. Last year the DEA—and the FBI, which for the first time has been assigned to drug cases—arrested 4,500 people and seized 12,500 lbs. of nearly pure cocaine. This record take, which in diluted form might bring around $3.5 billion retail, was larger than the amounts seized during 1980 and 1981 combined. It included the largest single seizure (3,236 lbs. in Miami) in history. New federal antidrug task forces, forming in a dozen cities, will all be in place by late summer. Last week the Houston-based task force made the $127.5 million program's first bust: most of a 30-member ring, operating mainly out of New Orleans, were rounded up and charged with smuggling 550 lbs. of cocaine.

But for every pound authorities grab, another six sift out into the marketplace, an estimated 45 tons a year. Cocaine has become a $25 billion business, about three times as big as the recording and movie industries put together. (The manufacture of cocaine paraphernalia is a small industry in itself: users spend millions of dollars a year on coke spoons, free-base pipes and extraction kits, digital gram scales and the like.) Selling coke is, in the words of one U.S. drug official, "*the* most lucrative of all underworld ventures."

REINGER—CONTACT

DEA technician examines a kilo of coke, worth $50,000 wholesale

Consumers are plunging nose first into coke just when medical studies are reporting conclusions that should scare off new users and old. Until recently, when speaking of cocaine dependence, no one dared call it addiction. cocaine's withdrawal symptoms are not physically wrenching, as with heroin and alcohol. Nonetheless, says Dr. David Smith, director of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic in San Francisco, "addiction is compulsion, loss of control and continued use in spite of the consequences. Cocaine is very addicting." What is more, and a fact many social snorters refuse to believe, coke can kill its users, and not just those who inject and free-base.

Nor is cocaine simply a public health concern. Coke users increasingly indulge their habit in casual defiance of the law. The very possession of cocaine is illegal in every state and a felony in 33. Possible sentences range widely, from a $3,000 fine in Delaware or 90 days in jail in West Virginia to life in prison in Kansas, Michigan, Missouri, New York and Texas; federal law provides for up to a year in prison. The penalties for dealers are, of course, stiffer; they can get a life sentence in twelve states and up to 15 years if convicted on federal charges.

For the coke subculture and its sympathizers, the laws against this latest drug of choice are regarded as little more than a nuisance, Prohibition redux. "I wasn't running out and killing or robbing people," says Margaret,* 30, a saleswoman for a clothing manufacturer who for two years sold small amounts of coke to support her habit. "I assumed the law-enforcement people had something better to do with their time than to come into my house and arrest me." Margaret, never caught, was right about police priorities: overburdened big-city forces (and prosecutors and courts) are more concerned, necessarily, with violent crime and major thievery.

Police and prosecutors know that they have no great public mandate to wage a war on cocaine—a war they admit, realistically, they could not win. "They never got rid of pot," says René, 29, a Western publishing executive, "and they won't make a dent in cocaine. There's no stigma." Cocaine retains its less and less valid cachet as the plaything of athletes, entertainers and other starry achievers. Says DEA Agent James Burke of Denver: "The mystique, the myths and the respectability are all working against us."

The mystique seems in part to derive from breaking the law. "The risk taking is luring them in," says Antoinette Helfrich, coordinator of the University of Colorado's busy coke-abuse clinic. Even when Steve, 30, a Miami land salesman, was arrested for possession and found himself in jail overnight, it was, like, you know, a real *trip*. "I was with vagrants, drunks and car thieves," he says. "It was unreal, bizarre, like *The Twilight Zone*." The glamour of outlawry, with the ante upped considerably, is also an attraction for many dealers and even some smugglers. Says a DEA official in Florida: "Breaking the law

*Those referred to only by first names have been given pseudonyms at their request

Authorities estimate that half of U.S. cocaine passes through Miami: at the airport, a customs agent and dope-detecting dog search luggage

may not be just incidental to the white Americans involved in dealing cocaine. It may be essential."

Moreover, from society's standpoint, cocaine has a special perniciousness. "It takes a disproportionately high toll," says Dr. William Pollin, director of the National Institute on Drug Abuse, "because it is largely used by people who are most likely to have an impact on their environment. Think of the neurosurgeon operating on your child, or the mechanic working on the 747 you are taking."

The symbolic effect is amplified, too, when industrious, influential citizens by the million become cocaine scofflaws. A computer programmer snorts with his pal the lawyer, who buys grams from her neighbor the contractor. The builder also sells ounces to the local junior college teacher and the restaurateur, and buys his pounds out of town from a full-time coke broker in Florida. "Getting coke is just a telephone call away," says Chuck, 34, a San Francisco insurance executive. "It's like having the groceries delivered." It all seems cozy and clean, a kind of Tupperware criminality that can have as much to do with friendship and status seeking as with drug taking. But in fact the cocaine trade is dirty and dangerous. Middle-class users implicitly acquiesce in the scores of cocaine-related murders that take place annually in the U.S. Says Associate U.S. Attorney General Rudolph Giuliani: "The regard for law and values deteriorates, because if you can't stop people from pumping poison into themselves, you can't do much of anything else as a society." If one untrivial law can be broken merrily and en masse, he and many others wonder, why not another and another?

"The coke market," ventures George Schiavone, a fashion photographer familiar with the cocaine scene in Miami, "is the same as the nuke-freeze market. You're not talking about just 'druggies.' You're talking about all walks of life." One former Oregon physician, disastrously addicted for five years, knows how the groovy group solidarity fades. "It starts out very cute and social," he says of cocaine. "Then it gets very lonely. And then it gets very scary."

Joey, 36, a loader at a truck terminal in Brooklyn, got his supply from a man wearing a ski mask at a bustling "drug market" five minutes from work. "I'd go during my breaks and at lunch, picking up four to eight nickel [$5] bags at a time," he says. "If it was payday, I could run through my whole check [$515]." Joey, now in a drug-abuse treatment program, says he is "trying to find a place where there is no dope."

Such virgin territory may not exist. At a pair of Houston carpet stores, the former manager says that the owners, "two family men in three-piece suits," gave cocaine to employees who would work 18-hour shifts. Cocaine, in fact, is dangerously well suited to sales jobs. "You can do a lot of selling, a lot of talking when you're on cocaine," says Dana, 28, a South Florida man who would snort as much as seven grams (about a quarter of an ounce) a day while selling—and to finance his habit, stealing—building materials. "I didn't really like the job," he says. "Coke accounted for a lot of my motivation." Margaret guesses that at least a third of her fellow fashion-industry salespeople are regular users.

"It's going bananas all through town," says Denver Police Sergeant Don De Novellis, who directs the department's major coke cases. "It's everywhere. It's like cigarette machines in a bar." That seems a bit hyperbolic. But in North Beach, a funky neighborhood in San Francisco, the banks' "electronic teller" machines, which will dispense no more than $200 daily to each customer, attract long lines just before midnight every Saturday. "I'll bet you," says Haight-Ashbury's Dr. Smith, "that 90% of them are taking out their next day's money to buy some coke."

At street prices that range from $100 to $150 a gram, which is about a teaspoonful, enough to keep two people well stoked for a few hours, cocaine is as pricey as it is evanescent. And for many people, conspicuous consumption is the point. Says a drug counselor in Houston: "The

REININGER—CONTACT

Smugglers' aircraft, seized by the Government, near Homestead, Fla.

very expense makes people think they're special." Even the cocaine high seems unattractively linked to cash. "It's the drug for the all-American middle class," says Chuck, the insurance executive, who for 18 months spent nearly a third of his $35,000 salary on coke. "It makes you feel like you can make lots of money."

The people lined up at money machines are not all addicted wretches, of course. Most cocaine users do not get hooked. Says New York Psychiatrist Richard Resnick: "Just as with alcohol, there are those who can use coke on occasion and have no problems, and there are cocaholics." Statutes cannot recognize such a distinction (although Delaware's try, with lesser penalties for addicted dealers), nor should smug cocaine apologists be permitted to bandy the distinction about as a shield. But it is necessary to an understanding of just how such a dangerous drug could become so pervasive, even routine. "The only way to cut down the demand for coke," says a senior DEA agent in the South, "is to prove what the effects are and aren't. People are fairly well educated, and the ultra scare tactics don't work any more."

The euphoric effects of cocaine are well known. Heroin kills more of its users, but it acquired a uniquely dark stigma partly because of the backward quality of the opiate high: blissfully heedless, droopy, tuned out, lazy beyond words. Stimulant cocaine, however, is far more in tune with the swaggering mood of a country of nonstop go-getters. Users tend to have the perfect illusion, for 20 or 30 minutes, that they are smarter, sexier and more competent, radiant, vigilant, masterful, *better:* it promotes a kind of fascism of the self. (Indeed, Hermann Göring, a morphine user, is rumored to have used cocaine as well.)

A room full of cokeheads, bristling with that hard, artificial arrogance, can be an unsettling place. "With cocaine," says Vertell Pendleton, a Chicago drug-abuse counselor and former user, "you're indestructible, perfect, the giant of your dreams." Donald, 42, a Philadelphia-born investment banker, lost his job, squandered his inheritance, and developed a hole in the septum of his nose. Nevertheless, he says, "I felt powerful, in control. Cocaine is ego food. It feeds the ego like nothing I've ever seen in my life." Tony, the owner of a Denver tire-repair shop, used four grams a day. Says he: "I wanted to feel like a kingpin, the life of the party. Coke gave me all of this. You get to feeling you're bulletproof." (Bulletproof Tony, arrested for selling more than half a pound to an undercover cop, is on probation and paying back the Government its undercover purchase money.)

By definition, people addicted to cocaine are out of control. They are probably on or over the edge of ruin. So it is a mean, symmetrical irony that cocaine's effect is to mimic will and emotional focus, permitting the user to feel he is blessed with precisely the virtues he lacks.

Melting Down

For cocaine extremists seeking peak pleasure at any cost, "free-basing" is the ultimate high. The smoking technique was rare until 1979, when head shops began mass-marketing $15 free-base extraction kits. Although not practiced by most cocaine users, free-basing is disturbingly popular, especially in California. Its toll is high: the risk of drug dependence is vastly greater than with snorting, and no less than with injecting.

As cocaine is just one distilled component of the coca leaf, cocaine free-base comes from carrying the refining process one ill-advised step further: the active drug is "freed" from its "base," a hydrochloride salt. Extraction techniques involve dissolving the cocaine and adding chemical catalysts—sodium hydroxide and ether or, more prudently, baking soda—that cause the free-base to separate. The precipitate, about half a gram from each gram of regular coke, is filtered or skimmed off and dried.

Clearly dangerous: a free-basing pipe

The stuff, resembling rock-candy granules, has a melting point half that of plain cocaine. It is customarily smoked in a small glass water pipe, often filled with rum instead of water. The bowl is usually fitted with several thicknesses of fine steel mesh so that the precious drips of melting coke are fully burned. A butane torch may be used, although a lighter or plain matches will do, to apply steady heat on the pipe's bowl and vaporize the free-base. (Accidents, not surprisingly, are common. Comedian Richard Pryor nearly died in 1980 in a mishap at the end of a free-basing binge: his rum spilled, ignited and set his clothes on fire.)

The user inhales the vapor and, in seconds, gets an orgasmic jolt. The sensation costs $20, begins fading after a minute and is gone within ten minutes.

Explains Illinois' Kirkpatrick: "The cocaine high is the way you would feel if you did something with your life. You think, 'For the first time in a long time, I've really got myself together.' "

Enthusiasts of the drug commonly use images of sex to describe its short-lived supercharge. Says the former Oregon M.D.: "It was so intense, so sexual. In fact, it beats sex all to hell." Among dabblers, cocaine can be a powerful, sharp-edged aphrodisiac. But for most overusers, lovemaking tends finally to pall.

It is the same with monkeys. In experiments at U.C.L.A. and elsewhere in which apes were allowed large portions of cocaine, they were found to prefer the drug to food or sexual partners, and would willingly suffer severe electric shocks in exchange for large doses. "It is *the* most rewarding and reinforcing drug for a primate," says U.C.L.A. Psychopharmacologist Ronald Siegel. "It doesn't matter whether he has a tail or a $100,000 income. Primates like cocaine."

If cocaine merely produced a false sense of personal supremacy, and that was that, it would be less menacing. But the "crash" from coke, the letdown when the drug wears off and heady illusions disappear, is grim. To ward off melancholy and the jitters after the supply runs out, many users get drunk or take sedatives like Quaaludes. Or worse. "The drug that works best to cut the crash," says Psychiatrist Resnick, "is heroin."

But given the choice, most people would really prefer more bright piles of cocaine. "It doesn't seem to be a drug of moderation," says Schiavone, the Miami fashion photographer. Another Miamian, Eugene ("Mercury") Morris, the former Dolphins' football star who just began serving a 20-year term for dealing, says he was a free-baser and plain insatiable: " 'Enough' is never present in your reasoning. You've had enough when it's gone, and when it's gone you want some more."

Addiction and heroin have seemed almost exclusively coupled. Indeed, heroin's withdrawal pangs are physically terrible. Cocaine's are not. But according to people who have been dependent on both drugs, kicking cocaine can be tougher. "When they say it's not addictive, that's crap," insists Investment Banker Donald, who is struggling to beat his cocaine habit. "Just talking about it makes my sinuses clog up and my nose twitch." At Dr. Siegel's Los Angeles therapy sessions, deprived cocaine users, he says, sometimes "start crying for it, and get doubled over on the floor. It looks like a physical thing, but it isn't—it's psychological."

According to Psychiatrist Resnick's clinical studies of 430 users, compulsive cokeheads tend to be professionally successful. Yet beneath a bouncy, worldly façade, says Resnick, the typical abuser is a certifiable narcissist who has "an undeveloped sense of identity and a profound despair," and "an inability to express . . . intense rage toward one or both parents." Rob, 26, a Connecticut native who has

sold various drugs for a decade, including cocaine, has his own, hard-boiled theory of addicts. "They're the same kind of people who don't have self-control in other parts of their life," he says of those who go overboard on cocaine. "If they don't get messed up on coke, they'll get messed up on something else."

But cocaine's spell is by no means confined to the obviously troubled or the weak-willed. Free-basing in particular, says Harvard Psychiatry Professor Dr. Lester Grinspoon, "powerfully fastens itself on people." Elizabeth, 33, a Chicago hair stylist, had occasionally sniffed coke for a decade. In the fall of 1981, she tried free-basing and was soon spending whole days with her pipe. "Once I started that, all I wanted was more and more," she says, her voice still full of amazement at her fling. "That's what puzzles me. I'm the type of person, I don't let things get the best of me. Nothing. But I know I'm powerless with cocaine." Says Kevin McEneaney, senior vice president of New York's Phoenix House drug-treatment center: "We all think our personalities are well grounded and well formed, but it doesn't take a lot to tilt the psychological balance." Bensinger, the former DEA chief, has his own plausible criterion for measuring that tilt: "What will they do to get it again? That's how you tell what's addictive."

Some of them will steal. Nicky, 32, the son of a prominent Boston family, was in the midst of a third attempt to quit cocaine. One Sunday last December, he stole a cache of jewelry from his parents.

Dr. Siegel's patient clawed at phantom bugs

In exchange for the $50,000 worth of gems, he got half an ounce of coke worth $1,000. Nicky's parents had him arrested, and until two weeks ago he lived at Boston's Third Nail drug-treatment center.

In the quintessentially suburban San Fernando Valley of Los Angeles, David, 21, was not reduced to stealing from his family to support his five-gram, $750-a-week habit. Instead, during six months last year, he embezzled $20,000 from the camera store where he worked. His thefts were discovered just before Thanksgiving, but the police were not called, and David's father repaid the $20,000. David cannot figure it. "I was the all-American kid who had never been in trouble," he says. "I was popular. I taught religion classes at the synagogue. How could a well-brought-up kid like me get into something like this?"

A few years ago, cocaine users were a rarity at Phoenix House; today a third of the people seeking help say cocaine is their main problem. At Northwestern University on Chicago's North Shore, Dr. Sidney Schnoll, the director of the chemical dependence program, says that in 1979 one or two of the patients were being weaned from coke; today, as in New York, about a third are. Between 1979 and the end of 1981, the number of cokeheads admitted to federally funded treatment programs rose by more than half, from 1,961 to 3,393.

Sometimes it is purely psychological wounds that drive cocaholics to therapy. But diehard users can be prone to high-pitched anxiety, irrational fears, paranoia and even, reports Harvard's Grinspoon, "out-and-out cocaine psychosis." Violence is not rare. When Nicky's wife finally smashed his free-basing pipe, he threw furniture and chased her from their suburban house. "I went ape," he says. Mike, the son of a well-to-do South Carolina lawyer, is a patient turned counselor at Charleston's Fenwick Hall drug-treatment center. He carried a gun during his cocaine madness. In 1980, as he was being arrested for the last time (for jumping into Charleston Harbor to "hunt sharks"), he

"I Thought I Was God"

Jules Trop's life as he turned 45 was exactly what he wanted it to be. The Miami Beach physician enjoyed a lucrative practice, a waterfront home on a private island in Biscayne Bay and a prized art collection. There was an added fillip: cocaine. Many of his rich patients used and sold the drug, and Trop was sucked in by its siren charms. "It made my conversation seem sparkling, music sound better, made me feel good," he recalls. It seemed a fountain of youth. He could beat his 19-year-old son in a three-mile run, and his sex life sizzled. "I could be the macho man I always dreamed about." Soon he was spending $1,000 a week, snorting two grams a day with only minutes between "toots." "Even when you drive, you can pour a little sniff on your hand," he says.

After a year of cocaine use, Trop discovered free-basing, and the social highs turned insidiously antisocial. "In the beginning, I felt I was communicating with God," he says with a wry smile. "In the end, I thought I was God." With the help of an unsuspecting nurse, he maintained his medical practice. But his life at home was unraveling. He was unperturbed by the constant small fires he started with his free-basing equipment. He was now smoking $2,000 worth of coke a day. He wanted to be alone, away from his disapproving wife and children. Even sex seemed boring: "You could line up the Latin Quarter. All I wanted was the pipe."

Trop moved out of his house and into a dilapidated apartment. "I was chasing the memory of the high," he says. "The highs got lower, and the lows got deeper." His skin was covered with sores from malnutrition. The free-basing also caused rashes and made his tongue so swollen that he could barely talk. In one of the fits of rage that accompanied the "down" periods, he snapped off two teeth. Shards of broken glass pipes formed a thigh-high pile. The apartment was rancid, filled with unwashed clothes and dishes. The doctor did not notice. He spent most of his time in the shower, even smoking his coke there, to relieve the constant sweating. "I went as low as you can go without dying."

Trop's climb back was arduous. He had sold off his art collection and mortgaged his house to pay for his habit. He went through a series of treatment clinics and rebuilt his marriage and career. Even though he has not had cocaine in nearly three years, he is on guard. "I'm a hit away from being back to where I was," he says. He attends support meetings three times a week and has just opened his own ten-bed center for teen-age cocaine users in Miami. "I think cocaine use is going to become heavier," he says. "It's a marriage, not a flirtation, with this society."

kicked out the windows of a police squad car. Fortunately, according to Haight-Ashbury's Dr. Smith, cocaine psychosis can be moderated with antipsychotic drugs (like Haldol), and the hallucinations usually stop two to four days after the last dose of coke.

Specialized treatment regimens are proliferating. Dr. Richard Miller has run 50 people through his "cokenders" spa (one week, $900) in the countryside north of San Francisco. During the week of therapy he offers the recovering overusers a toot of cocaine to test their resolve. In Los Angeles, new Cocaine Anonymous groups draw 700 people to weekly meetings. At South Miami Hospital, a coke-treatment program (four weeks, $6,300) has been discharging more than 300 patients a year.

Medical research is still sketchy. The commonest cocaine-related ailment, a breakdown of nasal membrane, "is the least of one's worries," according to Dr. Pollin of the National Institute on Drug Abuse. Chronic cocaine use kills the appetite and so regularly results in severe weight loss. In a three-year study, Gerald Rosen, a Duke University pharmacologist, has found that metabolized cocaine destroys dangerous numbers of liver cells. Researchers at Massachusetts General Hospital, among other places, have seen evidence of serious lung damage in free-basers, who may constitute a third of the country's cocaine abusers. (Free-basers cannot be surprised by the findings: they often cough up black phlegm and sometimes blood.) Last year coke problems brought almost 3,000 New Yorkers to emergency rooms, 50% more than in 1981, and in Colorado the number of such panicked hospital visits doubled between 1979 and 1982. The increase may be, in part, a hopeful sign: more users now know that the drug carries genuine medical risks.

Saying no to Dr. Miller's offer of coke

Free-basers are apparently the likeliest to die. The high is more intense than the high from snorting (and equal to that from injection) because the pure, heated cocaine vapor is absorbed into the bloodstream so fast. The speed of absorption, not the size of the dose, also seems to be the operative factor in cocaine deaths. Blood vessels are simultaneously constricted and cardiopulmonary muscles overstimulated; heart attacks (sometimes not diagnosed as cocaine-triggered) or lung failure are the direct causes of death.

National fatality figures are approximate, since coroners do not or cannot always find the evidence that cocaine was lethal. But overdoses of coke were directly or primarily responsible for as many as 300 deaths in 1981. Last year Dr. Charles Wetli, the deputy chief medical examiner for Miami's Dade County, attributed 14 local deaths exclusively to cocaine. All of those who died had been frequent users. But the alarming fact is that most of the dead had not been especially reckless: two-thirds died after merely snorting coke—not after free-basing or shooting up—and, according to Wetli, "[none used] any more on the day they died than they had previously." A stark example came last week near Palm Beach, Fla. Socialite William Ylvisaker Jr., 27, died of respiratory failure after snorting cocaine late into the night. His friends insisted that Ylvisaker, a champion polo player and son of a Chicago electronics mogul, had not been a heavy user

The cocaine trail to the U.S. begins 2,500 miles southwest of Florida, on the eastern slopes of the Andes Mountains. The cash-crop cultivation of coca is divided primarily between Bolivia (86,000 acres) and Peru (123,000 acres). The DEA, which has five agents in each country, estimates that 23,000 Bolivian peasant families depend on coca for their livelihoods, and that the crop generates nearly $1 billion a year for Peru, where the entire national budget is

"At First I Was Scared"

Caroline Coleman grew up in the privileged world of trust funds, Virginia boarding schools and Swiss finishing schools. It is a world, she claims, where using drugs is as common as clipping coupons. "Most of the people I knew snorted coke and took pills. You just couldn't make a move without ammunition." Coleman, now 28, says she began sampling marijuana, hash, amphetamines and barbiturates when she was a freshman at an exclusive girls' school in Virginia horse country. The status drug among the teen-age girls, however, was clearly cocaine. "If you had a little thing of coke you felt cool," Coleman recalls. She snorted coke occasionally but preferred the more mellow high of heroin, which a classmate gave her during her senior year. Soon she was hooked.

After two years of college in New York and two more years abroad, Coleman settled in Manhattan. She tried to kick her heroin habit, enrolling in a methadone program. But soon she discovered an irresistible thrill: speedballs, injections of coke and heroin mixed together. She thus acquired a craving for the drug she had once dismissed. "The intense flash from the cocaine was so wonderful that if I only had $20 I'd buy coke." She initially bought her drugs from friends, but as her speedballing grew to a $300-a-day habit, she had to buy on the street. "At first I was scared," she says. "But then it became a part of it that I really liked, going into a really bad neighborhood."

BOB SACHA

Although her income from a trust fund supported her comfortably, Coleman kept busy with odd jobs as a substitute teacher or an extra on a TV soap opera. But her interest waned as she became more obsessed with coke. "There was no room to think about anything else. When I was working, I'd be thinking, 'I'll cop [buy] in four hours,' 'I'll cop in three hours.' Sometimes I'd just leave early and go cop." Before long, the interest she received on her trust fund was not enough to pay her drug bills. "The coke made me absolutely insane. I'd steal silver and gold jewelry from my family and friends. That would be my motivation for going to people's houses." She also began to dip into her capital. Bank officials, alarmed at her shrinking account, contacted her parents in Greenwich, Conn. Her mother hired a detective to follow Caroline. The detective tapped her phone and secretly photographed her buying drugs. When he presented the evidence to her parents, they persuaded her to go to Phoenix House, a drug rehabilitation center in New York. Coleman finally stopped taking drugs. Now a counselor at Phoenix House working with teen-agers, she considers cocaine far more addictive than heroin. She sums up: "I was like a vampire needing blood."

just over $5 billion. But the business is controlled by Colombians. All but a small fraction of cocaine headed for the U.S. comes first to Colombia, generally as a gooey coca paste, for final refining into crystalline white cocaine.

Some 7,500 acres of coca are grown by Colombian farmers. Until 1980, José Antonio Monroy, 50, grew corn on his ten acres near San José del Guaviare, southeast of Bogotá. Now he tends 15,000 coca bushes. He harvests the leaves three times a year and processes them in a bath of gasoline, sulfuric acid, potassium permanganate and ammonia. "You can't blame me if others get poisoned with this stuff," Monroy says. "This is what they pay me for." Colombia's annual per capita income is about $1,150. From his annual end product, 35 lbs. of paste, Monroy nets $65,000. Inflation along this booming stretch of the Guayabero River is understandably rampant: prostitutes can earn $3,000 a month, coffins cost $450 each. The Colombian government last year seized 16,000 lbs. of refined coke, only about 4% of the amount that leaves the country but more tonnage than was confiscated in the U.S. Persuading Colombia to step up its efforts will be difficult. Explains Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Clyde Taylor: "It is politically hard for them to crack down on coca production if it is seen as reacting to pressure from the U.S. against the poor peasant farmers."

In Colombia as in the U.S., says John Bacon, head of cocaine-intelligence gathering for the DEA: "There is no Mr. Big." But another U.S. official estimates that there are 100,000 Colombians living in the U.S. who "earn major dollar figures in drugs." According to DEA officials, there are ten principal Colombian cocaine rings with members in Bogotá, Miami and the middle-class New York City borough of Queens. Each ring takes in at least $50 million a year. Says Bacon about the Colombian coke gangsters: "They are tremendous organizers. They deal very effectively with Americans." They also operate as a cartel, says Bacon. Although there is now a cocaine glut in South America and production costs have been cut in half, the price of the drug in the U.S. has hardly dropped. Oddly, U.S. authorities and Colombian exporters both have an interest in keeping the price high, the police to discourage use and the crooks to maintain huge profits.

Experts believe that about half of the cocaine entering the U.S. is funneled through Miami. A quarter of all the coke seized by authorities last year came from one bust at Miami International Airport; the shipment would have been worth more than $100 million wholesale. But the business is not strictly urban, and intensified police pressure seems to be pushing big-league traffic north and west from Miami. Last year in New Iberia, La., federal agents found nearly 1,200 lbs. of cocaine in two dozen gunny sacks that were supposed to be filled with cattle feed. Near Santa Rosa, N. Mex., duffel bags packed with 200 lbs. of coke were tossed out of a plane onto the wrong patch of scrubland and found by a state policeman. The same thing happened near Ellijay, Ga., when, police gathered up more than 500 lbs. of coke in duffel bags that had been dropped into the wrong valley. And three weeks ago in Dothan, Ala., after a private plane made an emergency landing, police found 600 lbs. of coke on board.

Low-level distributors get caught more routinely. Last week John Lindsay Jr., 22, the son of the former New York mayor and presidential candidate, was arrested at his father's house and charged with selling three grams of coke to undercover cops for $300. Consider a sampling from the past three months in the Washington, D.C., area: a suburban couple picked up with 8 lbs. of coke, a Virginia accountant arrested when 45 lbs. shipped from Ecuador were intercepted and delivered to his door by DEA agents posing as deliverymen, an Air Force member of the presidential honor guard charged with distribution of cocaine, and in Frederick, Md., a six-person coke ring (including a local lawyer and a banker) busted. "It used to be that a pound of cocaine was a big seizure," says Assistant U.S. Attorney James Walsh, John De Lorean's prosecutor and head of the new federal task force in Los Angeles. "Nowadays, if it's a couple of pounds or a kilo [2.2 lbs.], we'll prosecute it, but it's no big deal."

Government experts say that 40% of U.S. coke comes into the country aboard private planes. "In southeastern Georgia," says Gary Garner, a commander of the state's antismuggling squad, "all you have to do is get the cows out of the way

"I Used What I Wanted"

The dealer picked up a gun, cocked it and placed the barrel against Jay Tarver's temple. "If you don't do this," the dealer said, nodding toward four neat rows of cocaine gleaming on a round mirror, "I'll kill you." So Tarver, an undercover narcotics officer on the Houston police force, leaned over the old oak desk and snorted his first "rail" of coke. The high was a revelation, one Tarver still remembers with vivid longing. "It was instant euphoria. My problems drained away."

Before that night in June 1980, Tarver, 35, had often posed as a coke buyer. He was an ambitious, model police officer, a survivor of 25 shootouts. He was Houston's 1978 Officer of the Year. But he had always glibly talked his way out of testing the merchandise, insisting that the coke was too expensive to waste in a tryout. Undercover agents avoid such tests because they are against the law—and because there is no way to tell what suspicious dealers may have mixed into the drugs. This time, however, his host insisted. "I think they began to think I was a cop," Tarver recalls.

It was the beginning of an obsession that shattered Tarver's ten-year career. He stopped trying to sidestep the sniffing and began indulging during assignments, telling himself that this enabled him to gain the confidence of his targets and make bigger busts. "It was like somebody with a shoe fetish getting a job at a shoe store," he says. "I used what I wanted and then turned in the rest." At first the drug gave Tarver energy for his moonlighting as a security officer. But later it began to confuse him. "I suffered large personality swings. Once I remember getting lost in a parking lot."

In April 1981, suspicious investigators from the internal-affairs division devised a plan to catch Sergeant Tarver with his hand in the cocaine jar. They planted 236 grams of coke in an unclaimed suitcase turned over to Tarver at the Houston airport. Police followed him, stopped his car and found that he had siphoned off an ounce from the stash. He was fired and charged with possession of cocaine. Tarver took the crash calmly: "I just wonder what took them so long to figure it out." At his trial, he was convicted, placed on ten years' probation and fined $10,000. He is appealing his conviction.

KATZ—BLACK STAR

His wife Ellen, also a former police officer, was shocked to learn of his addiction but stood by him as he struggled to right his capsized life. Tarver is now a drug counselor and a candidate for a master's degree in social work at the University of Houston. Having seen the problem from both sides, he doubts whether the new federal crackdown will curb cocaine use. "Suppose you have just one cop on a corner writing tickets, but everybody in town is running the stop sign? How can police stop them?"

and bring the planes on in. They're in and out in 45 minutes, before we even know they've been there." Smaller parcels arrive in dozens of ways: in the holds of small boats, in the bags of merchant seamen, taped to tourists' flesh, dissolved and then impregnated in clothing or, as New York customs agents discovered early last year, secreted behind a framed reproduction of Da Vinci's *Last Supper*

The smugglers' most foolhardy practice is called body packing: they swallow cocaine-filled rubber packets, usually made of fingers snipped from surgical gloves. The carriers, known as mules, gulp down the packets in Colombia with the intention of excreting them in the U.S. The danger to the mule is that a packet may rupture, causing a massive drug overdose. The technique is becoming either safer or less popular. Since late 1980, the Dade County coroner has not come across any body-packing fatalities, after an earlier spate of such deaths. Yet during the past year at Kennedy International Airport in New York, 51 mules have been arrested on the hoof: suspects are X-rayed and, if they do not confess, put in a hospital with a bedside commode and two patient customs guards. "The packets often come out like machine gun bullets, with a loud report," says Customs Inspector Peter di Rocco. A mule commonly ingests upwards of a pound of coke inside 100 packets or more.

Once in the U.S., cocaine is diluted at each step in the distribution chain, usually with vegetable starches or anesthetics like Novocain. A typical retail gram of "cocaine" is only about 15% pure, although concentrations as high as 40% and as low as zero are not unusual. The price markup from dockside to coffee table is roughly ten times.

Many dealers, selling a few grams or even an ounce or two a week, are in the business to satisfy their cravings. Fred Kamm, 42, for eight years a user-turned-dealer in coke-laden Aspen, Colo., made deliveries on a motorcycle and carried a telephone beeper to take orders; he also injected two grams a day of the merchandise. Says Margaret, the New York saleswoman: "My boyfriend and I would get an ounce and sell off some and use some, but we always used more than we sold."

Just as many are simply entrepreneurs. The profits can be staggering. Says one California ex-dealer: "I remember having $800,000 in cash lying around the house. Or I'd be out playing tennis and have my tennis gear in one bag and $200,000 and a kilo of coke in the other." One federal drug official stationed in Miami sounds almost like a franchise promoter. "In two days in Miami," he says, "anyone can score a kilo [for $50,000]. The small dealer is taking no greater risk than running a traffic light. He can afford a fantastic life-style, he doesn't have to go to work at 7 a.m., and there are few dissatisfied customers." The agent might have been describing Leonard, a former social worker who sold cocaine for six years until he decided to quit the business in 1981. He bought a pound at a time in Miami, sold ounces to a small circle of affluent suburbanites throughout the Northeast, lived unflamboyantly and saved about $150,000. "Am I glad I did it? Yes, plain and simple," Leonard says. "It was a perfectly safe business."

ROBIN MOYER

New York customs agent with smugglers' cocaine hiding places

"We're not the answer. We're part of a spectator sport."

Not for everyone. An exceptionally violent streak seems to run through the trade. Says the DEA's Bacon about the Colombian gangs: "They're absolutely ruthless, and they've imported their way of doing business to this country." A fellow DEA official, formerly stationed in New York and now in Dade County, is still astounded by the savagery. "Heroin dealers in Harlem didn't wipe out each other's whole families. They did in one guy on a bar stool," he says. "The Colombians wipe out the whole bar." Says U.S. Attorney Walsh: "Behind that social line of cocaine laid out at a party, there might well have been a murder in Miami between rival gangs."

Perhaps worse, there is the inevitable police corruption. Says U.S. Attorney General William French Smith, who is to visit Bolivia and Peru this week to discuss drugs and tour coca fields: "The dollar amounts are so great that bribery threatens the very foundation of law and law enforcement." A blond New York preppie, at 18 a recovering cokehead, was always ready to bribe: "I figured if a cop ever stopped me, I'd just offer him cocaine and buy him off."

One cocaine ring, known as the grandma Mafia because three of its principals were grandmothers, banked more than $2 million a month; in the trial of the head grandma now under way in Los Angeles, there have been at least four plausible allegations of corruption against DEA and IRS agents. Last December a federal indictment in Georgia said that a state police sergeant and a local deputy sheriff were confederates in a 25-person smuggling ring. In one week in February, a Los Angeles deputy sheriff, a California-based DEA agent and a San Jose policeman were charged with selling coke. Says Prosecutor Walsh: "I'm surprised, frankly, that there isn't more of that sort of thing, with the temptations of that kind of money."

Two federal laws, passed in 1970 and aimed at the drug trade, are being used with some success in the law-enforcement campaign against coke. The first requires that banks report all cash transactions of $10,000 or more to the IRS. This makes it a little more difficult for dealers to dispose of the enormous amounts of money that pass through their hands. The grandmas in Los Angeles, for example, came to the authorities' attention when they tried to bribe a bank president not to report their deposits to the IRS. Some South Florida banks, generally small, quiet and unadvertised, are notorious as money "launderers." Local cocaine traders are sometimes brazen, sauntering into Miami banks carrying suitcases or cardboard boxes overflowing with currency. Indeed, the city's banks have been embarrassingly awash in cash, much of it cocaine profits. In late 1981, the local Federal Reserve branch had a $5 billion surplus of currency, more excess cash than was in the dozen other Fed branches combined. Suddenly, in early 1982, the cash surplus started to fall, just as smugglers began transferring their operations out of South Florida.

The second important federal law allows the Government to seize property bought with drug profits. Prosecutors must go through a distinct and scrupulous legal process to prove that the gains were specifically ill-gotten. Says Miami U.S. Attorney Stanley Marcus: "It takes a lot—I mean a *lot*—to convince a federal judge that $10 million in someone's personal bank account should be taken away from him." Nonetheless, the DEA and other federal agencies last year managed to seize about $100 million in cash, $40 million worth of aircraft, boats and cars, and $20 million in real estate. Local police also seem to get a special kick from seeing cocaine merchants stripped of their fancy possessions. Fort Lauderdale, Fla., police department end-

ed last year with a $2.5 million surplus thanks to its expropriated share of local dealers' loot. Some cocaine tycoons are prosperous enough to shrug off the loss of a swank beach house or a DC-3 (fitted out with extra fuel tanks for long intercontinental coke flights) as business overhead. Still, says DEA Agent William Schnepper: "It's what hurts them the most. Not only do they go to prison, but they come out with no treasure socked away."

Given that bounty-hunting enthusiasm, the new federal task forces, modeled on the feds' year-old South Florida unit, could pay for themselves. The task forces in each of twelve cities* might typically include four prosecutors, at least six agents from the FBI, six more from the DEA, three from the IRS and two from Customs. Until last year, the FBI steered clear of drug cases, largely because J. Edgar Hoover did not want his agents tempted by narcotics cash. But now 600 FBI agents are working on 1,100 drug investigations, and the bureau already has 326 convictions to its credit.

One of the weaknesses of the Government's approach is the tendency of the agencies involved to squabble over prerogatives and credit. Communication is sometimes only intermittent. The task will be to develop smooth relationships between, say, the rough-and-ready DEA (one in 50 agents was shot at in 1981), which specializes in street stakeouts and gritty undercover work, and the green-eyeshade technocrats at the IRS, who delve into the esoteric evidence of drug peddlers' financial crimes. "Any prosecutor," says U.S. Attorney Walsh, "can tell you horror stories about information they didn't have because it was in the hands of another agency." Says U.S. Attorney Daniel Hedges, head of Houston's task force: "One of my jobs will be to serve as a referee in the turf fights."

The federal authorities are eager to catch bona fide kingpins. "We're not going after the Mexicans standing on the street corner any more," says Assistant U.S. Attorney Roger Markley in Chicago. "We're after the big financiers, because they have the direct routes to the main traffickers." Agrees U.S. Attorney Marcus: "The money trail can lead you to the top. A lot of major dealers do not touch the dope, but they

*The task forces are based in Boston, New York, Baltimore, Atlanta, Miami, Chicago, St. Louis, Houston, Denver, San Francisco, Los Angeles and San Diego

"Get Your 'Lucky Seven' Here—Best Dope in Town"

The Captain steers his sleek black '83 Cadillac into the neighborhood known as Alphabet Town on Manhattan's Lower East Side. This menacing tangle of burned-out buildings, clammy tenements and garbage-strewn vacant lots is one of the country's most notorious drug marketplaces. Dealers crowd the blighted 15- by four-block "town" 24 hours a day, dispensing cocaine, heroin, amphetamines, angel dust and an array of other drugs. The Captain, in his 40s, is a white, affluent tradesman from Brooklyn. He got his nickname because he once owned a yacht. He and his girlfriend, a pink-sugar blond he calls Snowdrop, come into this mostly Hispanic neighborhood every Sunday to buy cocaine ("Big C") and heroin ("Big D," for dope). They like to shoot up with a mixture of the two, a sometimes deadly combination known as speedball.

The Captain parks and, leaving Snowdrop in the car, heads toward the dealers on Second and Avenue D. Although he never carries a gun on his shopping expeditions, the Captain has a tough demeanor that commands respect—gritty gray eyes, a diamond glittering in his right ear, and a clean-shaven head looming over a stocky, pig-iron body. He prefers to "score" drugs on Sunday in order to avoid the novice buyers, known in the trade as johns and marks, who are preyed on by "beat artists," pushers who sell low-quality merchandise at premium prices. "The white high school kids from New Jersey and Long Island and all those other white middle-class jerks come here Friday and Saturday nights when the heroin is cut and the cocaine drowned with baby laxative," says the Captain in a voice as sharp as a razor blade. Three police cars scream past, their flashing lights turning the rain puddles red. A block ahead, the police swarm into a building. The Captain watches: "It's safer to score when the cops are all around. They usually let you go after they bust you and being busted is better than being dead." Last year the Captain was shot five times in the chest by a man who wanted the small bag of heroin that he had just bought. The Captain spent two weeks in the hospital, but soon came back to Alphabet Town. He's still looking for the "crazy dude" who shot him.

Highs for sale: a mural in "Alphabet Town"

Police say there were 40 drug-related murders in the area in 1982, and there are stabbings and shootings almost daily. Appalled and scared by the rampant drug trade, the law-abiding citizens of Alphabet Town three weeks ago marched in protest to Mayor Ed Koch's apartment in nearby Greenwich Village. Police officials grumble that only an air strike could clean it up. Because of budget cuts, the complement of 300 officers in the Ninth Precinct, which patrols the area, has shrunk to 120.

Although the marketplace may seem chaotic to an untrained eye, it is run as efficiently as IBM. It is laid out like a Viet Cong tunnel system. The empty buildings are warrens filled with dealing and supply points, escape routes and booby traps for police. Apartments are fortified: doorways are bricked up with cinder blocks, leaving only a small opening for the passing of drugs and money, or blocked by bunkers of diamond-plate steel. Some dealers sell by lowering buckets from apartment landings; the stairs leading to the landings have been removed. The big-time dealers organize "clubs" that change locations every few hours and employ as many as 40 people as lookouts, runners and baggers. There are even bouncers who check the needle marks on customers' arms as though they were membership cards. Some of Alphabet Town's 15 or so clubs have their own house brands of drugs, like "Lucky Seven" cocaine or such standard heroin varieties as "Poison" and "Colt .45." Employees work strict business hours: there are three eight-hour shifts a day. Each club can gross upwards of $100,000 daily; many offer good employee benefits. In January, one club closed for two weeks to take its entire staff of 30 on a paid vacation to Hawaii.

Fourth and Avenue D is constantly crowded with people waiting to score: blacks, Hispanics and middle-class whites. Clean-cut young men in tweed jackets and attractive young women in designer jeans listen intently to the dealers' pitches.

do touch the money. It may be easier to catch them on the money than the dope." Criminal lawyers, naturally, are skeptical, even contemptuous. "They always say they are going after the financial side," says Houston Attorney Charles Szekely, "but they don't. They find anybody they think they can convict."

Experienced drug police are inclined to believe that their efforts against cocaine will amount in the end to a token fight. "All we can hope to do," says Sergeant Rene LaPrevotte of San Francisco's drug squad, "is prevent someone from setting up a cocaine stand in Union Square." One federal official, who has been with the DEA since it began in 1973, has no heroic notions of putting an end to cocaine runs. "We feel like we're part of a spectator sport," he says. "We're not the answer. The answers are going to be found in your wallets and your conscience."

The point is well taken: criminal sanctions are a difficult, awkward way to do battle against people's vices. As long as millions of Americans want to pay fortunes for diluted cocaine, cocaine will get to them, the law be damned. Another DEA veteran poses the problem this way: "The only way to stop the trade is to stop the production or stop the demand. And we can't stop the source."

Maybe not. But curiously, there is a new, burgeoning demand at the source of cocaine: Colombian, Peruvian and Bolivian youths are rushing to become cokeheads. South American governments have been generally unsympathetic to U.S. jeremiads about the northward flow of South American drugs. But now they are seeing stylish cocaine abuse firsthand. And because the drug is so cheap in the Andes ($14 a street gram), it is more often smoked liberally in cigarettes than snorted.

"It's the fashion, like jeans," says Juan Carlos, a young Bogotá professional. "At our parties now, everyone just sucks smoke and gets self-absorbed. The parties are spooky: no laughing, just puffing." Alberto Laverde, 27, is a smooth, smiling Bogotá hustler who dispenses cocaine at the local Wimpy hamburger bar. "Get into it," he encourages in accented English, sniffing up a bit of his pure product. "It's the flow of the apocalypse, man. You're king for a moment or even two. And you can be that again and again." Cocaine, sent off to the States to make money, has acquired American glamour, and come back home. *—By Kurt Andersen. Reported by Benjamin W. Cate/Los Angeles, David S. Jackson/Washington, William McWhirter/Miami and Janice C. Simpson/New York*

"Get your Lucky Seven here—best dope in town."

"Colt .45 is Jesus bread."

"Poison is mellow today."

The Captain watches with amusement as some preppie-looking young men buy from a dealer standing three yards away from police. "The police don't want no hassle—just score and split and they won't bother you," he says. He is waiting for his "tout," Chino, who helps the Captain and others buy the purest drugs. Chino arrives, walking sideways like a drunken crab. He wears a green, cowled sweatshirt and a smelly blue coat.

"What's good, Chino?" the Captain asks.

Chino blinks and stabs the air with a sticky claw of a hand. He is high on cocaine, pills and a dash of angel dust, but knows his business. "Seven-Up best today, man. They starting to pass it out on Fourth and D." They walk over and join the waiting crowd as pistol-packing guards begin to herd groups of ten into an abandoned building. For two hours, the line moves slowly up three flights of broken stairs. There is the stench of urine. Flickering candles light the way. The guards order the buyers to face the wall so that they cannot see the delivery. "Have your money ready!" one yells. "No ones. Only fives, tens and 20s. No talkin' or we'll bust your honky heads." Finally the Captain is at the head of the line facing a battered red steel door. He puts $150 on a piece of cardboard protruding from under the door. It disappears. "What'll it be?"

At his shooting gallery, Peewee injects a "speedball"

"A bundle of C and a bundle of D," the Captain rasps. Ten foil packets of cocaine appear and ten glassine bags of heroin.

The Captain pays Chino with one bag of each drug and watches him skitter off into the gloom. Then he picks up Snowdrop and, eager to speedball, heads for Peewee's shooting gallery a few blocks away. The Captain warns of dangers immediately after any buy. "Guys could be all over you in seconds . . . They use ice picks and slip them into your heart like butter."

Peewee's is a dark, spare apartment with peeling paint and an aroma like a freshly emptied garbage can. Four white women sit around a table with needles hanging from their thin, gooseflesh-covered arms. Three are attractive professionals in their early 20s: a magazine photographer, a Wall Street secretary and a junior executive at an advertising agency. The fourth is an older woman in a designer suit. Peewee, a gentle black, is injecting heroin into his arm, each time drawing a little blood back into the syringe. This pumping technique, known as booting, prolongs the rush. Afterward, Peewee empties the blood in the syringe into a brimming bucket.

His wife Laurie, an emaciated woman known as Walking Dead, is "cooking" a mixture of heroin and cocaine in a soda-bottle cap for her guests. She squirts in water, then heats the cap with a match. She reaches into an empty Quaker Oats box where she stores the "works"—hypodermic needle and syringe—and sucks up the liquid into the hypo. It costs $2 to shoot up, plus $3 for a new needle or $1 for a used one.

The Captain shoots up Snowdrop, tenderly sticking a new needle into her creamy forearm. He "boots" her until she glows. Laurie, wearing a faded peignoir, picks up scattered pieces of bloody pink toilet paper and puts a fresh roll on the table.

In a little while, the Captain and Snowdrop head home. "I'm quitting next week," the Captain says as he pauses on Fourth Street to look at a mural on a tenement wall, an eagle clutching a hypo above the legend in red letters: COME FLY WITH ME FOOL! Just before crossing the Williamsburg Bridge, the Captain spots a young white couple crouching together in the front seat of a Mercedes. The man throws a bloody rag out the window. "They just couldn't wait to get home before shooting up," he tells Snowdrop. She smiles back, still glowing in her speedball womb. *—By James Wilde*

WHAT IS IT THAT MAKES SAABS DIFFERENT FROM OTHER CARS?

FOR ONE THING, PEOPLE ARE BUYING THEM.

Last year, automobile sales hit their lowest point in twenty years. Rebates, exciting sell-a-thons, and financing gimmicks were all to little avail.

Yet, in that very same abysmal environment, 1982 was Saab's best year ever. Every single Saab shipped to the United States was sold. Even the 519 alabaster yellow ones.

Of course, it wasn't that long ago that Saabs were ignored by most people. And those who didn't, dismissed Saabs as being unconventional.

In truth, Saabs were unconventional. They violated many of the time-honored tenets handed down by the automotive establishment.

You notice that the first time you get into a Saab and discover that the ignition key isn't where it's supposed to be. It's on the floor, next to the hand brake.

Unconventional? Yes. But, also, very ingenious because, in that position, you can lock the transmission instead of just the steering wheel.

Then there's unconventional front-wheel drive. Unconventional on a Saab for over thirty years. Until recently, it was regarded as just another manifestation of Saab's unwillingness to conform.

But as performance became more important to car buyers, car buyers suddenly began to notice that Saabs could take sharp curves like a sports car and hold the road flawlessly—even in inclement weather.

Maybe, the issuers of those automotive tenets thought, front-wheel drive wasn't such a bad idea after all. Soon one after another was adding it onto their cars. Of course, there's a difference between Saab's front-wheel drive system that's been refined and perfected since 1949 and those of other car makers who have only recently recognized the virtues of front-wheel drive.

Another Saab innovation that car buyers have recently discovered is turbocharging. When Saab introduced it back in the seventies, it was more commonly associated with planes and racing cars. Since then, drivers have come to realize it has other applications, like helping you merge onto a crowded freeway or pass a truck on a two-lane highway or cause the owners of so-called ultimate driving machines to reconsider that appellation.

Last year, Saab brought turbocharging to its most advanced state with the Saab APC system.

If you have a degree in engineering and some spare time, your Saab dealer will gladly explain how the APC system works.

If you're not interested, he'll still insist on telling you that it's patented and allows you to go faster on less gas.*

As similar as all Saab's performance may be to that of a sports car, you'd be hard-pressed to find a sports car that's built like a Saab. How many sports cars can you name that will comfortably seat two adults, three kids, and a small Saint Bernard?

If you leave the kids behind and flip down the backseat, you have more luggage space than Audi, BMW, and Volvo combined. Combined? Combined.

Once one appreciates the thinking behind a Saab, its newfound acceptance is not hard to understand.

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900S 4-door	*$13,950*
900 Turbo 3-door	*$16,510*
900 Turbo 4-door	*$16,910*
Automatic transmission $370 additional	

Saab's current sales growth notwithstanding, the highways of America will never exactly be teeming with Saabs. On the other hand, Saab dealers actually had to turn away potential customers last year because there just weren't enough Saabs to go around.

So if you're thinking about a brand new Saab this year, we urge you not to waste too much time.

**Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: (21) EPA estimated mpg. 34 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. **Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options. There are a limited number of turbo models available with Saab's Exclusive Appointments Group, which includes leather upholstery, fog lights, front console and electric sunroof, at additional cost.*

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MIDDLE EAST

Time For a Decision

Arafat and Hussein try for a meeting of minds

Sometimes allies, sometimes foes, always rivals, the Middle East's two most seasoned survivors were locked in a *pas de deux* whose final act could decide not only their own political futures but the prospects for a broader peace in the volatile and troubled region. After six months of adroit maneuvering to explore their options and bolster their respective positions, climaxing in a surge of diplomatic activity last week, Jordan's King Hussein and Palestine Liberation Organization Chairman Yasser Arafat met in Amman over the weekend to decide how to respond to the peace initiative presented by President Reagan last September.

At stake was not only the President's plan, which State Department officials concede has a "short shelf life," but whether any meaningful progress can be made toward Palestinian autonomy in the Israeli-occupied West Bank and Gaza Strip before Israel builds so many Jewish settlements as to virtually annex the territories. The Reagan proposal called for self-government by the 720,000 Palestinians in the West Bank and Gaza in association with Jordan. Since Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin summarily rejected the plan, the U.S. has placed its hopes on King Hussein. If he would announce his intention to negotiate on behalf of the Palestinians, Washington reasons, Israel could be persuaded to participate. But Hussein is unlikely to make such a commitment without Arafat's explicit backing.

There were few grounds for optimism last week. Lebanese, Israeli and U.S. negotiators held their 26th meeting to discuss the conditions under which Israel would withdraw its 35,000 troops from Lebanon. They made no substantial progress, and on Thursday U.S. Special Envoy Philip Habib flew back to Washington for consultations. Administration officials charged privately that Israel was stalling in order to thwart any prospect for broader peace talks. Apparently frustrated by Israeli intransigence, and perhaps to give King Hussein some timely encouragement, President Reagan said last week that the U.S. would continue to hold up delivery of 75 F-16 jet fighters to Israel until that country has withdrawn its troops from Lebanon.

P.L.O. Chairman Yasser Arafat: How much room does he have to maneuver?

As further evidence of how fragile the situation in Lebanon remains, Israeli and Syrian forces engaged in sporadic artillery duels in Lebanon's Bekaa Valley, where both sides have been bolstering their forces. The Soviets have sent substantial reinforcements to Syria, whose army is now in better shape than it was a year ago. Prime Minister Begin denied a charge by Moscow that Israel was planning a "piratic raid" on Syria. Said he: "All these threats have a totally artificial basis."

Yet the week's biggest uncertainty centered on Arafat's travels. After visiting Morocco, the P.L.O. leader was expected in Amman on March 27 to meet with Hussein. But instead Arafat flew to Saudi Arabia and then to Iraq, Bahrain, Kuwait and Syria. Arafat's aim was to shore up Arab support before making any commitment to King Hussein. Arafat did not see Syrian President Hafez Assad, who is strongly opposed to Jordanian participation in peace talks, but he did deliver a fiery speech to a large throng of supporters in Damascus. The next day Arafat arrived in the Jordanian capital in a silver Mercedes after a three-hour drive from Damascus.

It was now King Hussein's turn to keep Arafat waiting. He spent Friday touring agricultural developments in the Jordan Valley with Oman's Sultan Qaboos bin Said. On Saturday, finally, Hussein received Arafat at the King's hilltop palace, Al Nadwa, overlooking downtown Amman. After lunch with their top advisers, they met for the first of several discussions alone. On leaving, Arafat said only that the meeting had been "positive," but on Sunday, reflecting the shifting nature of their talks, he spoke pessimistically about chances of reaching an agreement with the King.

Arafat's dilemma was real enough. The U.S. has implicitly asked him to cede leadership of the Palestinian movement, at least temporarily, to the King of Jordan. Moderate Palestinians, especially residents of the West Bank, have tried to convince Arafat that the strategy is worth trying, since it might be the only one that could give the Palestinians what they most want: control over their land. But Arafat has also come under pressure from hard-line P.L.O. factions who oppose negotiations under U.S. auspices. At a meeting in Algiers last February of the Palestine National Council, the *de facto* P.L.O. parliament, Arafat had hoped

to obtain backing for joint P.L.O.-Jordanian initiatives. But although Arafat won a minor victory in blocking outright rejection of the Reagan plan, the P.L.O. would not surrender its representation of the Palestinians. Says a U.S. diplomat in Washington: "It confirmed Arafat's leadership but left him, and us, uncertain about how much room he has to maneuver."

Hussein's dilemma is no less agonizing. He cannot agree to enter peace talks without having the support of both Arafat and Jordan's Arab allies, notably Saudi Arabia's King Fahd. Jordan is dependent on Saudi Arabia and the gulf states for more than $1 billion a year in economic assistance. Hussein, moreover, would be personally even more vulnerable than assassinated Egyptian President Anwar Sadat was after he signed a peace treaty with Israel in 1979. Says a European diplomat in Amman: "Jordan is not Egypt. It could not sustain the burdens of isolation."

At the same time, there are strong incentives for Hussein to act. West Bank Palestinians support the idea of having Hussein negotiate on their behalf. In addition, Hussein, who was alarmed by the Israeli invasion of Lebanon last summer, has long been afraid that he could become the next target of Begin's territorial ambitions.

He particularly resents the claim being made with increasing frequency in Israel, notably by former Defense Minister Ariel Sharon, that the Palestinians already have a state in Jordan. Implicit, though never stated, in that argument is the idea that King Hussein should turn power over to the Palestinians, who represent some 65% of the kingdom's population. Says a Jordanian politician close to the palace: "If we do not force the Israelis to negotiate about the West Bank now, they will force us to negotiate over the East Bank later." Hussein also fears that unless broader peace talks are initiated soon, American attention will be diverted to the 1984 presidential campaign. That would reduce the chances of any progress at least until 1985, by which time the Israelis would be nearing their goal of having 100,000 Jewish settlers in the West Bank.

Most disappointing to Hussein has been the failure of the U.S. to demonstrate that it has much influence over the policies of the Begin government. Habib was still in Jerusalem two weeks ago when the Israeli Cabinet decided to build eight new settlements, some in heavily populated Arab areas. But the most glaring symbol of American lack of clout is Lebanon, where the U.S. has struggled without result to get a withdrawal agreement satisfactory to Israel. Said a Jordanian politician: "If the U.S. cannot push the Israelis out of Lebanon, why should anyone believe it can get them out of the West Bank?"

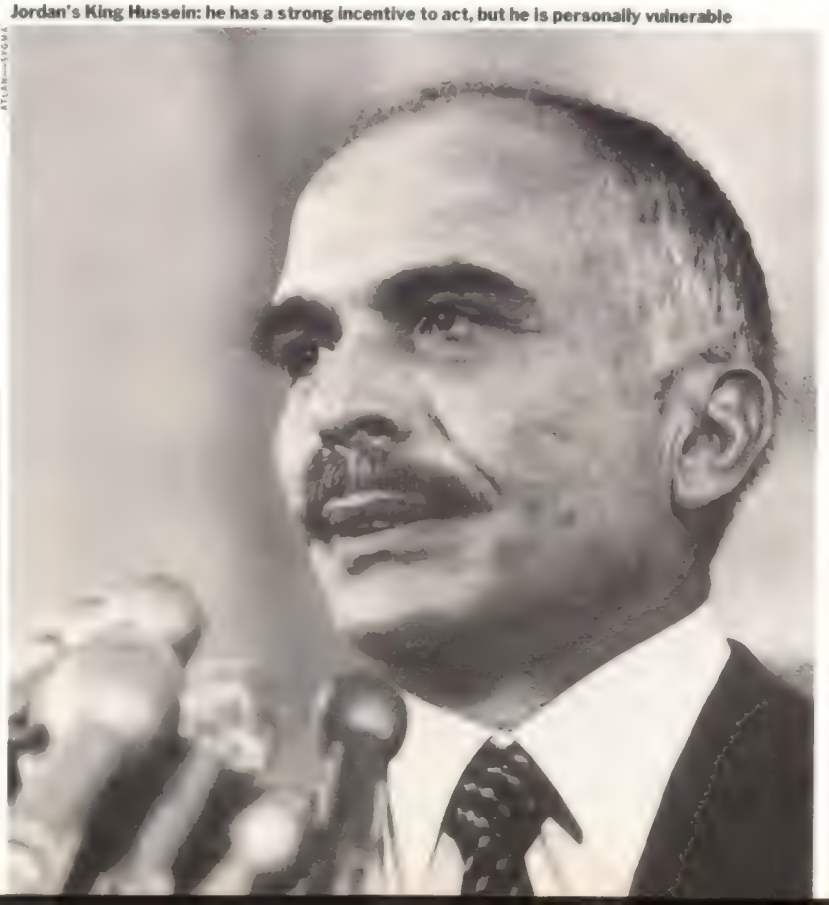
No one, to be sure, was more frustrated about that than Administration officials, who charge that Israel has played one delaying game after another in the talks. Israel's main demand is for arrangements that will guarantee security along its border with Lebanon. It has given up a request for a permanent 750-man Israeli presence in the country, but instead wants the 1,200-man militia of Major Saad Haddad, a renegade Lebanese army officer who has acted as an Israeli surrogate in southern Lebanon, to form a special unit in the Lebanese army assigned to the border area. Israel is also asking for the right to enter Lebanon at any time to conduct searches and make arrests. The U.S. and Lebanon have rejected both ideas as a mockery of Lebanese sovereignty. Some U.S. officials believe that Israel will stall on the Lebanon negotiations as long as there is a chance Hussein will join any peace talks. If Hussein refuses, they would then be able to blame the failure of the Reagan initiative on Jordan.

In a meeting with President Reagan last December, Hussein was assured that if he expressed his willingness to join the peace process, the U.S. would obtain a freeze on settlements in the occupied territories and a complete Israeli withdrawal from Lebanon before the King sat down to talk. Washington had advised Hussein of the contents of the Reagan plan before it was announced. After it became public, the King began a series of consultations with Arafat, and the two men went so far as to consider a joint negotiating team in which non-P.L.O. Palestinians would participate alongside Jordan. But the lack of progress on an Israeli withdrawal from Lebanon began to erode Hussein's chances. By the time of the Palestine National Council meeting in February, Arafat had to fend off attacks from hard-liners. Says a senior P.L.O. official: "If there had been a withdrawal agreement on paper in February, the outcome would have been very different."

Although the results of the Hussein-Arafat meeting were inconclusive at week's end, there were indications that the two leaders were striving for a compromise formula that would try to bridge the Reagan initiative and the plan approved by 20 leaders at the Arab summit in Fez, Morocco, last September. The Fez plan called for the creation of an independent Palestinian state, with East Jerusalem as its capital, whereas the Reagan proposal espouses only Palestinian self-rule under Jordanian auspices.

Both men were believed to be seeking a way to further prospects for peace negotiations of some kind and to build on the positive elements in the Reagan initiative. But to avoid the risks of going it alone, they will probably coordinate their actions with other Arab states. Plans were already being made for an Arab summit meeting in mid-April. For the U.S. and Israel, the big question was whether the two men would take a step that no Arab leader outside of Egypt has taken before: unambiguous recognition of Israel's right to exist. It is doubtful that any initiative short of that could convince Israel that the time to talk has come. —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by Johanna McGeary/Washington and Roberto Suro/Amman*

Jordan's King Hussein: he has a strong incentive to act, but he is personally vulnerable



ATLAN—SYGMA

Boot Camp

Marines help rebuild an army

If U.S. Special Envoy Philip Habib is to break the deadlock in the negotiations for Israel's withdrawal from Lebanon, he must convince the Israelis that their demand to keep a residual military presence in the country is unnecessary. With that aim in mind, Washington has undertaken a $251 million crash program to rebuild the regular Lebanese army, which is in a state of serious disrepair after eight years of civil war and sectarian strife. Last week 32 U.S.-made M-48 tanks were hoisted off a ship in Beirut for delivery to the Lebanese army. Twenty-eight Green Berets from the U.S. Army Special Forces, part of a team of 75 American advisers now in Lebanon, will begin training the Lebanese in infantry procedures and antiterrorist tactics this week.

Although a modest U.S. military-aid effort had been under way for several years, the Reagan Administration decided to expand its assistance last fall. What the Americans found was not encouraging. Fully 40% of Lebanese regulars did not have boots or field jackets, and many carried weapons that did not work. Some units had been issued three kinds of assault rifles, each requiring different ammunition. The army's supply depot was "a total nightmare," in the words of an American officer. Crates of military matériel airlifted from the U.S. in 1978 were unopened, and no one was sure of their contents. When Lebanese President Amin Gemayel ordered his army's 8th Brigade into East Beirut in February to take over security functions from the Lebanese Forces, the Phalangist-led coalition of Christian militias, the troops managed the 2½-mile deployment without a hitch. But their chow did not arrive until 18 hours later. Says a senior U.S. official: "The Lebanese army is like a block of Swiss cheese. A lot of it is solid, but you run into holes in surprising places."

Colonel Arthur T. Fintel, chief of the U.S. military assistance program, says that the first goal of the joint U.S.-Lebanese effort was to bring four 4,000-man brigades up to 70% of fighting strength. In terms of size and equipment, that aim has already been accomplished. The longer-term goal is to train seven brigades for a total of 30,000 men. An intensive recruitment program has surpassed expectations, partly because enlisted men get higher pay than draftees.

U.S. Marines conducting training in hand-to-hand combat, helicopter piloting, and other tactics discovered that Lebanese soldiers often have had plenty of combat experience—and the scars to prove it—from having served in private militias. But few Lebanese troops have ever operated as army units. Marines attached to the four-nation, 52,000-man multinational force that has been patrolling Beirut since the Israeli withdrawal from the capital have helped in the effort to improve the Lebanese army. At a recent training session, six Marines ordered a battalion of Lebanese soldiers to clench their fists and scream. It took a while for the Lebanese to catch on, but soon they were yelling exuberantly. Says a Marine corporal: "These guys feel great just going through drills with a hundred other guys because they never worked together in a large group before."

U.S. Marine training Lebanese recruits

What they found was not encouraging.

U.S. advisers are pleased with General Ibrahim Tannous, 53, a career officer who is commanding general of the Lebanese armed forces. Tannous has ruthlessly purged corrupt officers, halted the practice of officers' wearing high-heeled boots instead of combat boots, and tried to strike a more even balance at the top of the traditionally Christian command structure by bringing up able Muslim officers. Ultimately, Lebanon will have a truly national army only if the Muslim population is convinced that the military properly reflects the country's religious diversity. That will require not only a stronger Muslim presence at the top, but more tact and caution than the army has displayed so far in dealing with sectarian disturbances.

According to U.S. officials, one infantry brigade and three companies of trained helicopter assault troops will be available for deployment in southern Lebanon within a few weeks. Says Colonel Fintel: "I do not see any reason why they cannot secure the border with Israel." The normally jaded Lebanese, meanwhile, are beginning to show some signs of pride in their army. When a column of armored personnel carriers paraded along Beirut's crowded seaside corniche one Saturday evening, passers-by burst into cheers. ■

"Harsh Truth"

Abba Eban's frank words

"The question gnawed at the very roots of Israel's conscience." The author of those words is Abba Eban, 68, Israel's Minister of Foreign Affairs from 1966 to 1974, and the question revolves around Israel's controversial role in last year's massacre of 700 to 800 Palestinian refugees in Beirut. Eban addresses that issue, among others, in a provocative new essay: his twelve-page introduction to an English-language version of the Israeli commission-of-inquiry report on the massacre, commercially reprinted in the U.S. this week (Karz-Cohl: $14.95).

Like the three members of the commission, Eban does not view criticism of an Israeli government as tantamount to support of the country's enemies. Indeed, the veteran diplomat describes the massacre, which was conducted by Lebanese Christians in an area under Israeli military control, as "a gruesome pogrom" administered with "Nazi-like sadism."

But Eban places the recent events within a broader historical context. He points out that his own Labor Party has never endorsed pacifism, which could, in the turbulent Middle East, amount to suicide. But, he maintains, his party has always believed that war should be "a last, reluctant resort," to be pursued only with limited aims and limited forces. By comparison, the "Zionist Revisionist movement," from which Prime Minister Menachem Begin's Likud government was born, has always given "war a larger place." With their "mystique of heroism . . . martial songs, uniforms, parades and unofficial armies," Eban writes, the Revisionists, even 40 years ago, "did not shrink from personal assassinations and attacks on predominantly civilian Arab targets." Last year, he adds, a similar spirit moved Israeli forces to invade Lebanon with many grand ambitions. But "nine months later," writes Eban, "not one of these objectives has been achieved." Eban takes care, however, to criticize Begin no more pointedly than the commission itself did. "The report is a national, not a partisan, document," he told TIME last week. "In fact, the Begin government deserves some credit for appointing the commission and accepting its main conclusions."

DAVID RUBINGER

Abba Eban

Having asserted that in Israel "the moral preoccupation gives a special pathos and nobility to life," Eban concludes with a ringing affirmation of Israel's democratic integrity. Its spirit is embodied, he believes, in the commission's conviction that "a harsh truth is more salutary than a smooth evasion." That same belief seems to underlie Eban's own account. ■

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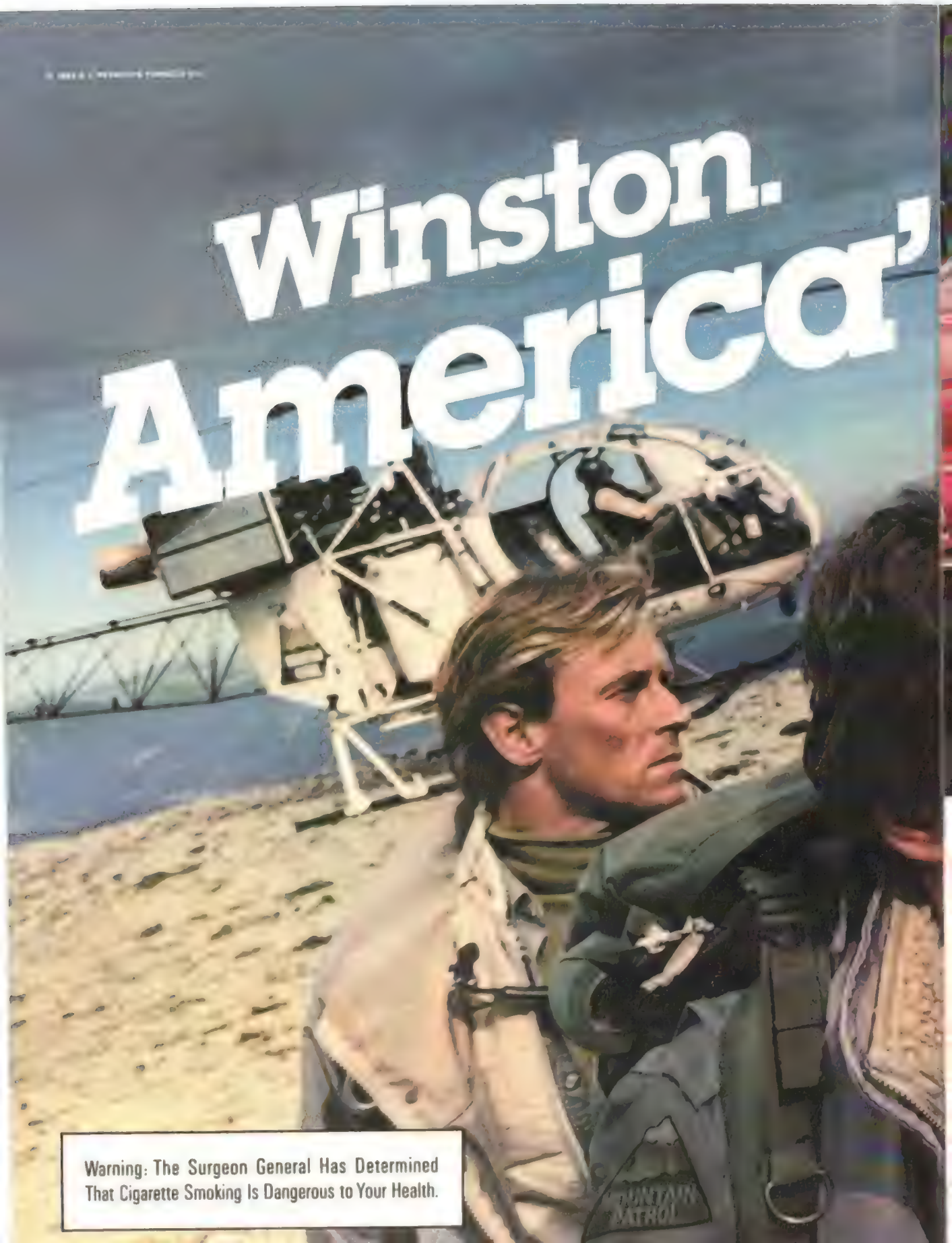
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FRANCE

The Great Vacation Flap

Mitterrand's travel restrictions provoke a furor over "liberty"

Angry French travel agents march through downtown Paris to protest the new austerity measures

Isn't liberty really the possibility of staying or leaving without asking permission, of going toward whatever country or people one chooses, far from the cold gaze of the state?

The resounding phrases sounded gloriously libertarian four years ago. But by last week French President François Mitterrand must surely have regretted the words he spoke as an opposition leader in 1979. In an effort to help cure an increasingly ailing economy, his government had laid a heavy official hand on one of the most hallowed of French traditions, the vacation.

Rightists and leftists reacted with rare unanimity. "Freedom has taken a vacation," declared the opposition daily *Le Quotidien de Paris*. Complained the leftist *Libération:* "They have stolen our liberties for a fistful of dollars." In Paris, more than 3,000 people marched to the Finance Ministry, chanting, "Vacations! Liberty!"

It was no ordinary demonstration. The protesters wore business suits and designer dresses; their placards showed pictures of idyllic vacation spots in Scandinavia, Austria and China, with FINISHED scrawled across them. Many of the marchers were travel agents who had come to protest the potential loss of 9,000 jobs and $1.4 billion in vacation billings.

The origins of the confrontation lay in an economic condition that has steadily worsened. Battered by 9.2% inflation, 8.9% unemployment and a trade deficit that reached a record $14 billion in 1982, the government decreed a tough belt-tightening package that included higher prices for tobacco and alcohol, and an obligatory taxpayer loan to the government (amounting to 10% of taxes paid in 1982). That was bad enough, but not nearly as controversial as the new restrictions on foreign travel, designed to reduce the outflow of currency.

Under the new rules, French citizens may take the equivalent of only $427 a year out of the country when they travel for pleasure. The penalty for being caught with more: confiscation of the money plus a maximum fine of five times that amount. Complicating matters, personal credit cards issued in France may no longer be used abroad. Said Jean-François Deniau, who was Foreign Trade Minister under former President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing: "We are condemned to spend our vacations in the countryside with Grandmother." Particularly ironic was the fact that shortly after his election, Mitterrand fulfilled a campaign promise by adding a fifth week of vacation.

Finance Minister Jacques Delors explained last week that the new currency controls would have a psychological impact, "to make people understand what a difficult situation we are in." Other officials expressed the hope that the restrictions would take citizens' minds off the other austerity measures. Yet the foreign travel controversy aroused only anger. Said a bank employee in Paris: "The government is making us pay for its mistakes." Frenchmen were particularly goaded by the fact that they will have to carry a *carnet de change*, a kind of financial passport complete with a photograph of the bearer, as they pass across the national frontier. Said the usually pro-Socialist newspaper *Le Monde:* "France is copying the East bloc countries. On the pretext of saving foreign currency, it is setting up a gigantic control system in order to hinder the freedom to come and go."

The government's rationale is that the 8 million French citizens who traveled abroad last year spent $4.9 billion, or more than a third of the trade deficit. The government hopes to slice that sum in half, although some analysts predict that, given the ability of most Frenchmen to circumvent rules, one-fifth would be more realistic. But the negative effects will be substantial. State-owned Air France, for example, could lose 1 million passengers this year.

Inevitably, as the seriousness of the restrictions sank in last week, humorists set out to outline ways to get around them. One approach, they decided, would be to play up to friends abroad. "Even if you haven't heard from them for years," suggested *Libération*, "persuade them to put you up and change your money." Another notion: put on a suit and tie, obtain fake credentials and pass off your holiday as a business trip. Finally, in a gibe at the French bureaucracy that still has to come to terms with what is clearly an administrative nightmare, one commentator proposed that travelers simply smuggle their money out. "Just walk with your head high and the bills stuffed in your pockets. The customs agents won't think to look there." Although Frenchmen can usually be counted upon to find ways around restrictions, the latest curbs were not a joke but a singular admission that the Socialist government's economic program was failing. —***By Spencer Davidson. Reported by William Blaylock and Thomas A. Sancton/Paris***

GREAT BRITAIN

Most Foul

Was God's banker murdered?

When the body of Italian Financier Roberto Calvi was found dangling under London's Blackfriars Bridge last June, the coroner's court ruled that he had committed suicide. Yet doubts have lingered about the grisly end of the onetime president of financially troubled Banco Ambrosiano, who was known as "God's banker" because of his extensive financial dealings with the Vatican. Seven days before his corpse was discovered, Calvi had fled Rome to avoid investigation into illegal dealings and possible imprisonment. He apparently told relatives that he would "name the names" of people involved in the scam.

After hearing an appeal from the dead banker's family, three judges of England's High Court of Justice overturned the suicide verdict last week, citing irregularities in the way the July inquest was conducted. They ordered that a different coroner reopen the case, although they did not set a date for the new inquest. Calvi's widow Clara says that she did not take part in the first hearing because she had feared for her life, but she has promised to provide "fresh evidence" that her husband was murdered. ■

CENTRAL AMERICA

The Escalating War of Words

Nicaragua launches a rhetorical counterattack against the U.S.

Easter Week is a major holiday throughout Latin America. But in revolutionary Nicaragua there were a few differences in the seasonal festivities. The Sandinista government announced that it would ban all radio broadcasts of Easter Masses unless the regime could censor pastoral sermons. Then, as half the country prepared to flock to the beach after their religious observances, the others girded for war.

While there were reports of fighting in the area near the border with Honduras, much of the struggle seemed to be a battle of words, chiefly directed against the U.S. Declared Nicaraguan Foreign Minister Miguel D'Escoto Brockmann: "The United States is waging war against Nicaragua." That kind of provocative rhetoric drew a sharp response from U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations Jeane Kirkpatrick. Said she: "The United States isn't invading anybody."

The Nicaraguans were trying as hard as they could to appear beset, but the reality was somewhat different. A campaign organized by opponents of the regime was indeed under way. And it was an open secret that the *contras*, as they are known, were receiving advice and logistical assistance from the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency. Yet, by Western diplomatic estimates, only 2,000 to 3,000 rebels were involved in the insurgency, far too few to oust the increasingly unpopular Marxist-led Sandinista government, which is named after a Nicaraguan nationalist rebel of the 1930s, Augusto César Sandino, and took power in 1979 after the overthrow of Dictator Anastasio Somoza Debayle.

Although the overall results of the *contra* campaign are difficult to determine, it is having a dire effect in some areas. Rancho Grande, a hamlet of wooden and tin-roofed dwellings in the coffee-growing region of Matagalpa, 35 miles from the Honduran border, was struck by the rebels last week. Two members of the local militia force, numbering about 25, were killed, along with a French microbiologist, Pierre Grosjean, 32, who was visiting the area to study leishmaniasis, an ulcerating skin disease. After the Rancho Grande assault, Nicaraguan Defense Minister Humberto Ortega Saavedra, whose brother Daniel is coordinator of the Nicaraguan junta, declared confidently that "the counterrevolutionary forces are in serious difficulty."

Ortega under a portrait of Augusto Sandino

From the *contra* side of the shifting battlefront, the opposite seemed to be true. TIME has learned that, for the first time last week, members of the rebel Nicaraguan Democratic Force (F.D.N.), a grouping of conservative and moderate Nicaraguans combined with former members of the Somoza National Guard, began coordinating their northern actions with another group operating in the country's south. Meanwhile, more than 175 Miskito Indians from Nicaragua's Atlantic coast have completed a rebel training course that will help them to lead as many as 8,000 of their alienated fellow Indians into battle against the Sandinistas. The F.D.N. also plans to send some of its members to Argentina for instruction in the use of shoulder-fired antiaircraft missiles.

Whatever the actual military situation, the Sandinistas were trying to make the most of their uncomfortable circumstances. They demanded an emergency Security Council debate in the United Nations that eventually lasted five days. Nicaraguan Deputy Foreign Minister Victor Hugo Tinoco warned darkly that the conflict could turn into a war with neighboring Honduras, where many of the anti-Sandinista rebels have been based.

The Nicaraguan charges drew scathing replies from U.S. officials, who de-

Not So Simple

In an unusually critical speech, U.S. Ambassador to Mexico John Gavin recently warned journalists of the Inter-American Press Association of the dangers of a one-sided presentation of the issues in Central America. Excerpts:

It is difficult to read much of the [hemisphere's] press without concluding that the only intervention going on in the world is being carried out by 55 U.S. advisers in El Salvador. Never mind that there are several thousand [Cuban and East bloc] military advisers in Nicaragua. And 40,000 Cuban troops in Angola and Ethiopia. Never mind that there are well over 100,000 Soviet combatants attempting to impose a Communist regime on the unwilling people of Afghanistan. Never mind that U.S. rifles whose serial numbers identify them as equipment left behind by our troops in Viet Nam have been intercepted en route to insurgents in El Salvador. Those facts seem to be discarded.

I wonder if we can say with confidence that today the North American and Latin American press is not prey to manipulators. Throughout both continents, the charges by Cuba that freedom is threatened by dictators of the right is common fare for readers and watchers of the news, while [Fidel] Castro's prisons are full of poets and political dissidents.

Ambassador Gavin

I don't think the situation in El Salvador and Central America is a simple one. And I don't think I have to tell you that neither does my Government. We don't think that the problems there result simply from outside intervention. There are social and economic problems of long standing that must be resolved. We are seeking more economic aid for El Salvador than military aid. In Nicaragua, we would like to see . . . pluralism and representative democracy and freedom of the press. We do think that there is a chance for self-government to emerge in an area that has long lived without it. We regret the success that antidemocratic forces have had in convincing too many people that a Marxist-Leninist victory would amount to self-government, that guerrillas are always supported by the majority, that no civilian casualties are caused by the rebels and that leftist victories are always inevitable . . . We don't think that the declarations of the Nicaraguan junta, Soviet press agencies and Fidel Castro should go unexamined by the press.

clared that there were many good reasons for the Nicaraguans to rebel against their Sandinista rulers. According to recent human rights reports, the regime has systematically violated the rights of local Miskito Indians, undermined religious freedom, and continued to practice arbitrary arrest and detention. Said State Department Spokesman Alan Romberg: "It is not surprising the Sandinistas are trying to convince their public and the outside world that there is not an internal problem in Nicaragua, when there is." Reagan Administration officials refused to discuss charges that the U.S. is covertly supporting the Nicaraguan insurgents. In a newspaper column, however, Ambassador Kirkpatrick implicitly defended the idea of such an operation, saying in effect that if Nicaragua and Cuba could arm and train revolutionary insurgents, it was wrong to think the U.S. could not do so.

Many of the 55 countries that took part in the U.N. Security Council debate felt that the U.S. was being disingenuous. Replying to a predictable Soviet diatribe about incidents of U.S. intervention in Latin America, Kirkpatrick said that such actions were past history. On the other hand, she added, a computer would be required to keep track of Soviet interventions in the affairs of other countries, the most recent example being Afghanistan.

Despite the show of support for Nicaragua, there were some important exceptions. Italy, Holland and Belgium, all NATO allies, remained quiet during the Security Council debate, as did France, which earned Washington's ire in January 1982 by selling $90 million worth of military equipment to the Sandinistas.

While Nicaragua is eager to urge other nations to condemn the U.S., it is far less anxious to consider many of the suggested peaceful solutions to Central America's political troubles. Even though the U.S. is aggrieved at the extremist nature of the Nicaraguan regime, it is far more concerned over Nicaraguan support for leftist insurgents in nearby El Salvador. Last October the U.S. endorsed the idea of an agreement with the Sandinistas that would have included an end to cross-border support for guerrillas, a ban on foreign military advisers in the region, and guarantees of local political pluralism. The Sandinistas dislike that Central American initiative, but the Reagan Administration says that it is still eager to pursue the earlier proposal.

Discussions are under way in Central America to hold a meeting of five Central American countries (Nicaragua, Honduras, El Salvador, Guatemala and Costa Rica), with five other Latin countries from the region as observers. Said Secretary of State George Shultz two weeks ago: "Nicaragua should be engaged in the process. Its good faith, or lack of it, will be tested." So far, however, no date has been set for that meeting, and Nicaragua is apparently refusing to participate. ***—By George Russell. Reported by Bernard Diederich/Managua and Martin Casey/Tegucigalpa***

ARGENTINA

The Day the Earth Stood Still

A 24-hour strike paralyzes a nation already in disarray

Across the city, schools, offices and factories were shuttered. Normally bustling train stations were deserted. Buenos Aires' ubiquitous *colectivos* (buses), usually overflowing with commuters on their way to work, were nowhere to be seen. In smaller cities and towns the story was the same: a 24-hour work stoppage called by the Peronist-dominated General Confederation of Labor (C.G.T.) had temporarily paralyzed the country. One militant leader of the 3 million–strong union bluntly called the collective action nothing less than "the rejection of a finished regime."

Coming only weeks after President Reynaldo Bignone promised to hold general elections next October, the strike threw the beleaguered country into an economic stall it could ill afford. Seven years after the military overthrew the regime of Isabel Martínez de Perón, the call for elections to form a civilian government was effectively an admission that the generals have failed to bring order to the nation's chaotic political life. Their repressive rule has left Argentina with economic disaster, international notoriety for the scale of its human rights violations and national disgrace in the aftermath of last year's war with Britain over the Falklands. The strike was further evidence of the military government's disarray.

Argentina suffers from 400% inflation, 18% unemployment and a foreign debt of $40 billion. Under these circumstances, the C.G.T. marshaled 95% of the work force to protest a government proposal to freeze prices and wages at 1,000 industrial companies. The union leaders also demanded a 15% wage hike to offset what they called impending "national disintegration."

Bignone's government declared the strike illegal but shied away from taking punitive measures. The junta now faces an uncomfortable dilemma. It cannot buy off the unions, given the economic climate. Yet if the regime stands firm, it will almost certainly face further work stoppages. Last week's strike, said Admiral Rubén Oscar Franco, a member of the three-man ruling junta, "demonstrated an irresponsible and inflexible attitude on the part of the union leadership."

Perhaps. But there were other signs last week that the authority of Bignone's government was rapidly eroding. After an appearance before the three-member commission investigating the conduct of the Falklands war, former President Leopoldo Galtieri was accosted by angry hecklers. Shrieked the mother of a soldier who disappeared in the Falklands: "Scoundrel! You'll pay for it!" Shouted another angry bystander: "May God judge you!" Some 10,000 demonstrators marched peacefully amid cries of "Military traitors to the wall!" and ritual burnings of American and British flags.

Yet another blow to the junta's prestige came after police closed the offices of the weekly Buenos Aires magazine *La Semana*. The offense: publishing an article critical of Captain Alfredo Astiz, the officer who surrendered the Argentine garrison on South Georgia to the British and who was accused of torture and murder after infiltrating the human rights movement during the "dirty war" in 1977. *La Semana's* editor, Jorge Fontevecchia, successfully sought asylum in Venezuela last week. Shortly thereafter, however, a federal court judge ruled that there was nothing offensive in the article and ordered the junta to free all 20,000 seized copies of the magazine for distribution. ■

An eerie stillness: Buenos Aires' normally bustling rail terminal during the labor shutdown

After seven years of military rule, national disgrace and economic chaos.

Chancellor Helmut Kohl and Greens Member Walter Schwenninger on Bundestag's opening day

WEST GERMANY

Greenhorns

Of politics and potted plants

The West German Bundestag had just confirmed Helmut Kohl as head of government, and the smiling Chancellor was surrounded by well-wishers. His allies rushed forward with hearty congratulations. Hans-Jochen Vogel, his Social Democratic opponent in the last elections, offered a friendly handshake. Then Newcomer Marieluise Beck-Oberdorf presented the Chancellor with a vibrant yellow forsythia branch.

It was one of the quieter gestures in a day of theatrics for West Germany's Greens, a loose amalgam of environmentalists and antinuclear activists who last week took their seats in the national legislature for the first time. While most deputies arrived by car, the Greens marched to the Bundestag through downtown Bonn. Some carried flowers; others dragged wilted trees, which they said were killed by acid rain. Inside, the new representatives again added a touch of color to the staid legislature. Their jeans and sweaters stood out against a sea of somber business suits, while their straight-backed benches sported an array of potted plants and flowers.

The Greens' splashy entrance stole the spotlight from Kohl, who had, after all, handily defeated Vogel and the Social Democrats last month. The Chancellor has also put his own stamp on the new coalition government, a Cabinet of eight Christian Democrats, five Christian Socialists and three Free Democrats. There were only two new faces: Christian Democrat Heinrich Windelen (Inter-German Affairs) and Christian Socialist Ignaz Kiechle (Agriculture). Most significantly, Free Democrat Leader Hans-Dietrich Genscher stayed on as Foreign Minister. A man who coveted that job—Franz-Josef Strauss, the right-wing leader of the Christian Democrats' sister party in Bavaria, the Christian Social Union—thus remained without a portfolio in the national government.

After boycotting Kohl's formal reinstatement by President Karl Carstens, the Greens soon made their presence felt in the Bundestag. The original seating plan called for them to be placed on the left-hand edge of the chamber, well out of range of television cameras. The Greens demurred, claiming they were not a left-wing party, and threatened to camp in the middle of the floor until their seats were changed. In the end, they got what they wanted: a central strip of 27 seats between the Social Democrats and Christian Democrats. Then came the new session's opening speech, given by former Chancellor Willy Brandt. A Bundestag tradition, such speeches are strictly ceremonial. Greens' Deputy Eckard Stratmann broke protocol, however, by demanding equal time, claiming that "the extraparliamentary movement has been given a new voice." He was roundly rejected

The Greens did force debate on one major issue: a national census, scheduled to begin at the end of next month. The Greens and others have called for a boycott, though the motives vary. Some civil libertarians consider the survey an invasion of privacy. Others fear that personal information asked for on individual census forms might somehow become public. While sharing those concerns, the Greens have seized the census as a weapon in their fight against nuclear weapons. Says a party activist from Düsseldorf: "We know that the boycott alone will not bring about disarmament, but it will show the government that we too have strength in numbers."

At the very least, the Greens plan to keep the missile issue on the front pages. "We intend to stop the deployment of [U.S. missiles]," said Party Activist Petra Kelly. "Of course, to do so we need not only to be in parliament, we need to be on the street." Helmut Kohl will be hearing a lot from his new colleagues in both places ■

INDIA

Family Feud

Gandhi vs. *Gandhi*

It is a favorite theme of Indian movies domineering mother *vs.* misunderstood daughter-in-law. Now the country is going to be treated to a live, political version of the drama as Maneka Gandhi, 26, takes on her illustrious mother-in-law, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. Last week the sharp-tongued Maneka, who is the widow of Indira's youngest son and one-time heir apparent, Sanjay, announced that she will launch her own political party. What is more, she will oppose Rajiv, Indira's eldest son and current heir apparent, in the next elections for the north Indian parliamentary seat of Amethi.

Maneka has named her new party *Rashtriya Sanjay Manch* (National Sanjay Platform) in honor of her husband, who died in a 1980 plane crash. Over the past six months, Maneka claims, her movement has attracted 800,000 members, some of them disillusioned supporters of Indira's Congress (I) Party. Its charter: to work toward a democratic socialist state based on the ideals set forth by Mahatma Gandhi, who led the fight for India's independence (and to whom the currently feuding family is not related) Says an Indian newspaper editor: "One wonders which Gandhi she's talking about, the Mahatma or Sanjay? They are not the same. One was a saint. The other was very clever, very ambitious and very self-centered."

Such talk does not upset the slender (5 ft. 4 in., 99 lbs.) Maneka. Says she: "In India, women get into politics because of some man I learned a lot from Sanjay." When TIME New Delhi Bureau Chief Dean Brelis asked her last week what she had learned from her mother-in-law, Maneka shot back, "What not to do." Maneka reports having her telephone tapped, her mail opened and her followers harassed. Says Maneka of the Prime Minister: "She treats India like her personal toy, pulling off its arms and its legs. As her party grows weaker, Mrs. Gandhi becomes more forceful."

Maneka

Maneka's candidacy will force former Airline Pilot Rajiv, 38, who now holds the Amethi seat, into a fight for his political life. Although some experts believe Maneka can beat him, few see her as a threat to the Prime Minister in national elections, which Mrs. Gandhi is expected to hold within 15 months. In her new role, though, Maneka is sure to prove an ever sharper irritant to the Prime Minister Sighs a Bombay movie producer: "As a drama, Gandhi *vs.* Gandhi has all the makings of a box-office smash. I wish I could make it." ■

Buick Invites You To An Inside Look At The Academy Awards

WRITTEN BY
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

...the envelope please

Don't miss this year's telecast of the Academy Awards on the ABC Television Network. It is being brought to you in part by Buick Motor Division on Monday, April 11th. Check your local listings for the time in your area.

Buick Skyhawk. Take flight.

Buick Skyhawk comes by its name very honestly. Hawks are known, after all, for their power and maneuverability. Skyhawks are no exception.

The heart of its strength is an available electronically fuel injected 1.8 liter overhead cam engine and five speed manual transmission. Add to that front wheel drive, rack and pinion steering and MacPherson strut front suspension, you have the sophistication of a world class road car. One that can transport you from the here and now into a very special world, indeed.

And, like its namesake, Skyhawk is efficient. With aerodynamic styling that not only looks sleek and refined, but results in some very impressive mileage figures. As you will note.

The 1983 Buick Skyhawk. All in all a very civilized hawk. But with a certain indefinable spirit of freedom unsurpassed by any other car. Anywhere. Capture one at your Buick dealer today.

EST. HWY	EPA EST. MPG
46	28

Use estimated MPG for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some Buicks are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Buick dealer for details.

Official Car of the XXIIIrd Olympiad
Los Angeles 1984

BUICK

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

I Remember

HOLLYWOOD AND ITS OSCARS

My acting career began over sixty years, one hundred films and twenty plays ago. I started in the early '20s as a pudgy teenager. It was several years before the advent of talkies, and I appeared intermittently and unmemorably in the final spate of silent pictures that Hollywood produced. The jobs I had were mostly younger sons, brothers or juvenile roles, with such stars as Will Rogers, Ronald Colman, John Gilbert, John Barrymore and the fabled Greta Garbo. My first movie moustache had to be stuck on, but by the time I could grow my own and had become a featured contract player, the "Hollywood dream factory" was in high gear, producing more than 500 feature pictures plus hundreds of short subjects a year for a weekly audience of 100 million in 23,000 theaters across the country. Europe and the rest of the world probably accounted for more than two or three times that figure.

By the 1930s, I was already a "veteran" and was only too willing to dispense what I hoped would be accepted as invaluable advice to eager newcomers. For instance, I advised Bing Crosby not to go into the movies. After all, he was the best part of a popular trio called the Rhythm Boys who sang with the great Paul Whiteman orchestra. "How could you do better than that?" I asked him. I also urged Ginger Rogers, then starring in a New York musical, to change her name before coming to Hollywood. I predicted that no producer would hire an actress with a name like Ginger. I don't recall whether or not I advised Fred Astaire to give up dancing—but I might have.

All of us wanted to earn thousands of dollars a week like Swanson, Gilbert, Valentino, Chaplin, Gable and others presumably did and earn the approval of our peers by winning a covey of Academy Awards. Most of us settled for much less. The closest I came to an Award was watching a winning performance unfold on a sound stage in 1932, when I played opposite an astonishing young actress who had come out to Hollywood from the New York stage. Her name was Katharine Hepburn. I was her forgotten leading man in "Morning Glory," which won her first of four Academy Awards over the years. Never having won, I console myself with thinking of the far more famously deserving and distinguished company I'm in: no performance of Chaplin, Garbo or John Barrymore ever won. Neither did a performance of Cary Grant, Edward G. Robinson, John Garfield, Charles Boyer, Marlene Dietrich, Leslie Howard, Richard Burton, Rosalind Russell, Barbara Stanwyck, Judy Garland, and many other truly great artists. Still, all that doesn't lessen the public and professional interest in the Awards, or mitigate the excitement of a nominee or the gratification of a winner.

My father was one of the original organizers of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences and was its president for the first three years of its existence. The Academy was formed in 1927 with the serious purpose of raising money to establish and operate a center for the study of the cinema as an art form and to further all phases of motion picture literature, technical research and development. It was also hoped that such an Academy would add dignity, prestige and luster to the film industry. My father originally came from the top echelon of the New York "legit" theater. Being one of the dominant "producer-writer-star" figures in the film world, he was a logical choice to be the Academy's first president. He took that job very seriously indeed, but he also loved practical jokes. When an Academy delegation visited him at his studio in 1928 to show the prototype of the statuette that was to serve as a symbol of the Awards to be given, he had anticipated their visit by having on hand a facsimile. "We want this award to be durable, so it lasts forever," he said, then proceeded to horrify his guests by hurling the imitation Award over the roof of a sound stage as a test of its durability. The delegation was instructed to find a metal that could survive the toss. Perhaps because of this joke, the thirteen-and-a-half-inch statuette of a faceless crusader holding a sword is the heftiest award of its kind: a britannium and gold-plated back strainer weighing eight and a half pounds.

My father's services to motion pictures and to the Academy were thought deserving of its grateful recognition, so an Academy Award was voted to him. Sadly, he never knew of it, as he died two months before the ceremonies, in December 1939. That year the awards were held in the famous Cocoanut Grove restaurant of the Ambassador Hotel, with many of the most important producers, directors, writers, actors, cameramen and technicians attending.

Bob Hope was master of ceremonies for the first time that year, and Price Waterhouse was then, as now, guarding the sealed envelopes containing the winners' names in order to ensure suspense, as well as honesty.

Academy Awards night was now the American film industry's biggest and most glamorous annual event.

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr

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SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

Milestones

EN ROUTE TO THE OSCAR

The first actor who failed to show up and collect his Award was the first recipient for Best Actor—the German silent star Emil Jannings. Jannings missed the first Academy banquet in 1929 because he was back in his hotel room preparing to leave Hollywood forever. Convinced that his poor English would not survive the advent of sound films, he announced he was returning to Germany. Lester Cowan of the Academy located Jannings the next day and raced to Union Station to present the star with his statuette. Cowan arrived just as Jannings' train was departing for New York. Running along the platform, Cowan shouted at the actor through an open window: "Emil, I have an award for you." Jannings reached out and grabbed his statuette—not knowing what it was.

I can't be sure but I think the 1932 Academy Awards ceremonies were the first I attended. That year's voting was unique in that it produced the first tie. Both Wallace Beery and Fredric March received an equal number of votes in the Best Actor category. Coincidentally, both actors had adopted children that year, which prompted Freddy March in his acceptance speech to say: "It seems odd that Wally and I were both given Awards for the best male performance of the year."

In 1937 Austrian Luise Rainer became the first actress to win the top Award two years in succession. She was so certain that she would not win that she stayed at home. When the Academy noted her absence and telephoned her, she hastily dressed and hurried to the Biltmore Hotel with her husband, playwright Clifford Odets. "Dear colleagues," she told her fellow actors, "don't ever try to predict the Academy's winners and losers." This advice has stood the test through fifty-five Awards years.

In 1942 songwriter Irving Berlin became the first Award presenter to open an envelope and discover that he himself was the winner, in the Best Song category, for "White Christmas." "I'm glad to present the award," smiled the great man, "I've known the fellow for a long time."

The most unusual "first" occurred in 1946 when an Award was won by a nonprofessional making his first movie—handless war veteran Harold Russell, who won as Best Supporting Actor for his poignant role in "The Best Years of Our Lives."

Harold Russell

In 1953, an estimated 43 million Americans watched the first telecast of the Academy Awards, held that year at the Pantages Theater in Hollywood. Bob Hope was again the master of ceremonies. Academy night has been telecast ever since. This year, nearly 500 million people in twenty countries will watch satellite "feeds" of the Awards ceremonies.

Nineteen seventy-six produced what is, one hopes, the last "first" of its kind: the first posthumous Award to a nominee. The brilliant Australian actor Peter Finch was voted Best Actor for his performance in "Network." Finch died unexpectedly of a heart attack two months before the big night, and his tearful widow was presented with the statuette.

Luise Rainer with Paul Muni

Peter Finch

Good looking outside. Good thinking inside.

1983 Buick Regal.

Some people assume that someone, or something, that's got a lot in the good looks department, may be lacking in the good thinking department. Lest you have the same misconception about the Buick Regal, here are some things to consider.

We certainly agree that the Regal is strikingly beautiful. But it's got more going for it than that. For instance, there's a 3.8 liter V-6 engine that gives a lot of power, yet has a lot of willpower when it comes to conserving on gasoline consumption.

EST. HWY.	EPA EST. MPG
30	21

Regal's interior not only looks rich and luxurious, but it's intelligently designed. So there's plenty of room for five. And, of course, there's plenty of trunk space, too.

So go see the 1983 Regal at your Buick dealer's now. You'll find that a lot of good thinking went inside of the Regal's good looking outside. And remember to show your good thinking by buckling up your seat belt.

Use estimated MPG for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Estimates lower in California. Some Buicks are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Buick dealer for details.

Official Car of the XXIIIrd Olympiad Los Angeles 1984

BUICK

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

Buicks. What they have in

Through the years, Buicks have been honored to occupy rather special places in many American hearts and driveways.

And, we're happy to report that although a lot has changed recently, that hasn't. People still view ownership of a Buick as a singularly good idea.

Perhaps because Buicks are, as always, uncommon cars. Built with a common philosophy. Based on an enlightened notion which holds that a car can be at once both elegant and efficient.

Better mileage. Better miles.

In the past 9 years, based on an analysis of EPA estimates, Buick's average fleet EPA estimated MPG figure has increased by 68%.

What's really at the heart of it is a rethinking of the automobile. One in which both operating efficiency and space efficiency are top priorities.

Take the trim Skylark for example. Its standard power comes from a very economical 4-cylinder engine. Which accounts in great part for its impressive gas economy.

But to assure that the people inside have plenty of room, it's fitted with front-wheel drive, which eliminates the large bump, formerly caused by the transmission, and the engine is mounted sideways so it won't impinge on passenger space.

However, the Skylark isn't designed just to give you the kind of room you expect from a Buick. It's also a matter of interior fittings. That's why you'll find that the fabrics used in the Skylark Limited are the same ones used in the posh Electra Limited. A small thing, perhaps. But it does give you an idea

		[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
BUICK SKYHAWK	1.8 Liter L-4#	[illegible]	28	625	[illegible]	13.6
BUICK SKYLARK	2.5 Liter L-4	42	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	14.6
BUICK CENTURY	2.5 Liter L-4	[illegible]	[illegible]	612	[illegible]	15.7
	4.3 Liter Diesel V-6#†*	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	16.5
BUICK REGAL	3.8 Liter V-6*	[illegible]	21	[illegible]	[illegible]	18.1
	3.8 Liter Turbo V-6	[illegible]	18	525	[illegible]	18.1
	4.3 Liter Diesel V-6#†*	[illegible]	[illegible]	712	[illegible]	19.8
BUICK LESABRE	3.8 Liter V-6*	[illegible]	[illegible]	675	[illegible]	25.0
	5.7 Liter Diesel V-8#†*	[illegible]	[illegible]	884	[illegible]	26.0
BUICK ELECTRA	4.1 Liter V-6*	[illegible]	[illegible]	725	[illegible]	25.0
	5.7 Liter Diesel V-8#†*	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	26.0
BUICK RIVIERA	4.1 Liter V-6*	[illegible]	[illegible]	612	[illegible]	21.1
	3.8 Liter Turbo V-6#†*	[illegible]	[illegible]	569	[illegible]	21.1
	5.7 Liter Diesel V-8#†*	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	22.8

[illegible]

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BUICK

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

common sets them apart.

of what we think a Buick should be Regardless of the size

Even more exemplary of the way we do things is the Skyhawk. It's the smallest and lightest Buick. But it's also very luxurious and roomy. And it's the product of one of the industry's most sophisticated and demanding quality control programs. So everything fits beautifully. Including you.

Sticking our nose into aerodynamics.

Across the Buick line, the look is clean. Crisp. Tailored. Smooth, yet angular. So that air is guided up, over, under and around the car with a minimum of turbulence. That, of course, means less air resistance which aids fuel economy

Two noteworthy examples of this relationship between aerodynamic efficiency and visual appeal are the rakish Buick Regal and the Buick Century

The Century, incidentally, is one of the most aerodynamic Buicks ever

And even cars like the roomy, elegant full-size Electra and LeSabre have been designed with a keen eye toward aerodynamics

An outstanding choice of engines.

Under the hood, you'll find Buicks have a lot in common too. Namely, diversity

Look at the chart on the lower left side of this ad, and you'll see some of the choices. As well as the impressive EPA figures they generate

By this time, you should be getting the idea that a Buick can be tailored to almost any criteria imaginable. But lest there be a speck of doubt remaining, we'd like to present two more innovative pieces of engineering

Turbocharging and overdrive.

In the mid-seventies, we introduced the concept of turbocharging to the V-6 engine. Formerly found mostly in exotic racing machinery, or breathtakingly expensive foreign cars, we made it happily at home in the mid-size, V-6 powered Regal T TYPE. Now it resides not only there but in the Riviera T TYPE as well.

Less exciting, but equally important, is the automatic overdrive transmission used in Riviera and Electra and available in LeSabre and Regal T TYPE. At highway speeds, the transmission shifts into a long-legged overdrive mode. That drops engine speed significantly, thereby conserving fuel

The value of the Buick name.

We also hope what we've told you here has served to demonstrate the fact that there's more to be gained from buying a Buick than admiring glances from neighbors. That in fact, what the Buick name represents is high technology, advanced engineering and a solid value. If you'd like to know more, your Buick dealer would be glad to arrange an extensive tour of his facilities and his cars. We think you'll find him an uncommonly good person to do business with. And please, make it your business to buckle up for safety.

GM

SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

Thank You

MEMORABLE EXPRESSIONS OF GRATITUDE

The great mass public is usually more interested in the actors and actresses than in the less visible and less publicized, but equally—and often more—important categories of directors, writers and technicians. That may be unfair, but the nature of the performing arts makes it inevitable. After all, Richard Burbage was more famous as the first actor to play Hamlet than was his friend Will Shakespeare during their lifetimes. Which reminds me that, in 1952, the film community and public were pulling for Humphrey Bogart to

Humphrey Bogart

win his first Award, for his stunning performance in "The African Queen." Bogie was a longtime critic of the Academy's awards (not, of course, of the Academy itself). As such, he once suggested that the five nominees for Best Actor be forced to recite Hamlet's soliloquy to judges to determine the winner. I think it was Ida Lupino who challenged him. "But, Bogie, what would you do if you found yourself up against Laurence Olivier, reciting the same speech?" Bogie smiled and sighed. "Okay," he said, "scratch the idea." When the envelope was opened in 1952 and his name announced as the winner, Bogart received one of the great ovations in Academy history. His brief thank-you became famous: "It's a long way from the Belgian Congo to the Pantages Theater," he said, "but I'd rather be here than there."

Actress Jane Wyman, who won her Award in 1948 for playing a deaf-mute in "Johnny Belinda," was even more succinct in her acceptance. "I accept this very gratefully for keeping my mouth shut," she said. "I think I'll do it again."

Having endured endless similar speeches of thanks and gratitude over the years, I find Award-winning screenwriter Donald Ogden Stewart's acceptance for "The Philadelphia Story" in 1940 a particularly delicious memory. "There has been so much niceness here tonight that I'm happy to say that I'm entirely responsible for the success of 'The Philadelphia Story.' Nobody lifted a finger to help me."

In 1948 the superb actor Walter Huston won as Best Supporting Actor in "The Treasure of the Sierra Madre." I personally never thought the word supporting was a satisfactory designation, but no one has won agreement on a better one. The film was directed by his son, John, who also won a Best Director prize that year for the same film. Walter's acceptance was one of the most touching ever: "Many, many years ago, I raised a son and I said to him, 'If you ever become a writer or director, please find a good part for your old man.' Well, by golly, he did."

When composer Dimitri Tiomkin won an Award for the best film score in 1954 ("The High and the Mighty") he gave credit where it was rightfully due: "To all those who helped me to get where I am: Brahms, Bach, Beethoven, Richard Strauss and Johann Strauss..."

John Wayne

John Huston and Walter Huston

It didn't seem to matter if John Wayne was a good actor or not, or even if he was really the kind of bighearted, true-blue, gutsy all-American hero he specialized in playing. He succeeded wonderfully well in projecting an image which persuaded the public that he was, in fact, the epitome of all such virtues. Furthermore, every one of his colleagues liked him personally as well. He was everyone's "good guy." Therefore, to no one's surprise, his popularity was such that his colleagues cheered him when he finally won an Award in 1969. It was for his performance as Rooster Cogburn, a cantankerous, one-eyed western (of course) sheriff in "True Grit." Holding his statuette in triumph, "Duke" Wayne declared: "If I'd known, I'd have put the eye patch on thirty-five years earlier."

By contrast, Edith Head won eight Awards for her outstanding costume designs. As the winner in 1953 for "Roman Holiday," she quipped: "I'm going to take this one home and design a dress for it."

The wonderful Ingrid Bergman won her third Award in 1974, and spent most of her acceptance praising the performance of her rival, actress Valentina Cortese, in "Day for Night." "Please forgive me, Valentina," Ingrid said. "I didn't mean to [win]."

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Memories

A HALF-CENTURY OF SPECIAL MOMENTS

When there was a shortage of precious metals during WWII, the Academy's winners received their statuettes made of plaster. On an earlier occasion an attempt was made to tamper with the fabled trophy. In 1930, ten-year-old Jackie Cooper was nominated as Best Actor. MGM mogul Louis B. Mayer fumed; little Jackie, under contract to MGM, had been loaned out to a rival studio, and Mayer tried to persuade the Academy to fashion a doll-sized Award in case the child star won. "The big one is for adults only," Mayer proclaimed. The Academy, to everyone's astonishment, gathered up the nerve to refuse his request. The controversy proved meaningless because Jackie failed to win. But he did provide one of the most memorable moments of the Academy Awards by falling asleep on actress Marie Dressler's shoulder at that year's ceremonies. Miss Dressler had to ease Jackie gently onto his mother's lap before she could get up to receive *her* Award as Best Actress.

I was away from Hollywood during the Academy ceremony of 1943, on naval duty on the high seas. According to the story as it was told to me, I missed a different kind of record breaker: the longest thank-you speech on record, the time when Greer Garson reportedly spoke for nearly an hour, thanking all concerned in the making of "Mrs. Miniver," for which she had just won the Best Actress. In fairness, Miss Garson firmly denies she spoke anywhere near so long, but I'm told she does admit she lost track of the time. Perhaps a grain of salt is needed to go with the story!

Charlie Chaplin

My own favorite memory was reading about the roaring ovation that greeted 83-year-old Charlie Chaplin's triumphant return, in 1971, first to New York but then, most appropriately, to the Academy out in California. It came after a twenty-year absence.

Chaplin had been my father's closest friend and in 1919, together with my stepmother Mary Pickford and D.W. Griffith, they had formed their own distribution company for the showing of their self-produced films and named it the United Artists Corporation. So my emotions were intense and very personal while I watched on TV that remarkable genius receiving his special-category Award. Tears were in his eyes as he said: "Words seem, oh, so futile, so feeble. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you." I wish I'd been there.

An unforgettable memory occurred at the 1975 Awards when Louise Fletcher won as Best Actress for her performance as Nurse Ratched in "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest." Born of deaf parents, she used sign language to tell them: "Thank you for teaching me to have a dream. You are seeing my dream come true."

Louise Fletcher

Then, too, there were the final, poignant appearances onstage or in the audience of old friends making their farewells during Academy telecasts.

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SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION

Controversies

POLITICAL PROTESTS AND OTHER CLASHES

Back in 1936, a well-known screenwriter named Dudley Nichols caused a stir by refusing to show up at the ceremonies to accept his Award for writing the screenplay for "The Informer." Nichols was protesting the studios' refusal to recognize certain craft unions. Thirty-five years later the Academy was steeped in controversy when several stars, for reasons both personal and political, boycotted the Awards ceremonies and refused to accept any Awards. Actor George C. Scott was the first to refuse. He announced in 1970 that he would ignore his nomination as Best Actor for "Patton" and have nothing to do with the Awards, which he felt were a competition destructive to actors. Of course, Scott won anyway. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed the irrepressible Goldie Hawn when she opened the envelope. Two years later, Marlon Brando very conspicuously refused to accept *his* Award for his performance in "The Godfather." Instead, he sent a proxy to the podium dressed as a young Indian girl, who called herself Sacheen Littlefeather. She explained that Marlon was refusing his Award as a protest against Hollywood's characterization of American Indians since the days of silent films. Miss Littlefeather was later identified as an actress named Maria Cruz. In 1971 Jane Fonda won as Best Actress for her performance in "Klute" and was greeted with some boos mixed in among the cheers for her controversial involvement in Vietnam War protests. "There's a great deal to say," she said, "and I'm not going to say it tonight."

Marlon Brando *Roger Moore, Liv Ullman and Sacheen Littlefeather*

Jane Fonda

The Academy had barely recovered from these unsettling events when, in 1974, a naked man suddenly appeared and ran across the stage just as David Niven was introducing Elizabeth Taylor. The "streaker" was less memorable than David's quick-as-a-flash observation: "That's probably the only laugh that man will ever get in his life—stripping off his clothes and showing us his shortcomings."

My favorite "controversy" in recent years occurred in 1976 when the producer of the remake of "King Kong" was said to insist that his mechanical gorilla be considered for Best Actor. It probably was no more than a publicity gimmick, but he followed through as if he were serious. Anyway, the Academy quite rightly refused, much to the relief of Bob Hope. "If he loses," Hope wondered aloud, "who's going to tell him?" ■

Exporting America's Liveliest Art

The Academy Awards are as familiar in London as in Los Angeles, in Paris as in Pittsburgh. Before WWI, Europe dominated the movie world, but since 1915–16, the movies made in America and distributed worldwide have been among our most identifiable exports. Today, foreign distribution of U.S. films accounts for nearly half of Hollywood's overall profit. America's liveliest art form has influenced the world's image of the unique characteristics of our country and people.

Behind the spectacle of an Academy Award ceremony, the tinsel and the make-believe, the hearty laughs, the jokes and the carnival atmosphere lies a serious purpose. Most of the phenomenal developments in the manufacture of motion picture cameras, of film and tape, of sound, lights and lighting, of action and special effects, have been inspired by artists and technicians sponsored or financed by the Academy. And most of the profits accruing from the ceremonies have been used to further the arts and sciences of motion pictures.

"Now, the envelope, please..."

TURKEY

"A Very Unfortunate Impression"

Despite a crackdown, the return to democracy stays on schedule

From the day Turkey's generals took power in a bloodless coup in 1980, they promised to return the country to democracy as soon as they thought possible. But over the past five months, the regime of President Kenan Evren, 65, has cracked down, sometimes harshly, on journalists, academics and cultural personalities who have expressed even mild opposition to the government. The measures have raised fears that the military leaders of NATO's easternmost member may renege on their pledge. Says the often pro-government columnist Metin Toker: "Whatever they do, it will not create an atmosphere in which democracy can function smoothly."

Since November, the government has fired 40 university professors for being too leftist; 280 more have resigned. Because of increasingly vigilant press censorship, newspapers have not been able to comment on the purges. In one of its most controversial actions, the regime briefly shut down the left-wing Istanbul newspaper *Cumhuriyet*. Reason: the paper had reprinted a tough 1961 editorial criticizing reactionary efforts to subvert Turkey's cultural institutions. A military prosecutor charged Publisher Nadir Nadi, 75, who wrote the editorial, with "openly provoking people to commit a crime." The authorities also brought to trial Actress Isik Yenersu, who had read two poems by the Communist poet Nazim Hikmet Ran at a cultural event in Paris late last year. She was charged with "acting to disgrace Turkey."

Evren's approach has aroused concern in Western Europe. Karsten Voigt, foreign policy spokesman for West Germany's Social Democratic opposition, has challenged Bonn's $165 million economic aid to Turkey, saying that there is "no moral justification for criticism of martial law in Poland" if West Germany does not take action to reduce human rights abuse in other countries, like Turkey. Last week 90 French intellectuals staged a protest demanding "the immediate end of the repression and militarization that has hit the universities." And in a public show of displeasure, the U.S. consul in Istanbul turned up for Nadi's trial. Privately, American diplomats have reminded the military that NATO is "an association of democratic nations," warning that the new policies create "a very unfortunate impression" that could imperil congressional support for future military aid.

The government has forced civil servants to wear ties and shave off beards to give an appearance of greater discipline. It has urged women to wear long-sleeved dresses instead of jeans, and to use less perfume and makeup. Many Turks are irritated even by seemingly reasonable decisions, such as increased enforcement of the country's generally ignored traffic laws. Says an Istanbul journalist: "We are not a nation of 45 million small soldiers as Evren wants. We are civilians."

As loud as some of the complaints may be, the fatherly, silver-haired Evren remains popular for having pulled the country back from the brink of chaos. By imposing martial law, forbidding all political activity, and making mass arrests of dissidents, the government ended the savage wave of terrorism that until 1980 was killing as many as 30 people a day. The military regime has revived Turkey's economy with a stringent austerity program. Gross national product, which was stagnant in 1980, grew by more than 4.5% last year. Inflation has dropped from an annual rate of well above 100% when the generals took over to 25.5% in 1982. Village bazaars and city stores are once more stocked with consumer goods. Evren has effectively shielded the population from the everyday evidence of military rule. Most soldiers are back in their barracks, and their armored vehicles are rarely visible on street corners.

ERGUN CAGATAY

Publisher Nadi, left, at his trial; Evren, inset

Fears that the generals will renege.

Many Turks, moreover, respect the military as a guarantor of their democratic institutions. They recall that it was General Kemal Atatürk who proclaimed the country a democratic republic in 1923. Honoring that tradition, Evren held a national referendum last November, in which he won overwhelming support for a new constitution and for plans to hold parliamentary elections next October. Many intellectuals, however, have expressed concern about elements of the new constitution. Evren automatically became President for a seven-year term, with the right to dismiss the 400-member parliament. The new charter also bans all political parties that existed before the coup, and prohibits 100 former politicians, including former Prime Ministers Süleyman Demirel and Bülent Ecevit, from participating in politics for ten years.

Despite the extensive powers Evren retains, few Turks believe that the recent crackdown signals a plan to prolong military rule. Instead, the generals may be curbing civil liberties because they fear a resurgence of terrorism during the transition to civilian government. Says Columnist Toker: "The military has good intentions and wants to create a suitable atmosphere in which a Western-type democracy can function. But they overreact to each slight."

Turkey has taken on particular importance for NATO since 1979, when the regime of Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini closed down all U.S. bases in Iran. Some 5,000 U.S. servicemen are stationed in Turkey. Americans at a dozen intelligence posts monitor military activities in the Soviet Union, which shares a 370-mile border with Turkey. President Reagan has asked for an increase in military aid to Turkey from the $400 million already appropriated for 1983 to $755 million for 1984, in order to transform Turkey's 600,000-man army into an independent force that could help prevent Soviet expansionism in the area. Says a State Department official: "Ninety-five percent of Turks think the situation is better than before, and so do we."

Two developments suggest that Evren may be easing the pressure on his countrymen. Last week a military prosecutor reduced the charges against Publisher Nadi to "encouraging people to act against the law," and asked for a prison term of 2½ instead of six years. The military court trying Actress Yenersu referred the case to a civil tribunal, which is likely to be more lenient. Evren, it seems, is learning that respect for civil liberties is a cornerstone of democracy. —*By Kenneth W. Banta. Reported by Walter Galling/Rome*

IMPORTED
HEINEKEN LAGER BEER
Heineken
BREWED IN HOLLAND
"Come to think of it,
I'll have a Heineken."

People

Iglesias: the man, the music and the incredible publicity machine

Take a good look at the face. A really good look. Roll the name over your tongue. **Julio Iglesias.** Better get used to it, because if the "Spanish Sinatra" and his press agent, Superflack **Warren Cowan,** have anything to say about it, the name is about to become as familiar in the U.S. as it is just about everywhere else on the planet. Over the past 15 years, Iglesias, 39, has reportedly sold some 70 million albums worldwide. But you'd mention the name Julio Iglesias to most Americans and they'd say, "What?" At least until this past winter, when Julio started a U.S. publicity blitz, having paid Cowan a rumored $2 million to drop his name massively. It seems to have worked. During his current U.S. tour, Julio packed halls in Los Angeles, Las Vegas and New York City. And his first American album isn't due out until May. Face it. Julio Iglesias is going to make Julio Iglesias a household word or his name isn't . . . you couldn't have forgotten already?

■

As if prime-time television weren't drowning in enough soap opera, Procter & Gamble, the producer of the age-old daytime CBS stand-by *The Guiding Light*, is invading the evening hours. In May, it will be offering half a dozen of *Guiding Light's* regular hands in the TV movie *The Cradle Will Fall*. Making the whole production look a little glossier is **Lauren Hutton,** 38. Her presence in Nashville, where the production was being shot, certainly dazzled Tennessee Governor **Lamar Alexander,** 42, who named Hutton an honorary "Colonel Aide-de-Camp of the Governor's Staff." The actress one-upped the hokum. Replied she: "Well, Governor, where is the camp and how can I aid it?"

Hutton in *The Cradle Will Fall*

■

A sports cap the size of a manhole cover jammed down on his great shock of white hair, the American traveler stood by China's Great Wall and sang *Danny Boy*. Sure and begorra, it could only be that wandering curator of Irish wit and Boston wisdom, **Tip O'Neill,** 70. The Speaker of the House has been spending his Easter recess in China with a contingent of 13 Congressmen on an itinerary that last week included visits in Peking with both Vice Chairman **Deng Xiaoping,** 78, and Premier **Zhao Ziyang,** 64. After venturing that there had been "a tremendous meeting of minds," O'Neill let slip at a press conference with Western journalists that "we had no knowledge before we came as to the strong position of the Chinese government with regard to the Taiwan question." While reporters gaped, O'Neill plowed on: "My knowledge of foreign affairs, to be quite truthful, is extremely limited." Um, well, O.K. In that case, Tip, give us a bit of *Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ra*.

■

In his prime he tucked away six French Open championships, five consecutive Wimbledon titles and two Italian Opens, scampering across grass and clay with an iron reserve that unsettled opponents and turned everyone else into admirers. But two months ago **Bjorn Borg** announced that the thrill had gone, and last week in Monaco he played his final tournament. In the first round, facing José-Luis Clerc, 24, Borg bobbed along the baseline like the champion of yore, putting the Argentine away in 77 minutes, 6-1, 6-3. But the next day, against Frenchman Henri Leconte, 19, Borg went down 4-6, 7-5, 7-6. Still, his sights are set differently now. "I know exactly what I want to do," said Borg of a newfound love of relaxation that developed during his half-year layoff in 1982. "I'm not going to play any more tennis. There's no more pressure. It's over." Over perhaps, but certainly never forgotten.

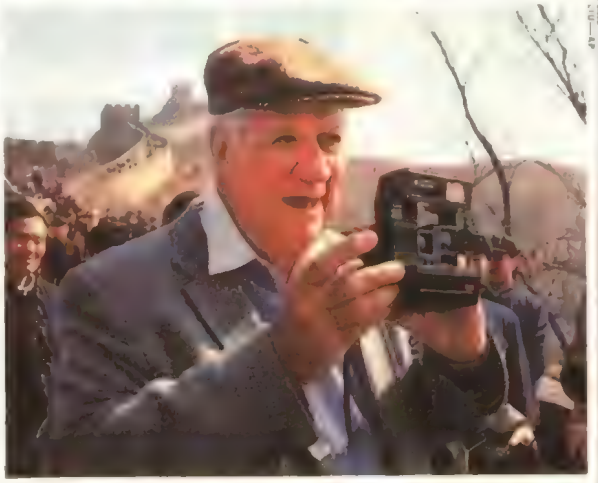
—By E. Graydon Carter

Borg finishing up in Monaco

On the Record

Robert Dole, 59, Republican Senator from Kansas, on Democratic Presidential Aspirant John Glenn: "I told John it wasn't fair for him to take advantage of his hero status as an astronaut. I mentioned this at the unveiling of the portrait showing me invading Italy."

John le Carré, 51, on his hesitation at having his books made into movies: "No writer wants to see his ox turned into a bouillon cube."



O'Neill searching for the magnificence of the Great Wall with his Polaroid

Blighted Spring in Austria

A deadly virus attacks the famed Lipizzaner horses

They are known the world over for their ability to prance and dance with haughty grace and to leap like ballet stars. General George Patton was so charmed by their pirouettes that he ordered his troops in Austria to rescue the great snow-white horses from advancing Soviet forces at the close of World War II. Today the Lipizzaners face a new enemy: a deadly virus of the herpes family. The disease has not hit the Spanish Riding School in Vienna, the showcase for the horses, but by the end of last week it had killed seven mares and 27 foals at the Piber stud farm, 150 miles south of the city. The outbreak is one of the most severe in the history of the disease.

Herpes (Greek for a creeping, inflammatory illness) has become notorious in the U.S. because of the type called herpes simplex, which is passed among humans by sexual contact. The name, however, covers some 50 viral infections that afflict animals. The equine variety is transmitted not by mating but by coughing or sniffling and can be "carried" by a seemingly well animal, just as the virus can reside in some humans with no visible ill effects.

Horses grazing at Piber stud farm
Like members of a big family.

The outbreak of equine herpes I in Austria began in mid-February when a number of horses started coughing. By March, many of the mares were aborting their foals. Miscarriages are a common effect of herpes, but the next phase of the disease is not. The unusually virulent form of the virus slowly killed the seven mares by paralyzing their nervous systems. Mourns Heinrich Lehrner, head of the Piber stud farm: "Every one of the horses that have died was like a member of a big family to me."

Unlike humans, horses can be inoculated against herpes, which has broken out in recent years in Britain, Germany and the U.S. Of the 36 pregnant mares at the Piber farm, 22 were vaccinated at the first signs of the outbreak and survived, although they all lost their foals.

No one knows for sure why the Lipizzaners were hit so hard by a disease that is usually not life-threatening. Dr. Erwin Rothensteiner, a veterinarian with the Austrian government, suggests that the stud-farm horses may have inadequate defenses against the virus because they have been isolated and inbred over the years.

The Austrians believe there is little chance that the disease will spread to the famed troupe in Vienna since all contact with Piber has been cut off. Although the epidemic will reduce the number of Lipizzaners to be trained for show in future years, it is unlikely to threaten the group's existence. The remaining horses at the stud farm have been quarantined, and breeding plans have not been altered. And at Lipizzaner farms elsewhere in Europe, there is no sign, so far, of herpes. ■

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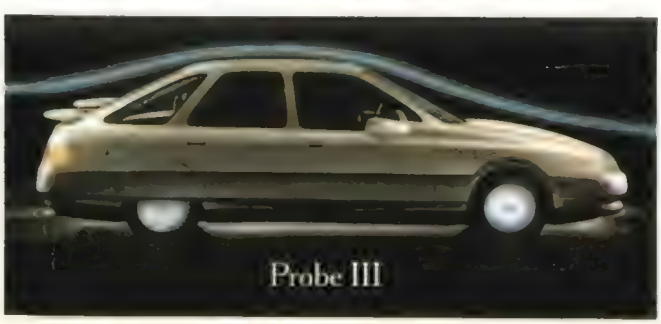
1983 Mercury Cougar

Vision Becomes

The Vision

The visionary cars of the future are always sleek and elegant and technologically sophisticated. Unfortunately, they usually possess one terrible flaw. They're never real, always remaining the stuff of dreams and imagination, always on the drawing board, but never on the road.



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Tracking That Crazy Weather

It may all be linked to a warm current off South America

Meteorologists have a saying: "There is no such thing as really abnormal weather." But even seasoned scientists have been astounded by the extremes of this year's weather. While winds, rains and high seas have lashed California, much of the rest of the U.S. has basked in an exceptionally mild winter. In Australia, usually drenched by rain during the Southern Hemisphere's autumn, there has been a drought that has been called the worst in 200 years. In the eastern Pacific, Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador have been staggered by record rains, floods and landslides that have cost hundreds of lives and millions of dollars.

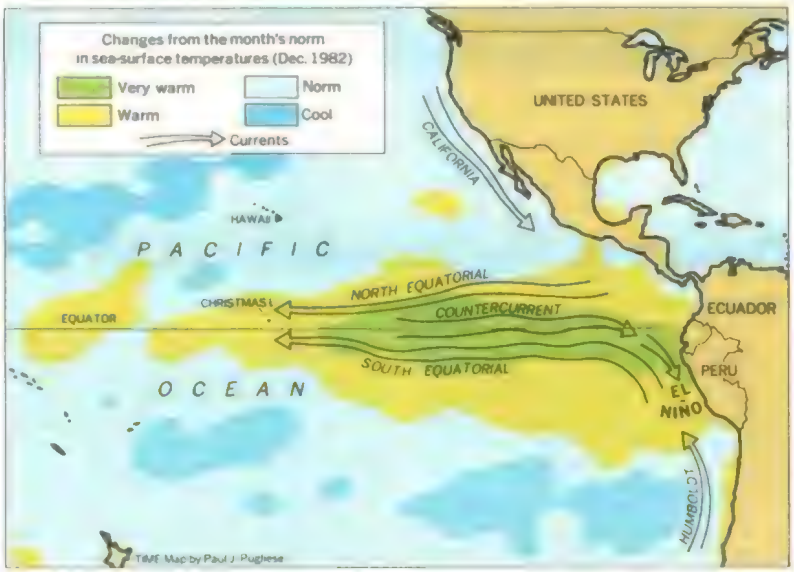
All this could perhaps be dismissed as a climatological quirk, if it were not accompanied by other baffling events. On Christmas Island in the mid-Pacific, about 17 million sea birds have fled their ancient nesting grounds. Barracuda are unexpectedly appearing in the waters off Monterey, Calif. Marlin, red crabs, sea horses and other creatures usually found in warm Mexican waters are showing up as far north as San Francisco. High in the sky, westerly winds have been blowing so furiously toward the California coast that jets have cut their flying time from Hawaii by as much as an hour.

Many scientists believe there is a common thread in this crazy-quilt weather, some fair, some foul, some just puzzling. It is a phenomenon known in Spanish as El Niño, a reference to the Christ child. Named by the fishermen of Peru and Ecuador, El Niño is a warm current of equatorial water that usually appears around Christmas off western South America. The peculiar ocean movement sharply reduces the fish catch, especially anchovies, which are ground up and sold as meal for livestock and poultry. The present El Niño, which first appeared last June and has raised ocean surface temperatures by as much as 11° F, is no ordinary one. Says Meteorologist Jerome Namias of the Scripps Institute of Oceanography in La Jolla: "This is probably the strongest El Niño we've ever seen."

The waters off Peru and Ecuador are usually an exceptionally rich fishery. As the cold Humboldt Current sweeps north from the Antarctic, it lifts a rich mix of nutrients from the ocean floor that lets a variety of marine life flourish. In 1970, Peruvian fishing boats called *bolicheras* (from the Spanish word for dragnet) hauled in 13 million tons of anchovies, a fifth of the world's total fish catch. Now, the warm equatorial water is blocking the upwelling of nutrients from the sea bottom. The result is economic disaster. The anchovies are largely gone. Coastal waters have turned into a sludge of rotting plankton and fish. Sea birds, whose droppings (guano) are an important source of fertilizer, are dying off for lack of food. When the last severe El Niño struck in 1972, the reduced catch of the cheap anchovies raised poultry prices in the U.S. by more than 40%.

But as scientists study El Niño, they are finding that it is really a much broader disturbance of ocean currents and winds that ranges far across the Pacific and even beyond. One aspect of this larger phenomenon is an event weather scientists call the southern oscillation, a flip-flop–like reversal of atmospheric pressures at opposite sides of the great ocean. At this time of year, a great, spongy mass of warm, wet air ordinarily hangs over Australia and Indonesia, while the eastern side of the Pacific is covered with relatively dry, cool air. Not so in 1983. A high-pressure pattern is locked over Australia, while the South American coast is awash with heavy, humid air. Says Eugene Rasmusson, chief climate analyst of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration (NOAA): "Every few years there is a seesaw effect, and there are dramatic results around the earth."

One of the oscillation's major effects is a reduction of the trade winds that sweep the Pacific's warm equatorial waters westward. As a result, some of the water flows south toward the South American coast, rising over and blocking the cold Humboldt waters from the Antarctic. This is how El Niño is born. But the oscillation also appears to tweak the Northern Hemisphere's weather as well. This year the increased west-to-east jet stream, which usually diminishes during winter, has raised sea levels 8 in. above normal and brought huge amounts of precipitation to California. While these byproducts are plain enough, the oscillation's original cause remains uncertain. In the past, scientists have speculated that it may be the work of sunspots (the magnetic storms on the face of the sun that periodically reduce its radiation) or even planetary alignments. Currently, much of the theorizing centers on El Chichon, the Mexican volcano that erupted last year and ejected huge clouds of dust into the atmosphere. By obscuring sunlight, it may have upset the planet's heat balance enough to disturb the atmosphere and oceans.



Whatever the explanation for this year's outbreak of crazy weather, scientists feel that the basic puzzle of El Niño and the southern oscillation is worth exploring. Last month more than 100 scientists gathered at Scripps to discuss the meteorological disturbances. The National Science Foundation is already spending $6 million for related oceanographic studies. Under consideration is a major, ten-year international investigation that would call for additional monitoring of Pacific water and atmospheric conditions. Scientists think that the money for the project would be well spent, since the events off South America affect not only local fishermen but much of the rest of the world. As NOAA's Rasmusson explains, "When one part of the atmosphere moves, another part feels the kick." This year the kick has been particularly powerful. —*By Frederic Golden. Reported by Jerry Hannifin/Washington and Russell Leavitt/Los Angeles*

Law

Debate on the Boundary of Life

Medical miracles and the patient's right to die

Siamese twins, joined at the waist, with a common pelvis, were born in Danville, Ill., on May 5, 1981. The pair had three legs. The parents and doctor allegedly ordered all feeding stopped. They were charged with attempted murder, though the charges were eventually dismissed.

Former Schoolteacher Peter Cinque, 41, had lost his sight and both his legs to diabetes. He wanted to stop dialysis and other life-sustaining treatment. The hospital refused. On Oct. 22, 1982, a New York judge upheld Cinque's right to stop treatment. By then in a coma, he was disconnected from a respirator that day and died, alone, before his family could get to his bedside.

An elderly dying patient seemed to have slipped from life when Dr. George Dunlop, then a surgical intern at Cincinnati General Hospital, stepped in and managed to revive him. The patient, unable to speak, motioned for a pencil and wrote, unforgettably to Dr. Dunlop, "Why did you do this?"

No person's death is like another's, but these cases are not rarities. Four out of five people now die in a hospital or nursing home (only half did 35 years ago), and "most don't die unexpectedly," says University of Wisconsin Pediatrician Norman Fost. "They die as a result of a very conscious decision by doctors, along with the patient's family, to withhold treatment." The question becomes not how to save a life but when to let it go. Aided by artificial and transplanted organs and a jungle gym of gadgetry, doctors can now stave off death for long periods. The blessings of science have brought the curse of choices that raise confounding ethical and legal uncertainties. Is life, however tenuous or painful, always preferable to death? At what point should doctors stop treating terminally ill or permanently unconscious patients? Which forms of treatment or care can properly be denied to a patient? May the cost in money and resources be considered? Moreover, who has the right to make these decisions? "We are facing a moral vacuum," says Dr. Alexander Leaf of Harvard Medical School. "There are enormous disparities in views on whether you withhold certain therapies or do everything possible to keep a person 'alive.'"

Among major faiths, there is general agreement that it is morally permissible to allow a person to die if therapy would not lead to recovery. Views diverge, however, when this principle is applied to specific situations. The Roman Catholic Church has the most explicit position. The Vatican's 1980 declaration on euthanasia clearly permits an end to treatment that would only "secure a precarious and burdensome prolongation of life" when death is imminent. Says Rabbi Seymour Siegel of New York's Jewish Theological Seminary: "It is the individual's duty to live as long as he can, but if a person is destined to die soon, there is no obligation to prevent that death from happening."

Last month the President's Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medicine and Biomedical and Behavioral Research offered its recommendations on these questions in a 255-page report, "Deciding to Forgo Life-Sustaining Treatment." The study, the seventh published by the prestigious panel of doctors, lawyers, theologians and others since it started work three years ago, concludes that a competent patient, one who is able to understand treatment choices and their consequences, has the all-but-absolute right to decide his own fate. Declares Dr. Joanne Lynn, a geriatrician and principal author of the report: "An adult person of sound mind has authority over his own body." When a person is incompetent, says the report, a surrogate, usually a family member, should be named to make treatment decisions. The commission urges courts and legislatures for the most part to stay away. "The resolution of these issues," says Dr. Lynn, "should be left to people on the scene—the patients, their families and health-care professionals."

The only force of the report's findings will come in their contribution to the debate that already swirls around almost every aspect of this subject. The one issue involved on which there is a semblance of agreement is the definition of death. Traditionally, a person had been considered medically and legally dead when his heart and lungs stopped. Today, however, machines can prolong these visible signs of life even after the brain has ceased to function. The standards for determining "brain death," set forth by a 1968 Harvard

Illustrations for TIME by Brad Holland

Medical School report on irreversible coma, are now widely accepted among medical professionals. Thirty-one states and the District of Columbia have brain-death statutes.

Current laws also provide that a rational patient can make his own health-care decisions in most cases. "A competent adult has the right to refuse medical treatment even if the ultimate result is death," writes Milwaukee Attorney Robyn Shapiro in the *Harvard Journal on Legislation*. "This right is grounded in the doctrine of informed consent and in the constitutional right to privacy." But as the case of Peter Cinque demonstrates, medical institutions do not always automatically honor a patient's wishes, often for fear of a malpractice suit by surviving relatives or a belief that the patient does not know best. Doctors who treat patients against their will, however, may be liable for battery or other charges.

It is a far more complicated matter when the patient is mentally ill, retarded, senile, brain damaged or comatose. Technically, he has the same rights as a competent patient. In practice, someone else must try to replicate the decision the patient would make were he able to speak for himself. This notion of "substituted judgment" was established judicially for an incompetent patient by the New Jersey Supreme Court in the 1976 landmark case of Karen Ann Quinlan, who had lapsed into an irreversible coma the year before. Pressed by her parents, the court ruled that her respirator could be removed if the Quinlans, her doctors and a hospital review committee agreed.

The New Jersey justices may consider yet another potential landmark case. In November 1982 Thomas Whittemore requested the removal of a nasal feeding tube from his aunt, Claire Conroy, then 83, who was in a New Jersey hospital unable to speak or move and suffering from advanced heart disease. Her doctor refused to do it. "He said to me, 'Mr. Whittemore, you can't play God.' And I said, 'What are you doing? God's will is that this woman is ready to go. You're the one holding her back.' " Whittemore sought and received court permission to stop the feeding. "There is a point," wrote Superior Court Judge Reginald Stanton, "at which a patient, or someone acting for him if he is incompetent, has the right to refuse treatment. That point is reached when intellectual functioning is permanently reduced to a very primitive level or when pain has become unbearable and unrelievable." Conroy died in February, though her tube was never removed because an appeal was to have been heard in May.

The Conroy case raises the issue not only of when someone should die but how. Is denying food and water to a patient, of any age, the logical extension of ending life-sustaining treatment? Yes, says University of Texas Law Professor John Robertson, author of the new American Civil Liberties Union handbook *The Rights of the Critically Ill*. "If you can legally and ethically take a respirator from a patient, the decision has already been made to let the patient die. Why, then, is it not justifiable to remove food?"

To many, though, there is a difference, if only one of sensibility. When Karen Ann Quinlan was taken off the respirator, her family fully expected her to die. She did not. Fed through a nasogastric tube, Quinlan, who turned 29 last week, continues to exist in a vegetative state in a nursing home. "She can hear me when I talk to her, and she can hear music. But no connection takes place inside," says Quinlan's mother Julia, who usually visits her daily. Though her daughter's recovery is impossible, she says, "We decided that removing the feeding tube was simply something we did not want to do."

The decision not to feed, or treat, an infant is an even more poignant one, and it is often made quietly for some of the 362,000 seriously ill infants born each year in the U.S. One recent case was far from quiet, however, and the result may change some pediatric practices. At his birth last April in Bloomington, Ind., "Infant Doe" had Down's syndrome, a defect associated with mental retardation, and a deformed esophagus that prevented him from eating and drinking normally. The parents, acting for their child, decided against repairing the esophagus. The effect would have been to starve the child to death, but the hospital sought a judicial order to allow the operation. The parents won in the lower courts, and the Indiana Supreme Court refused to intervene. While state officials raced to Washington to petition the U.S. Supreme Court, the week-old infant died.

When accounts of the case appeared in the press, the public reacted with horror. Pro-life groups lobbied President Reagan personally to prevent similar deaths. The result: new federal regulations seeking to prevent hospitals from denying food or care to handicapped infants. Effective last month, hospitals receiving federal funds must prominently post a notice announcing the federal policy and listing a confidential toll-free "hot line" to encourage reports of violations. The President's Commission denounces the rule, claiming it "adds further uncertainty to an already complex situation." Others contend that at best, it is inconsistent policymaking. "The Administration cannot cut programs for the handicapped," says Dr. Anne Fletcher, nursery director at Children's Hospital in Washington, "and at the same time want these babies saved." A lawsuit has been filed to block the rules. But already the first hot-line calls have come in, leading to an investigation of at least one false alarm involving ten children in a Tennessee hospital.

The President's Commission believes that Down's syndrome babies like Infant Doe are entitled to every medical effort because they can live, though it may be a limited life. Moreover, courts in the past have overruled some parents, such as Jehovah's Witnesses opposed to blood transfusions for their sick children. The Infant Doe case is thus something of an aberration. But it does add to the concern of those like Connecticut Pediatrician and Pro-Life Activist Paul Bruch, who is afraid that "the right to die could become the obligation to die, that somewhere along the line someone will decide that retarded people in a certain condition should all die."

Critics fear that the new federal regulations go so far that they would require the maintenance of all handicapped newborns, no matter how monstrous or minimal their lives may be. "Withholding fluids or nourishment at any time is an immoral act," says U.S. Surgeon General C. Everett Koop flatly. The new rules may thus make doctors more hesitant to take what many had considered the more humane course.

Because of a recent case in California, doctors have yet another reason to fear the consequences of their actions. The case developed after Clarence Herbert, 55, a race-track security guard, suddenly slipped into a coma following a seemingly successful 1981 operation at Kaiser Permanente Medical Center in Los Angeles. With the family's consent, his doctors removed his respirator. "They said he was clinically dead and would never return," insists his wife Patsy. When Herbert kept breathing, the doctors cut off intravenous food and water, again with the family's agreement. Finally, eleven days after the operation, Herbert succumbed. After hearing a nurse's report, Los Angeles authorities sought to prosecute the physicians for murder. Last month a judge dismissed the charges, but an appeal is pending. The family now claims to have been misled about Herbert's condition and is suing for malpractice.

There is a growing body of such criminal and malpractice actions, but few medical professionals or lawyers welcome the second guessing of the legal system. Says President's Commission Chairman Morris Abram, a New York attorney: "I cannot imagine anything worse than relying on a lawyer standing by the bedside leafing through papers to determine what treat-

ment should be administered." He adds that legislation diminishing the privacy of the patien:-physician relationship "would be mischievous and intrusive."

Some legislatures have sought to strengther a patient's right to a say in the medical management of his death. Since 1976, 14 states and the District of Columbia have legalized the use of so-called living wills. Drawn up in case a person becomes incompetent, the document typically instructs doctors to stop "life-sustaining procedures" in the event of a "terminal condition." Some "right-to-die" laws attempt to make the directive binding on doctors, who may transfer medical responsibility for the patient if they disagree with his wishes

The wills may also be of some legal help in states that have not authorized them, but their strength—the chance to speak explicitly about one's desires in the face of death—is also their weakness. For they may not cover the precise circumstances that occur. The President's Commission considers "durable powers of attorney" preferable. Forty-two states already have laws authorizing such documents Both living wills and powers of attorney are easily revocable by a rational person, but the latter are more adaptable. They can empower anyone—relative, friend, adviser to make any medical decision when the signee becomes incompetent

Though little discussed because of its unseemliness, cost is also a factor in life-death decisions. The greedy relative who speeds a death to accelerate an inheritance is probably not a large problem outside of fiction, but the draining bills of prolonged hospitalization present real dilemmas

Commission Chairman Abram

No one wants lawyers at the bedside.

Should a daughter's carefully saved college-tuition money be spent to extend the life of a terminally ill parent? Even when the financial impact for an individual family is cushioned by Medicare or personal insurance, taxpayers and premium payers are affected

There are times when the artificial prolongation of life is worthwhile, for example in the case of an accident victim whose organs may be used in a transplant. In addition, pioneering efforts such as those made for artificial-heart patient Barney Clark offer the promise of medical advances as well as the slim possibility of an improved life for the individual. The benefit to another's life was also paramount last week when a California woman who was declared legally dead nine weeks earlier after suffering massive brain damage gave birth to a child. Her vital functions had been maintained for a record period so that the fetus could achieve viability. Born after 31 weeks of pregnancy, her son is in good condition; the mother's life-support systems were removed following the birth

Such unusual cases, and the many unique aspects of every case, are what makes an absolute rule so undesirable. Surgeon General Koop asserts that every physician knows the difference "between prolonging the act of dying and protecting the act of living." No doubt the dividing line between the two is a key determinant And when in doubt, most authorities, including the President's Commission, would give the edge to sustaining life because of the high value society must and does place on it

For Patrick McFadzen, 23, and his family, however, the presumption favoring life is exacting a terrible price. Nearly killed in a motorcycle accident three years ago, he has only a primitive brain function, but he feels pain and has suffered severe muscle spasms. "When his eyes were open," recalls his mother, "they were filled with terror." Last January he developed the ability to swallow and now can be fed orally. So no extraordinary efforts are being used to prolong his life at a nursing home in Two Rivers, Wis. He will survive indefinitely. "There are no clear answers," says his doctor, Steven Lawrence. "No judge in the land can adjudicate this type of human suffering." ***—By Susan Tifft. Reported by David S. Jackson/Washington and Jack E. White/New York, with other U.S. bureaus***

A Family's Decision

Atlanta Journalist Roger Witherspoon and his wife Cynthia lost their first child, a daughter, in childbirth. A year and a half later, when Cynthia prematurely went into labor with their son Dax after only 22 weeks of pregnancy, the obstetrician warned them that the infant's lungs had almost certainly not developed enough for survival. Extraordinary measures could be tried if the parents wished to subject the baby to the process. Witherspoon's account of their decision:

I had seen the neonatal intensive-care units, big, immaculate rooms with stainless-steel-and-glass machines called Ohio beds, which cradled the premature infants. They were miniature people whose arms bristled with a series of tubes and needles going to a bank of computer screens and monitors. In a few cases, the infants thrive in that controlled, constricted environment, designed to give them the best chance to live. But most do not make it. They spend their brief existence in a sterile world, devoid of any real warmth or affection, a world filled with pain and discomfort. In my own view, the odds just were not worth it. I found it impossible to confront the vision of my child dying alone in a room full of machines—never having known what it is to be loved.

He was very still when born, and we thought he was dead. Then I thought I saw a hand move, slightly. But I had been up for more than 24 hours and thought it was just fatigue. Then he moved again. And the nurse gave him to me. He was strong enough, at that point, to hold one adult finger. He had my eyebrows, Cindy's long thin fingers, a head of hair, and a mouth that seemed a cross between us both.

The hospital was very accommodating. Cindy was wheeled into an adjoining empty recovery room, and her mother came in to join us. For a while, we were a larger family, taking turns holding the boy and letting him grasp and hold a finger. Memory says he smiled—though logic says that was probably not possible.

After ten minutes he could no longer muster the strength to hold on. His breathing became labored, and his heart was beating at a noticeably slower rate. The color of his skin, starting at his feet, began to lighten as it became starved for oxygen and blood. We watched death move upward in neat, horribly incremental stages. After 45 minutes, it embraced all of him, and it was over.

It took two weeks for the results of the autopsy to prove that Dax would not have survived the ordeal of the neonatal room had he been sent there. I was not aware that I had been worrying about it, but the news was a relief. In our case the decision was not life or death. The decision was between the sure odds of being a family, for however brief a time, and the odds of not being able to be a family at all. Though many of our peers disagreed, if fate forced a similar decision in the future, we would do it again. It was worth it.

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Opening soon: Grand Gulf plant being completed at Port Gibson near Vicksburg in Mississippi

Under repair: Three Mile Island facility in Pennsylvania.

Economy & Business

An Industry Still in Disarray

Four years after the big scare, nuclear power remains troubled

From the very beginning, the U.S. nuclear-power industry has suffered one setback after another. Electricity was produced from the atom for the first time in December 1951 at Experimental Breeder Reactor 1, a station near Arco, Idaho. Typically even for then, the switch was thrown several months behind schedule. Nonetheless the dream of the day was that nuclear-generated electricity was not far off and that when it arrived, it would be "too cheap to meter."

Last week, nearly a third of a century after that first surge of power and four years after the notorious incident at Pennsylvania's Three Mile Island generating station, the business of nuclear power in America was still in disarray, and it has turned out to be anything but cheap. The industry is plagued by searing cost overruns, unfinished plants, waste-disposal problems and environmental suits, shoddy workmanship, tricky technology, constantly changing safety regulations, disillusioned shareholders, weak political support and public mistrust.

Three Mile Island brought the nuclear industry, barely progressing before the incident, to a near standstill. There have been no new domestic orders for nuclear generating plants since 1978. After Three Mile Island, moreover, cancellations came in a flood tide. Work on 18 reactors was halted last year alone, bringing total cancellations since 1972 to 97. Half of those occurred after the Pennsylvania accident. Says Eric Van Loon, executive director of the Union of Concerned Scientists, a group critical of the nuclear-power industry: "Three Mile Island showed that a $2 billion investment could disintegrate in 30 seconds."

Still, 83 nuclear plants are licensed to operate, although not all of them were actually producing electricity last week because of assorted glitches. Fifty-nine more are in the works, 27 of which may open this year or next. By the end of 1983, nuclear energy will surpass water power and natural gas and move into second place, behind coal, as a generator of electricity in the U.S. Last year nuclear generators produced 12.5% of the nation's electricity. But that is far below the 25% that had been predicted by nuclear proponents in the 1950s and '60s. By the year 2000, some of those prophets were saying then, half the nation's electric power would come from nuclear reactors. Now the guesses for the end of the century range between 20% and 25%. Unglamorous coal-fired generators are still the chief source of power, producing a little more than half of America's electricity.

The big makers of nuclear paraphernalia—Westinghouse, Combustion Engineering, General Electric and Babcock & Wilcox—have scaled back their nuclear-equipment sales, but are doing a brisk business supplying fuel and repairing and retrofitting existing reactors. Much of the work involves upgrading the reactors to new federal safety standards passed after Three Mile Island, and simply replacing parts of older, worn-out reactors. Westinghouse, in fact, was sued by two California utilities last week over steam-generator breakdowns that have caused a 14-month shutdown of a 15-year-old nuclear plant near San Clemente.

The utilities industry has been bedeviled relentlessly by escalating costs. Because of environmental suits, high interest rates and construction delays, the cost of power from nuclear reactors went up so rapidly in recent years that, according to opponents of the new technology, by 1976 it was possible to produce cheaper energy from a new coal plant than from a new nuclear plant. Industry defenders contend, however, that power from nuclear plants is still less expensive overall: 2.7¢ per kw-h, *vs.* 3.2¢ from coal-fired plants and 6.9¢ from oil. Detractors argue that the statistics give unfair weight to ultracheap power from old nuclear plants. For its part, the Department of Energy puts coal and nuclear neck and neck in price.

Stories of incredible cost overruns on nuclear plants abound. Long Island's Shoreham nuclear-power facility, about 55 miles from Manhattan, is 99% completed, but it is also six years behind schedule and, at $3.2 billion, ten times as costly as

site of the accident that startled the nation

In trouble: cooling tower and reactor being built for Washington Public Power Supply System

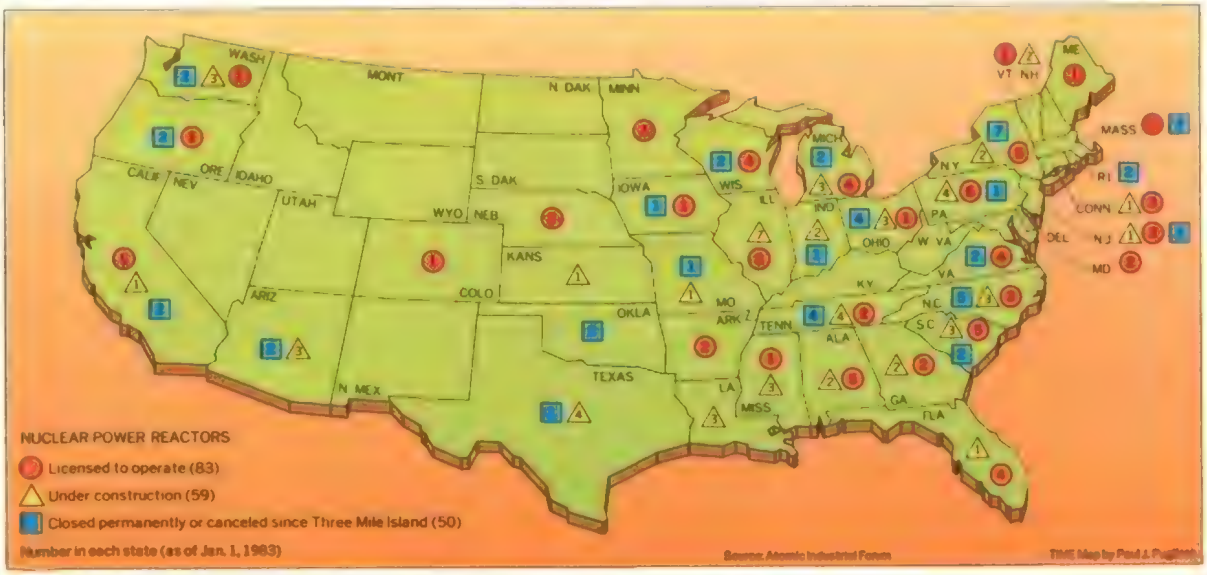
planned. It may be at least a year before power begins flowing. When it does, it could be the most expensive commercial electricity ever produced. Long Island Lighting Co. rates, already 60% higher than the U.S. average, could go up by about 40%, to 15¢ per kw-h. But according to the plant's officials, without Shoreham rates would go up twice as much because Lilco would have to pay to scrap the nuclear operation and build an alternative plant.

In the West, not one of California's six nuclear-power reactors is functioning; they are victims of safety problems and faulty designs. Even more troubled is the Washington Public Power Supply System (WPPSS), aptly known as "Whoops." The utility owes $8.3 billion for five plants in various stages of construction, two of which it has decided not to complete. In ten years, the project's cost has ballooned to $23.8 billion from original projections of $4.1 billion. Long rich in hydroelectric power, the region has a surplus and may not need the atomic juice anyway.

Indeed, slowing demand for electricity all over the country has become the biggest deterrent to nuclear power, even more so than burdensome regulation and community fears about safety. Buoyant assumptions about industrial growth, in vogue when most nuclear plants were conceived, have not held up. Smokestack industries—autos, steel, chemicals—that were expected to consume more and more electricity from the atom are waning in importance in the American economy as imports grab bigger shares of U.S. markets. Demand for electricity by what was supposed to be an ever more affluent, wasteful society has fallen off sharply. U.S. consumption of electricity declined 2% or so last year after rising at an average rate of 5% during the 1970s. Consumption fell 4% during the first quarter of 1983, even as the economy was reviving.

Electricity use in Michigan, for example, has dropped during the past three years as the auto industry has fallen on hard times. Critics now question the necessity of two reactors being built in Midland by Consumers Power and Detroit Edison's Fermi 2 plant nearing completion in Monroe County. Fermi 1, the first plant to sprout from Company Chairman Walker Cisler's vision, was problem plagued from its conception in the 1950s. It was shut down in 1972 after running only 300 days in six years.

Supporters of the nuclear industry assert that the worst adjustments to rising costs and new regulations could be over. The 59 reactors under construction or awaiting licensing will turn out to be the "hardened survivors," says Carl Walske.



president of the Atomic Industrial Forum, a trade group for nuclear energy. Those plants could pump out an extra 65,000 megawatts of power.

Not all the new nuclear plants are in jeopardy. Forty-four percent of the power provided by Chicago's Commonwealth Edison comes from smoothly running nuclear reactors. Some plants abuilding are close to schedule, in Berwick, Pa., and St. Lucie County in Florida. In Port Gibson, Miss., the Grand Gulf nuclear plant, owned by Mississippi Power and Light, will come on stream this year. Cost: $2.8 billion, with Bechtel as contractor. Construction has pumped $28 million into the economy of Claiborne County, which has been hurt by unemployment.

The U.S. is not expected to order any new plants much before the 1990s, in contrast to England, France, West Germany, the Soviet Union and Japan, which are rapidly increasing their nuclear-generating capacity. In part, this is because planned and existing U.S. facilities should more than meet energy needs into the next decade. But after that, a shortage could develop. By then, some experts believe, electric power will supply as much as half of total U.S. energy, *vs.* about a third now, as more electricity is used to replace combustion in transportation and heating. Given the likelihood of rising costs of other sources of electricity (including a rebound in the price of oil), nuclear power may yet play an ever larger role. Behind schedule and over budget, of course. ***—By John S. DeMott. Reported by Christopher Redman/Washington and Bruce van Voorst/New York***

Three Mile Island: Fallout of Fear

Patricia Smith's two daughters were exposed to radiation when the worst U.S. nuclear-power accident struck Three Mile Island. Now Smith, who lives within sight of the crippled generating plant owned by General Public Utilities, wears anti-nuclear-power buttons and frets about her two daughters. Says she: "They had been standing out at the bus stop that morning, so as soon as they come down with any sickness I start to worry about cancer."

Such anxieties infect the Pennsylvania communities around Three Mile Island. Four years after the accident that thoroughly clouded the future of nuclear power, the psychological impact lingers. For some residents it may never end, despite assurances that the radiation leaks were minor. Notes Robert Holt, a New York University psychologist who has pored over all the studies made of the emotional consequences of the mishap: "Significant portions of the population were emotionally shocked by the accident, believe that they have been or will be harmed by radiation, and feel threatened by Three Mile Island."

SAL DIMARCO JR.

Wary Resident Patricia Smith

The traumas range from fear of death to family split-ups. In Middletown, across the Susquehanna River from Three Mile Island, a ten-year-old boy trembled and broke out in sweat more than a year after the accident; he was convinced that he had contracted leukemia. The Rev. David Newhart, a Middletown pastor, has witnessed several marital breakups. Says he: "Just the question of whether to relocate causes great problems. The wife is mainly concerned about the children, while the husband is worried about finding a new job and supporting the family."

Now residents are battling over the reopening of an undamaged unit on the island. That reactor, shut down for refueling when the accident struck its sister plant, has remained closed ever since. Opponents argue that restarting it would create new emotional wounds and aggravate old ones. "It may well cause worse psychological reactions than the accident itself," says Holt. Last year a federal appeals court ordered the Nuclear Regulatory Commission to require the preparation of a psychological assessment, the first on record, and to consider the findings in deciding whether to allow the undamaged unit to reopen. The commission appealed, and the U.S. Supreme Court is expected to rule by summer.

On one thing all sides agree: trust has been a major casualty of the Three Mile Island accident. Some residents blame the authorities for allowing the mishap in the first place, while others believe they have been misled about its seriousness. To regain their trust, the utility has assembled a 32-person public information staff and says it reports even the most minute trace of suspect radiation. Says Communications Manager Doug Bedell: "The legacy of mistrust and distrust is very real, and all we can do is slog along and be straightforward." But he has a lot to overcome. One of Pat Smith's anti-nuclear-power buttons reads THEY LIE: the I is in the shape of a cooling tower with a menacing plume escaping from it.

Helping the Hogs

Reagan hikes a tariff

By instinct, Ronald Reagan is no friend of protectionism, and he has gone to some lengths to prove it. His Administration has consistently attempted to blunt the intentions of some protection-minded members of Congress concerned with high levels of domestic unemployment. The President firmly believes that, as he has put it, "free trade serves the cause of economic progress and the cause of world peace." But even an ardent free-marketeer can make exceptions. Last week Reagan did, in a way that brought surprise and outrage from Japanese officials. Slapping an elevenfold increase on American tariffs for, of all things, imported heavyweight motorcycles, Reagan declared in an Executive memorandum that the action was "consistent with our national economic interests."

The Reagan move benefited exactly one U.S. firm: Milwaukee's Harley-Davidson Motor Co. Harley, perhaps best known for its big-engine "hogs," is the sole remaining U.S. manufacturer of the two-wheeled machines that have long been synonymous with American rebelliousness, restless individualism and the freedom of the endless highway.

In imposing the tariff, Reagan was following the recommendation of the U.S. International Trade Commission. In January, the I.T.C. agreed with Harley that the company needed temporary relief from the big wheels of Yamaha, Suzuki, Kawasaki and Honda. Since 1978, H-D has lost more than a third of the big-bike market (engines of more than 700-cc displacement) to the Japanese. According to Harley-Davidson Chairman Vaughn L. Beals, 1982 sales of about $200 million were down 20% from the preceding year. One reason for the Japanese success is pricing: Harley's top-of-the-line touring model lists for $8,600, while the comparable Honda Aspencade costs $7,000. According to Harley, the Japanese were charging artificially low prices to increase their U.S. market share, and in addition had glutted the U.S. market by exporting far more heavyweight bikes than dealers could sell in a recession (some 160,000 last year).

In essence, Harley pleaded for time to adjust to the competition. The new tariff provides it. The duty will leap upward from the current 4.4% to 49.4% effective April 15, then scale back gradually over the next five years. As a result, according to the I.T.C., the prices of Japanese bikes should rise 10% this year and an additional 12.5% in 1984.

H-D Chairman Beals pronounced himself "overjoyed" at the measure, as well he might be. The Japanese also reacted sharply to what they saw as a sharp kick in the pillion. Charging the U.S. with an unfair trade practice, the Japanese threatened to take their case to the 88-member General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade in Geneva. ■

A bouquet of beepers: Metromedia's Li'l Buggers for the home market and Motorola's dexterous devices that display written messages

Why So Many Are Going "Beep!"

Pocket pagers and mobile phones could become ubiquitous

When Claire Grenewald, a Summit, N.J., high school sophomore, made a habit of staying out late with her steady boyfriend, her parents bought her a beeper. Whenever she is 15 minutes past her 11:30 p.m. curfew, her parents dial a telephone number that causes a tiny electronic device stashed in her purse to beep, reminding her that it is time to go home. The elder Grenewalds also take the beeper along on their frequent trips to New York City. Says Susan Grenewald: "The kids can just buzz us if anything important happens. It means we're all in touch as a family."

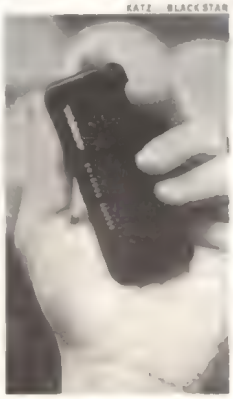
Like the Grenewalds, more and more Americans are using the air waves to stay in touch. Improved technology and falling prices have made such pagers or beepers cheaper and easier to use. In contrast to the unwieldy $340 versions of a decade ago, 1983 models slide into a pocket and cost less than $100. Manufacturers who once concentrated on serving business clients are now rushing to establish a beachhead in the consumer market.

At the same time, the pent-up demand for mobile telephones is about to explode. Prospective suppliers have been queuing up at the Federal Communications Commission to provide a novel service called cellular radio communication. Cellular systems, in which a city is divided into honeycomb-like cells, each with its own transmitter, get much more use out of a single radio frequency than conventional mobile phones. Cellular technology is such an improvement over existing techniques that it allows an almost limitless expansion in the number of mobile phones in use. It also increases their range and usefulness. Licenses have already been awarded in some of the largest U.S. cities.

These two methods of electronic communication are expected to complement, not compete against, each other. Both beeper and mobile-phone messages are carried on radio frequencies. The companies that operate on those frequencies, known as common carriers, often transmit both kinds of signals. Growing familiarity with cheaper beepers is expected to enhance the demand for mobile phones. Another radio-transmitted telephone service, cordless phones, which only have a range of up to 700 ft., got a boost from the Government last week when the FCC proposed to double the number of frequencies available for use.

Beepers seem destined to become the most popular portable electronic devices since the Sony Walkman. Apart from teen-agers, who would just as soon *not* stay in touch with their parents, the potential market is huge. The Cambridge, Mass., consulting firm of Arthur D. Little, Inc. estimates that by 1990, 7 million beepers may be in use, compared with 2.5 million today. By the end of the decade, annual sales could reach $86 million and revenues from fees $2.8 billion.

The cheapest beeper to hit the market so far is Tandy Corp.'s $99.95 pocket pager. Smaller than a cigarette package, the pager can be activated merely by dialing a seven-digit number on an ordinary telephone. Like all beepers, it carries a monthly rental fee. Depending on the area, the cost will be about $4 to $8 a month, paid to the common carrier that transmits the signals; some carriers add a surcharge of 20¢ or so per beep. The pager was introduced in the Dallas–Fort Worth area last month, and should be available nationwide by the end of this year. Tandy expects to sell "a good deal more" than 50,000 in 1983.



Tandy's compact new unit

For the past month, Metromedia Telecommunications, a division of the big television- and radio-station owner, has been blitzing the New York metropolitan area with an advertising campaign for its new rental beeper, fittingly named the Li'l Bugger. Suggests a newspaper ad: "Lose 'em, beep 'em—find 'em, keep 'em." The Li'l Bugger, which is powered by one AA 1.5-volt battery and has a range of 30 miles, rents for $39.95 a year with a $5-a-month broadcast fee and a 25¢ charge per call. Metromedia says it has been getting 1,250 inquiries a week about the product, which comes done up in a colored plastic case decorated with a smiling bee.

While this new wave of consumer beepers is designed for simplicity and durability, more complex and versatile models are on the way. Next week Radiofone Corp., a Metromedia subsidiary, will launch what it calls the world's first pen-shaped pager. It weighs 1.5 oz., costs about $365 and is small enough to be clipped on a shirt pocket. The unit runs on a mercury battery that gives off a warning tone when a new one is needed. In May, Radiofone will introduce a 5-oz., $500 beeper that is practically equivalent to a pocket secretary. It has a window for displaying transmitted information up to 80 characters in length and a computer memory that will store as many as four messages if the user is, for example, in a meeting. Both devices are made by Motorola, Inc., which also sells pagers under its own name.

Even in this technology-driven business, there is big money to be made by companies that merely rent beepers and by the common carriers that transmit the signals. The Li'l Bugger, for instance, costs Metromedia $150, but will generate $600 in income from rentals and broadcast charges over its six-year life.

The potential bonanza has lured some unusual entrants. National Public Radio is developing a nationwide paging system that will bounce signals off the same satellite it uses for radio programs. The extra charge for beeping coast to coast is estimated at $5 to $10 a month. Says NPR Executive Richard Hodgetts: "Look at the people who are

frequent flyers. There are a lot of people on the go all the time." Metromedia and American Express Co. have joined in a four-company venture that will also offer nationwide paging. NPR's partner in satellite beeping, Mobile Communications Corp. of America, estimates that their venture will gross about $10 million annually in five years.

Mobile Communications is one of many common carriers that are also applying for cellular radio licenses. The FCC plans to designate two for each city. One of the two everywhere will be a telephone company. A big winner will be American Telephone & Telegraph Co., which pioneered in development of the new technology. A T & T is already serving 2,000 mobile-phone customers with a network covering some 2,100 sq. mi. in a pilot project in Chicago, where regular cellular service will begin in November. The company has been granted licenses to build systems in six other cities: Boston, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, Phoenix and Pittsburgh.

The potential market is enormous. Some 50,000 names are on waiting lists across the U.S. for the limited number of mobile phones that existing systems can handle. In New York City, for example, where New York Telephone Co. has only 700 mobile phones, the waiting time is ten years. By 1990, A T & T alone expects to construct systems in 35 cities and sign up 1.5 million customers. Telocator Network of America, the industry trade association, estimates that as many as 3 million mobile phones may be in use by 1990, up from 180,000 today. With rental fees and per-call charges averaging $125 a month, annual revenues could reach $5.4 billion.

At least initially, mobile phones will be too expensive for all but the best-heeled consumers. Mobile phones, generally installed in cars, will run from $1,500 to $2,500; completely portable ones are priced at $3,500 to $4,500. Monthly charges are expected to run from $150 to $180. But the cost will come down. Says Alan Reiter, editor of *Telocator*, a monthly magazine: "I think you're going to see people buying cellular phones instead of extensions within the next several years."

Maryland Hotel Developer Ralph Deckelbaum, 53, who has been using a portable phone on a trial basis for more than a year, says he is "tickled to death with it." But life has not been the same for his secretary of 22 years, Anna Belle Alderman. "It used to be that when he left, he was gone," she sighs. "Now he never leaves; he can talk to me every five minutes if he wants to. When he goes out on a construction job, he calls me while he's standing on one of the girders."

Some experts worry about the strain of staying in touch 24 hours a day. Marilyn Komechak, a Fort Worth psychologist who has clinically studied stress, believes that prolonged use of beepers produces anxiety and probably high blood pressure. "I have never seen anyone respond to a beep with a smile or a less than strident comment," she says.

Maybe so. But try to tell that to the parents of children who are patients of New Jersey Dentist Robert McGuire. When Junior gets in the chair, the parents are handed beepers so they can run errands, or stay out of the way, until the dentist is done. Or tell it to the Baltimore lawyer who makes telephone calls while driving to and from Annapolis, thus extending his billable hours. With the technology behind pagers and mobile telephones becoming increasingly available and inexpensive, the handy little devices promise—or is the word threaten?—to become ubiquitous. —*By Alexander L. Taylor III. Reported by Melissa August/Washington and Adam Zagorin/New York*

With cellular radio service, Developer Ralph Deckelbaum can call his office from a building site

"It used to be that when he left, he was gone," says his secretary. "Now he never leaves."

High-Tech Fever

Two funds lure $835 million

Now that investors are feeling decidedly bullish about high-tech stocks, Merrill Lynch, characteristically, is thundering to the head of the stampede. Last week the firm announced it had collected $835 million from investors for shares in its new twin mutual funds called Sci/Tech. Sci Tech Holdings, Inc., for U.S. and Canadian investors, raised $550 million, while Sci/Tech, S.A., for overseas investors, attracted $285 million. The offering turned out to be the largest mutual fund start-up ever, leagues ahead of the second largest, Manhattan Fund, launched in 1966 with $247 million. The Sci/Tech funds, which will have nearly identical portfolios, will buy stock in companies around the world in such fields as biotechnology, health care, computers, communications, electronics and automation.

Besides being the biggest of the 30-odd mutual funds concentrating on science and technology stocks, Sci/Tech boasts a prestigious international management team. Under Merrill Lynch's direction, assets in Japan and the Pacific Basin will be managed by Nomura Capital Management, Inc., an affiliate of Japan's largest securities firm, Nomura Securities Co., Ltd. West European investments will be handled by Lombard Odier International Portfolio Management Ltd., a London-based subsidiary of one of Switzerland's oldest and largest private banks. Merrill Lynch Asset Management, already the biggest U.S. manager of mutual funds, will handle Sci/Tech assets in the U.S., Canada and, later, South America.

Advising Sci/Tech's investment specialists will be a council of scientists and other experts in fields ranging from biology to aeronautical engineering. Harry Woolf, who will head the council, is director of the Institute for Advanced Study in Princeton, N.J. Says Arthur Zeikel, president of Merrill Lynch Asset Management as well as Sci/Tech: "Our international scope, professional management and scientific advisory council will put Sci/Tech on the cutting edge of the rapid changes in science and technology around the globe."

But other market experts, including Morgan Stanley's chief portfolio strategist, Barton Biggs, have been warning that many high-tech issues are overrated. Some are selling at prices as high as 50 times their earnings; the average price for the 500 stocks in Standard & Poor's Index is about 13 times earnings. Says Zeikel: "It's true that some high-tech stocks have gotten ahead of themselves." But he argues that the overall high-tech trend is up and that the funds will ride up with it.

Even if they do not, Merrill Lynch is already a winner. Commissions of up to 8.5% on the sale of the domestic shares alone should have netted the company about $20 million. ■

From Davy Jones, a Tax Shelter

An improbable investment yields riches from the ocean floor

For most investors, a tax shelter is about as tangible as an electronic banking transaction: a piece of paper documenting their part ownership of a shopping mall in the next state or an oil-drilling site half a continent away. But for some 30 investors with a special sense of romance—and risk—the payoff from an unusual Florida operation was the kind they could touch, even fondle: silver ingots the size of paving blocks, gold chains, gold bars, fistfuls of gold and silver coins, a coral-encrusted anchor, a bronze cannon, an emerald ring—all lost at sea 361 years ago.

The loot was handed out last month in Key West at the offices of Treasure Salvors Inc., the outfit that found the hoard on the ocean bottom. Three years ago, the investors, ranging from a California brain surgeon to a Florida auto dealer, paid $20,000 for each of the 35 units in a unique tax-shelter limited partnership. The deal was the brainstorm of an ebullient New Jersey tax-shelter specialist, Jerry Burke, 50. The money entitled the investors-partners to 17.5% of anything recovered during 1980 from the Spanish galleon *Santa Margarita*. That ship and a sister ship, the *Atocha*, both carrying New World treasure to Spain, sank in a hurricane off the coast of Florida in 1622. "It's a good feeling to finally be able to distribute this stuff. It justifies the faith people had in me," said Mel Fisher, founder of Treasure Salvors. It was an uncharacteristic understatement from the usually hyperbolic Fisher, 60, an incorrigible optimist who for years was regarded along the Florida Keys as at best a dreamer and at worst an unscrupulous hustler. Twenty years ago, Fisher and his indomitable wife Dolores, 46, began their search for the legendary lost galleons. Following a trail discovered by Historian Eugene Lyon in 1970 at the Archive of the Indies in Seville, Spain, Fisher found the wrecks lying in shallow water 30 miles west of Key West. So far, Treasure Salvors has recovered some 30,000 artifacts from both ships. The find has been appraised at $27 million for insurance purposes, but art experts think the treasure could be worth several times that. The effort has so far cost $7.5 million, much of it scratched together from the sale of early discoveries, outlays from a few adventurous souls who had faith in Fisher, and movie options. About $2 million of the total has been raised since 1980 through tax-shelter partnerships, including the one formed by Burke.

DOUG KINCAID

Treasure Salvors diver with his catch

A find to fondle: gold and silver bars

KINCAID

Dolores and Mel Fisher

"People think we just go out in rowboats and fish up treasure," says Treasure Salvors Vice President Bleth McHaley, "but it took us seven years to find it, and seven more years to establish our right to keep it." Finding it involved 400,000 miles of crisscrossing the ocean, towing special magnetometers developed by Treasure Salvors' Fay Feild, an electronics engineer. Occasionally, Fisher brought in seers, psychics and trained dolphins to break the technological tedium. There were thousands of fruitless dives into holes blown through 20 ft. of sand. And in 1975 there was tragedy. A week after the Fishers' oldest son Dirk discovered bronze cannons that irrefutably identified the *Atocha*, he and his wife and another diver drowned when a salvage tug capsized.

Once Treasure Salvors began bringing up bags filled with gold and silver, the state of Florida, and eventually the Federal Government, laid claim to it all. Treasure Salvors fought a long, intricate legal battle all the way to the Supreme Court, which in 1982 finally declared in effect: "Finders, keepers." Not a moment too soon. Recalls Fisher's longtime partner Bob Moran, 57: "If we could have had access to what we brought up, we could have gone ahead without borrowing and finding investors." Instead, by 1980, Treasure Salvors' financial situation was desperate. Then, during Easter vacation, Jerry Burke's eight-year-old son Justin dragged his father to an exhibit that Treasure Salvors had set up in Key West.

"I said to Mel, 'Hey, you're doing it all wrong,' " recalls Burke. He proposed organizing the tax-shelter partnerships for each year's work on every salvage site, loosely fashioned after oil-exploration tax shelters. So successful was Burke in attracting investors in 1980 and 1981 that his firm, Underhill Associates, is now trying to register a $12 million tax shelter with the Securities and Exchange Commission so that it can be sold publicly. That money would go toward six new expeditions Fisher has in mind, as well as for further exploring at the sites of the *Margarita* and *Atocha*.

If nothing more is found—and assuming the IRS does not challenge the concept—most of the investment can be written off as expenses, as it is in unsuccessful oil-exploration partnerships devised to shelter income from taxes. If treasure is recovered, profits from the sale could be taxed at the capital-gains rate, currently a maximum of only 20%. If the finds are donated to a museum, the full appraised value is deductible. Of the 1980 *Margarita* partnership, Burke says, "I tell my investors they've made four or five times their money."

Actually, no one knows yet what most of the treasure is worth. "There has never been any situation like this," says Wiley Grant, chairman of the Commissioner's Art Advisory Panel of the Internal Revenue Service, which must approve donations taken as tax deductions. "There's been nothing of this magnitude or the magnificence of these particular items. All of this stuff is documented, and the publicity has made it more valuable. Really, the market will have to determine what it is worth."

Meanwhile, Mel Fisher's dream has turned out to be a unique contribution to the world's cultural heritage. Some of the swords and daggers he found are going to the Tower of London armaments collection. Starting next year, Thomas Hoving, a former director of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art who is now organizing traveling cultural exhibits, plans to take the 1622 haul on a worldwide tour. As for Fisher, he is still dreaming, this time of finding the mother lode: 1,078 silver ingots that sank with the *Atocha*. And maybe he will. —*By Jane O'Reilly*

Just Bray It Again, Sam

For ABC's Donaldson, the White House beat is a volume business

When Jimmy Carter left the White House, he wished two enduring headaches on his successor: Israel's combative Prime Minister Menachem Begin and ABC News' abrasive White House correspondent Sam Donaldson. Last month, when Ronald Reagan spoke at a ceremony extolling the achievements of ABC News President Roone Arledge, Reagan added: "Sam Donaldson is a small price to pay." Not many people would cherish having provoked Chief Executives as diverse as Carter and Reagan. But Donaldson, 49, has gleefully made himself perhaps the best-known TV reporter in America by asking pertinent questions of Presidents in the most impertinent possible way. He gets the news by shouting.

To a public that often regards the White House press corps as a pack of hounds baying at whatever misfortunate occupies the Oval Office, Donaldson can seem the loudest and meanest coon dog of all. He asked Carter whether he was competent to be President. (Donaldson's judgment: no.) He suggested to Reagan that his presidency was "failing" and asked if it was true that he had to be "dragged back to making realistic decisions" by aides. To lesser officials Donaldson can be, if anything, ruder: at a press conference preceding an international economic summit, when Secretary of State George Shultz was brought in by White House officials for no apparent purpose, Donaldson demanded, "Mr. Secretary, why have you come here?"

Off-camera, Donaldson titillates and embarrasses the press corps by shouting out, often within earshot of public figures, the sort of tasteless jokes that other reporters only murmur. Says a former ABC colleague: "People often find him boorish and obnoxious." Admits Donaldson: "I cause myself a lot of trouble with my deportment, and I am less than thrilled about that." Yet Donaldson seems a mascot rather than an outcast among the White House–beat regulars. They are used to his Peck's Bad Boy manner and enjoy his outbursts against the White House staff for manipulating access to the President, though some reporters blame his antics for the recent ban on asking questions during "photo opportunities." With few exceptions, colleagues praise Donaldson for his nerve and enterprise. Says an NBC competitor: "There are so few opportunities to talk to the President that there is something to be said for leading the charge." Jody Powell, the Carter Administration press secretary who is now an ABC colleague of Donaldson, recalls, "When I got to the White House in the morning, there were usually two reporters there to greet me: Helen Thomas of U.P.I. and Sam." President Reagan's deputy press secretary, Larry Speakes, says, "I think he sets the agenda for other reporters. He can spot a story and get to the bottom of it quickly, and 99 times out of 100 he is right."

Sounding the charge: Peck's Bad Boy at the White House

"I ask the pointed question to draw a newsworthy response."

Donaldson is more than just aggressive. He is perhaps the leading practitioner of a style of broadcast journalism that treats news like sports, emphasizing vivid snippets of videotaped reality rather than a reporter's measured conclusions. Indeed, some critics claim that Donaldson is scarcely a reporter. He makes little effort to compete with print journalists in developing sources and background knowledge, or uncovering major news. As he sees it, his job is to get people, especially the President, to react on the record, on camera. Says he: "My specialty is asking a pointed question to draw the newsworthy response that everyone else uses."

Most people in the press corps, whether reporting for print or broadcast, do in fact use the replies to Donaldson's queries. Says a rival from another network: "Sam is the first one out of the block, and the rest of us need him in a White House as tough to crack as this one." Howell Raines, former White House correspondent for the New York *Times*, agrees. Says he: "Donaldson plays an important role, asking the obvious question that everyone wants the answer to."

Donaldson's questions rarely advance public understanding of issues. His skill is in capturing, in a few words, the chief concern of the day. When President Carter was deep in Mideast negotiations in Cairo, Donaldson called out: "Is it peace?" (Carter hesitated, then answered, "Yes.") When President Reagan was facing a mounting series of allegations of misconduct at the Environmental Protection Agency, Donaldson demanded: "Is there a scandal brewing at the EPA?" (Reagan replied that the scandal was not in the agency but among the press.)

In effect, Donaldson is the television equivalent of the hard-sell tabloid newspaper. He appears more interested in emotion, in the fates of careers and in the flow of power than in the substance of Government. He gives an apocalyptic tone to even humdrum stories: after two of Reagan's Cabinet aides resigned in January to take lucrative jobs in industry, Donaldson intoned that Reagan was "the only President in modern times to lose four Cabinet members in less than two years." He ended a report about a less than climactic presidential press conference with the hyperbolic warning that Reagan must shape up "if in the end he is to keep his job." Donaldson admits that after six years on the White House beat he is often bored, except when a crisis erupts. Says he: "There are days when we just sit around vegetating."

Donaldson's demeanor of adolescent rebellion—as the kind of kid who got A's on tests and F's in behavior and took equal pride in both—can make him appear undisciplined. In reality, he brings to his work the same dogged determination that carried him from a "sad rat" freshman to a "sharp sergeant" at New Mexico Military Institute in Roswell. Raised by a strict Baptist mother in El Paso, Donaldson returned to attend Western Texas College. After graduate school at the University of Southern California and a stint in the Army, he came back to Texas. In 1959 he got a job with KRLD, the Dallas radio affiliate of CBS. All three TV networks initially rejected him for lack of newspaper experience; but after he reported from 1961 to 1967 for the respected WTOP in Washing-

ton, he joined ABC, which lagged far behind in news, and soon began to cover Congress. Donaldson rose steadily and was assigned to follow Candidate Jimmy Carter in 1976. When Carter won, Donaldson drew the White House beat and stayed, as ABC's ratings and prestige slowly climbed under Arledge's leadership.

Twice divorced and the father of four children, Donaldson lives in a McLean, Va., condominium and admits, "I do not do anything but work." Though he blames his job for destroying his second marriage, he plans to wed again on April 19, to Kansas City TV Reporter Jan Smith, whom he met at ABC.

Donaldson is the most controversial White House correspondent since CBS's Dan Rather left that post in 1974. Moreover, in contrast to Rather and most other reporters and anchors, Donaldson voices his political opinions freely. On the Sunday-morning ABC roundtable led by David Brinkley, where Donaldson is a regular, he lambasted the Reagan Administration's so-called squeal rule, which would compel health agencies to inform parents when dispensing birth control devices to women under 18. Said Donaldson: "It is an awful idea. That is the problem with this Administration. Too often it wants to dictate morals to the American people."

Donaldson wins no popularity contests with the Reagan team. In fact, he says he was told that an Administration official once warned ABC executives that the White House might revoke Donaldson's press pass. One reason Donaldson has since been able to achieve peace with the Administration, suggests former longtime CBS White House Correspondent Robert Pierpoint, is that the confrontational style, far from putting the President on the spot, "has played right into Reagan's hands. Donaldson and others intrude with a simple shot, and Reagan bounces it back with a shallow quip that plays beautifully on-screen. The exchange gives the appearance that he has answered the question when he has not." Says Donaldson: "Sometimes what comes out of my mouth is not carefully formed, and that can let Reagan off the hook."

Donaldson savors the "terribly good exposure" and high pay (about $450,000) on the White House beat. He has already held the post longer than any of his first-string network rivals and almost twice as long as one of his most celebrated predecessors, NBC Anchor Tom Brokaw. Says Donaldson: "It takes a certain resiliency to persevere in covering the White House—or, a critic might say, a dullness of wit." He has tried out as anchor on ABC's Sunday-night newscast and on *Nightline* when Ted Koppel is away. But whatever else he may do in his career, he is unlikely to find a job that better suits his talents and temperament than jousting with Presidents. "I love this business," he says. "Every day it is victory or defeat, and you do not have to wait to see which."

—By William A. Henry III.
Reported by Anne Constable/Washington

Newswatch/Thomas Griffith

Presidents Come and Go

Every Tuesday night a tall, lean man with a white mustache arrives at a darkened office building about a mile northwest of the White House and jams a package into a crack between the glass doors of the entrance. In red crayon the package is marked the *New Republic* (whose offices are on the second floor), but addressed to no one in particular there; it is signed TRB. The need for secrecy vanished years ago—everyone knows that TRB's Washington column is written by Richard L. Strout of the *Christian Science Monitor*—but Strout is a meticulous and habitual man.

This week, after 40 years, Strout ceases to be TRB. At 85 he decided that he could no longer do two jobs properly, but will continue to report Washington for the *Monitor*, as he has for 62 years. Strout is pleased but a little unnerved by the adulation of his colleagues and the attention he has been getting. The phone rings: the *MacNeil-Lehrer Report* wants him on the air. "I'm saying the same corny stuff to everyone," he tells them. "I'm warning you I'm running dry. Don't ask me to say anything profound."

Old men often find the old ways better, but Strout is a liberal who remembers without nostalgia when the *World Almanac* published an annual table of lynchings. He has watched at close hand one-third of all American Presidents. Characteristically, he insists that he has never been "intimate with any of them." He recalls being scandalized at his first presidential press conference in 1922 by irreverent questions thrown at Warren G. Harding, who in plus fours pleaded, "Gentlemen, go easy. I want to get out and play some golf." And when Calvin Coolidge dictated a single sentence, had 25 copies of it made and cut into two-inch strips, then handed them out without comment to reporters who had lined up. The sentence read: "I do not choose to run for President in 1928." Strout resents the later advent of TV coverage of press conferences, which turned reporters into "reluctant, unpaid Hollywood actors, encouraging the exhibitionists."

TERRY ASHE
Strout: at 85, down to one job

The TRB column (the initials stand for nothing) took Strout about eight hours to write, but all week he had been "storing up and getting mad at things." In recent years, anger at current issues often gave way to reminiscence, a valuable commodity in a capital with more monuments than memories. Strout considers Roosevelt "the greatest President of my time." He remembers the "charming, bumbling Eisenhower, who gave us a caretaker Government just when we wanted it, but who had the good sense to look at the clock, not to try to turn it back." L.B.J. was "an elemental force" whose Viet Nam War Strout deplored, but then Strout goes to his files and unerringly turns up a note he made to himself while reporting Johnson's 1965 "We shall overcome" speech. The note read: "I shall always like Lyndon Johnson for his civil rights speech."

A few years ago, Strout ticked off some other presidential judgments. Nixon: "Of them all, he was the only one I actively disliked right from the start. He was a flawed and insecure man." Ford: "The least devious of them all." He likes Carter and Reagan personally and, when Carter was in office, felt like "sort of an anxious nanny about him." He was flattered when Jimmy and Rosalynn invited the Strouts to dinner, was pleased by a note from Reagan. He succinctly says what he thinks of their two presidencies, then decides he does not want it printed. But the judgment reflects his conviction that "we normally elect a President and then we find out about him after. That's our silly system." He wishes we had a parliamentary system like Britain's so that national leaders would not come out of nowhere. He further believes that our excessive balancing of power leads to stalemates and weak Governments.

TRB has long been the most popular feature in the *New Republic*, which, despite some occasional eccentricities is now the liveliest and best weekly journal of opinion. The elderly, courtly Strout was an anomaly on a staff of editors whose average age is under 30. Strout will be hard to replace, his journalist friend I.F. Stone says, because his thinking was firmly rooted in a "day-to-day reporter's bits of insight and vivid glimpses." Nor will Strout's lucid style, his knowledge and integrity be easily matched. Editor Hendrik Hertzberg and Owner Martin Peretz hope to find a successor who is content to remain anonymous, as Strout was for a long time. That is asking a lot in an age of celebrity journalists and in a Washington that resents secrets.

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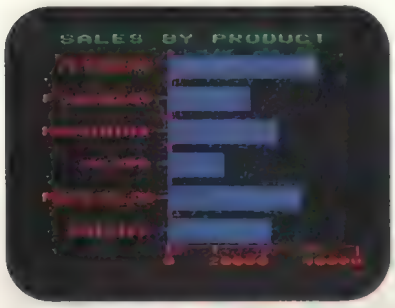

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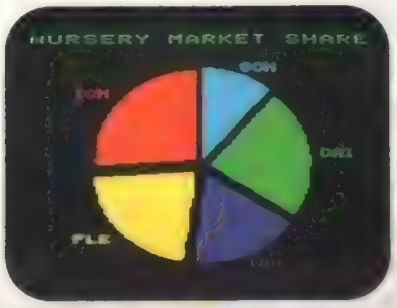

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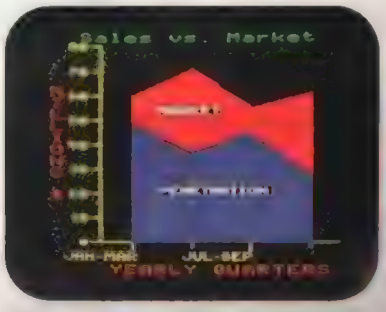

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Religion

The Bishops Stand Firm

Roman Catholic leaders again criticize U.S. nuclear arms policy

The 365 Roman Catholic bishops of the U.S. will receive an anxiously awaited item in this week's post-Easter mail: the final revision of a proposed pastoral letter on nuclear arms. The controversial 140-page document accommodates some criticisms from conservatives in the U.S. and Catholics abroad, but it remains a sweeping critique of U.S. nuclear-deterrence strategy at the very time when President Reagan is caught up in a tense international struggle over the issue. Moreover, Joseph Cardinal Bernardin of Chicago, chairman of the drafting committee, informed fellow bishops in a confidential memo two weeks ago that he discussed the contents with Pope John Paul II in February, implying general papal support, although John Paul has issued no detailed policy on nuclear arms.

The letter, which will go before the bishops for approval at a meeting May 2 and 3 in Chicago, was revised after a headline-making public discussion of the issues by the church leaders last November. The bishops later submitted hundreds of proposed changes, and Bernardin and Minnesota's Archbishop John Roach, president of the U.S. Catholic hierarchy, conferred in January with West European bishops and top Vatican officials.

The thrust of the document remains its challenge to many central elements of the U.S. policy of relying on an arsenal of nuclear weapons to deter the Soviet Union from starting a war. The panel still accepts John Paul's view that deterrence is "morally acceptable" if it is part of a process leading to disarmament. But the committee clearly remains deeply distressed by the basic concept of deterrence: U.S. willingness to counterattack by launching nuclear missiles. Since such an assault would be bound to kill countless civilians near military targets, it might well conflict with the tenets of the venerable "just war" doctrine, which bars the indiscriminate or disproportionate killing of the innocent.

The revised letter drops one rationale previously offered for grudging acceptance of deterrence: that it was a "sinful situation" that should be tolerated because the dangers of unilateral disarmament were worse. The panel decided that such reasoning tried to justify an act because it was the "lesser of two evils," an approach that Catholic teaching rejects on such matters as abortion.

As before, the bishops' committee condemns the first use of nuclear weapons by any nation, although NATO relies on having that option to fend off superior fleets of Soviet tanks and conventional forces. The panel believes that any use of nuclear arms would quite likely bring on the holocaust. The bishops also continue to endorse a bilateral nuclear freeze, which is opposed by the White House. Responding to Administration arguments, the bishops make some minor concessions: giving more recognition to U.S. disarmament efforts and leveling more criticism at the Soviets for their belligerent stance.

Despite some reservations, the committee voted unanimously to send the document to the full hierarchy, which last November strongly supported the basic points of the evolving letter. Whatever the final version, the proposed text makes clear that only the universal principles of justice and the need to strive for peace are binding church teaching, while the bishops' applications of these tenets to nuclear strategy are matters on which Catholics may differ. ■

Milestones

SENTENCED. Giovanni Vigliotto, 54, (authorities say he is really Fred Jipp, 47), flea-market merchant who made a habit, and a living, out of wooing, wedding and then fleecing his wives (he claims to have married 105 women in the past 20 years); to 34 years in state prison, the maximum sentence, plus a $336,000 fine, for his February conviction on bigamy and fraud charges brought by one of the 105, Patricia Ann Gardiner; in Phoenix.

RECOVERING. Dang Tuyet Mai, 41, beautiful wife of Nguyen Cao Ky, the flamboyant former Premier of South Viet Nam who escaped the Communist takeover of his country in 1975 and is now a liquor store owner in Westminster, Calif.; from a suicide attempt (she took an overdose of Valium); in Manila, while a guest of Philippine First Lady Imelda Marcos, a friend since the 1960s.

RECOVERING. Marvin Mitchelson, 54, celebrity divorce lawyer and palimony pioneer; from broken ribs and a sprained neck received when his Rolls-Royce was hit by a Mercedes-Benz and knocked into a utility pole; in Los Angeles. His recuperation was undoubtedly speeded by the award last week to one of his clients, Dena al-Fassi, of the largest divorce settlement ever granted: half the claimed $6 billion fortune of her ex-husband, Saudi Sheik Mohammed al-Fassi.

DIED. Richard Stankiewicz, 60, sculptor and an innovator of assemblage who reclaimed flotsam and jetsam from what he called "the sea of junk around us" and welded it into irreverent, often witty, anthropomorphic or zoomorphic constructions that nonetheless were possessed of a cohesive, entirely unrandom vision; of cancer; in Worthington, Mass.

DIED. Lisette Model, 76, tough-minded, Austrian-born U.S. photographer whose best-known work was of unlovely, often grotesquely fat people whom she caught at moments of great vitality, conferring on them an intense confrontational power; of heart and lung disease; in New York City. Her early photos of Parisians and Niçois, which she brought with her to the U.S. in 1938, impressed American critics and were soon included in a Museum of Modern Art show, the first of many. "I am attracted to enormous forms," she once said of her work. "If I go to an aquarium, I love every fish, but I would probably photograph only the whale."

DIED. Walter Reisch, 79, Academy Award–winning screen author who wrote, and occasionally directed, some 25 films in Austria and Germany before fleeing to the U.S. in the 1930s to script hit movies for Greta Garbo (*Ninotchka*), Ingrid Bergman (*Gaslight*) and Vivien Leigh (*That Hamilton Woman*) and to win an Oscar for the 1953 disaster epic *Titanic*; of pancreatic cancer; in Los Angeles.

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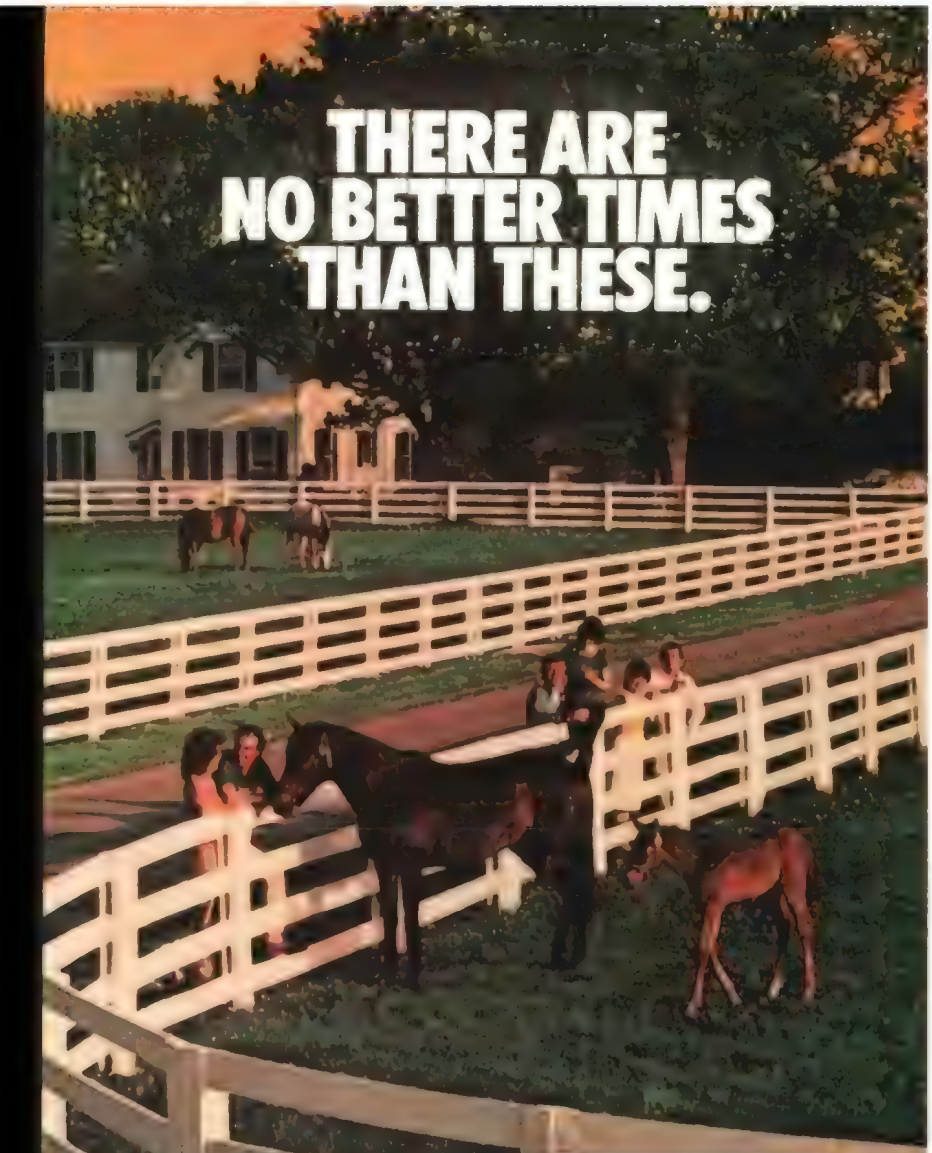

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Barbs for the Queen (and Others)

Bitchy Joan Rivers is the funniest woman in America

"If I say anything vicious, just add afterward the words: 'She laughed.' " So, to grant the lady her request and, at the same time, to avoid repeating those two words several dozen times, please regard most of the punctuation marks that follow as shorthand symbols for "Joan Rivers laughed."

Assume then that she laughs when she makes a joke about Queen Elizabeth's taste in clothes, something like, "I put a doily under the Kitty Litter. She was very impressed. She took it home for a hat." Supply giggles also when she takes on Nancy Reagan: "She's a great lady. She never swears. She told me to go and reproduce myself." And realize as well that Rivers is smiling when she tosses darts at her favorite target, Elizabeth Taylor: "She pierced her ears and gravy came out" or "Mosquitos see her and scream 'Buffet!' " or "She stands in front of a microwave oven and yells 'Hurry' "

Be certain too that the corners of her mouth are elevated into a grin when Joan Rivers talks about Joan Rivers: "Right now I'm the meanest bitch in America."

Well, given the competition, probably not, but it is safe to say that her outrageous, bitchy brand of humor has earned her the title of the funniest woman in the country. When she is host of the *Tonight* show, which she now is more than anyone else except Johnny Carson, she sometimes outdraws the man himself in the ratings. She is one of the few stars who can still pack houses in a depressed Las Vegas; her twelve-city tour in February was an instant sellout; and last week Geffen Records released her first album in years, *What Becomes a Semi Legend Most?* Next week she will be the host of NBC's *Saturday Night Live*, and on April 18 she will take over the Carson show again for a week. "I think the country is ready for me," she says. "People have come around to me, which is terrific, because, God knows, I haven't changed."

Except, perhaps, to become more secure onstage and a little more insecure off. This morning, as she talks about herself in her house in Beverly Hills, gobbling a rainbow selection of vitamin pills and munching an unpalatable-looking dish of diet food, she is more jittery than usual and speaks even faster, as unlikely as that may sound. In a few hours she will be a guest on the *Tonight* show, and that is even harder on her nerves than being the host. "Johnny gave her her break," explains her husband, Edgar Rosenberg. "And she always wants to shine for him."

Rivers always wants to shine, and except for the time she spends every day with her daughter, Melissa, 14, there is scarcely a second when she is not polishing her material. All over her house, elegantly decorated with French and English antiques, there are pads stashed away and pens and pencils inside pretty enameled boxes. When she is not working on jokes, she is thinking up TV and movie scripts. Though it received bad-to-middling reviews five years ago, *Rabbit Test*, her film comedy about the first man to become pregnant, is still returning profits. Now she is preparing to make a movie about television, *Situation Comedy*, which should blister the networks the way her fat jokes do Elizabeth Taylor.

Kicking a joke around at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas

"Each night I say, 'What if I'm not funny in the morning?' "

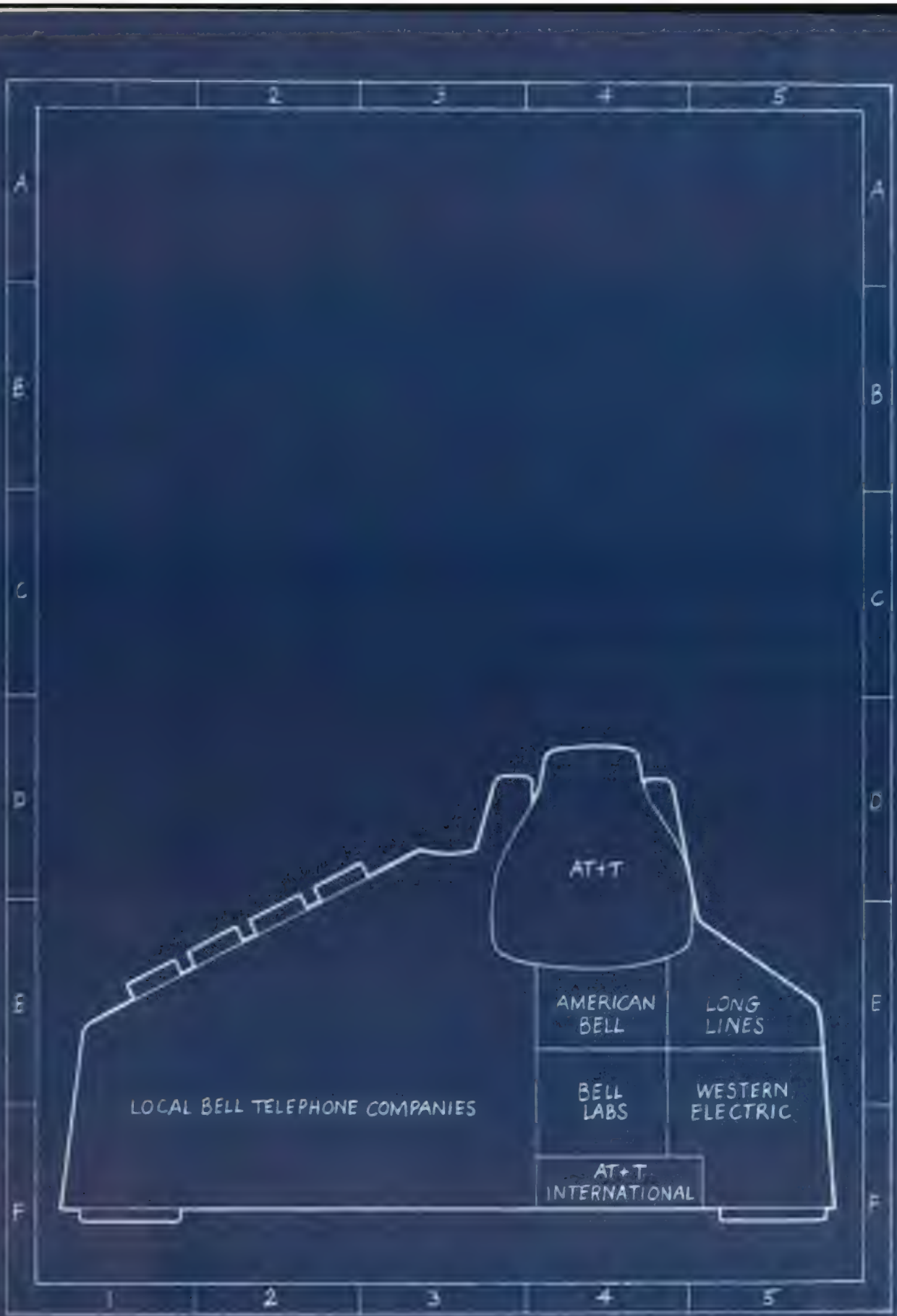
On this particular morning, however, she is thinking about tonight's Carson show, and though she will be on for only a few minutes, she has been preparing for weeks. She tested her jokes for two weeks at The Horn, an unglamorous little nightclub in Santa Monica. Now they are ready and, excusing herself, she takes a call from Bob Dolce, one of the talent coordinators for the Carson show, who listens as she reads her carefully rehearsed routine from a three-page typewritten scenario.

First, she tells him, she will talk about the Queen, who has just completed a visit to California, and runs through her jokes about the Queen's clothes ("Gowns by Helen Keller"). Then she suggests that if Carson wants to interrupt her—the *Tonight* show is only slightly less spontaneous than a shuttle launch—he might ask her if she saw Nancy Reagan during the Queen's visit. "I'll say: 'She was at my house for lunch! Do you know why people turn off on Nancy Reagan? She's too pretty. They expect her to look like Eleanor Roosevelt. John, I saw a picture of Eleanor Roosevelt. I thought she was wearing a gas mask.' "

And so on, stopping at several of Rivers' other targets, including her own supposedly ugly body ("They show my picture to men on death row to get their minds off of women") and her fictional friend, Heidi Abromowitz, the town tramp. She wants to do a new joke about poor Heidi—"She had more hands up her dress than the Muppets"—but she is afraid that it might be too raw for television. "I love that line more than life itself," she tells Dolce before she hangs up. A few minutes later, after checking with network censors, he calls back: The joke about Heidi can stay in, but one off-color comment about the Queen has to go. Rivers accepts quickly and that night is all fizz and sparkle, giving not a hint that she has traveled the same ground many times before.

Is there anyone, sovereign, subject or just plain citizen, safe from Rivers' barbs? "Deformed children," she answers. "And religion I'm very careful with. Otherwise, no. Everyone I've ever made a joke about has been huge. Who cares if I tell Sophia Loren she's a tramp? She doesn't even know who I am. All I am saying about Elizabeth Taylor is what everyone else is saying. She ought to thank me. I'm part of the reason she lost weight."

"Comedy should always be on that very fine line of going too far. It should always be on the brink of disaster. Otherwise, it's pap, and who cares? It's boring. Then you become the grand old lady. The audience will make a subject sacrosanct anyway. Death, for example. They just don't want to laugh about death. I think we should. When my mother died, I kept going by doing joke after joke. I get rid of things through very black humor. I have a wonderful Karen Carpenter joke: 'I have no pity for anyone who becomes thin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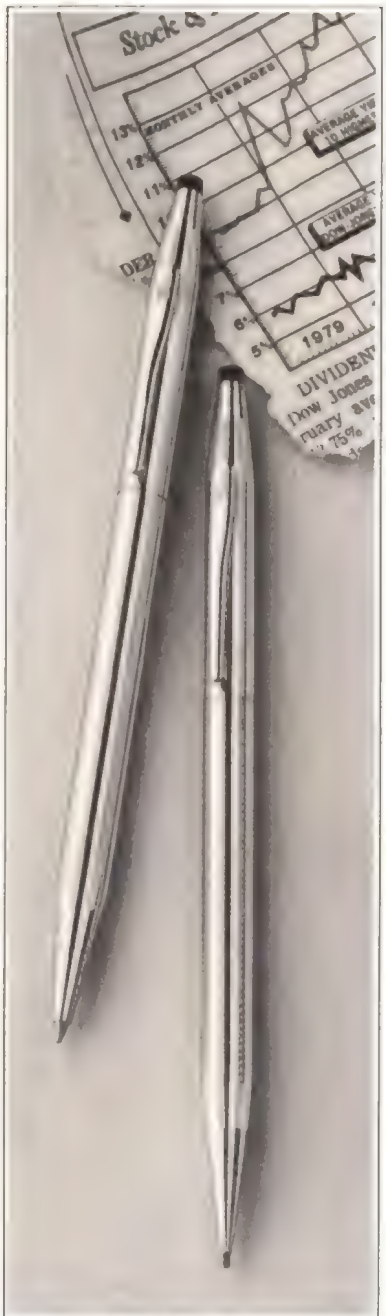

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Show Business

enough to get buried in pleats.' I tried it three times, and audiences gasped. They're just not ready for it."

If Rivers has her way, some day they will be ready, and the only constant in her life, besides fear of poverty, is determination. When he first met her in the mid-'60s, Husband Edgar recalls, she was so frightened onstage that she was afraid to touch the microphone; she was convinced that the perspiration on her hands would cause it to electrocute her. Three weeks before she made her first appearance on the Carson show in 1965, her agent told her she should give up the business: Everybody had seen her, and she was too old. (How old, she refuses to say, but she graduated from Barnard College in 1954 and cannot be much younger than 50 now.) Still, she continued.

Her determination is all her own. Her fear of poverty she inherited from her mother, who had been born to wealth in Imperial Russia, lost it in the Revolution and, despite marriage to a prosperous doctor, lived in horror of ever being broke again. During her own years of struggle, when her parents refused to help her further a career they disapproved of, Rivers was desperately poor, making only $6 a night in sleazy strip joints. Now that she has money, she too is afraid to lose it and is terrified, as her husband says, of winding up indigent in a nursing home.

"I wake up at night and say, 'What if I'm not funny in the morning?' " she says. " 'It's gone. It's over. Goodbye to the house, goodbye to Melissa's horses and the dogs, make sushi out of the goldfish.' I always think it is just going to go away. Success is very fickle, and you must never think it is going to last forever, because it will not. Every time I go onstage, I say a little prayer, 'Thank you, God.' " Rosenberg, whose family fled Germany for South Africa after Hitler came to power, has similar fears and is trying to amass his own fortune by implanting developments amid the rural beauties of Bucks County, Pa.

This year, and for some years past, Rivers has had success and more, and if she ever does wake up and find it hard to think of anything funny to say, she can always retreat to her reserve supply, twelve drawers of jokes carefully catalogued and cross-indexed on 3-in. by 5-in. cards. While she talks to her two secretaries, she lets a visitor browse through the headings; such topics as Drugs, Face Lifts, Beverly Hills, Homosexuals, My Body, and No Sex Appeal, which has the most entries, more than 400. "I can't stand it," she says whenever she hears a chuckle. "Which one are you laughing at?" Finally, she stops work and comes over to go through the cards herself. "Here's a good one about Heidi Abromowitz: The last time she made love she said, 'Was it good for you?' 'Yes,' said the Navy." She laughs, pulls it from the drawer, and that night several million people hear it on the Johnny Carson show. —*By Gerald Clarke*

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Solitude and a Solitary Master

With no more Open wounds, Tom Watson sets the course

For one who inspires so little romance, Tom Watson has a predilection for the romantic, a trait once associated with golf. "It's a slow game," says the finest golfer in the world, "and it's difficult to get the full meaning of it without taking time. You play along a while against the course, until, eventually, it comes down to the last nine holes, and you go after the other guy, usually just one other guy." Watson almost wishes there were no television then. "Isn't the book always better than the movie?" he wonders. "It's always better to read about it, read somebody like *[The New Yorker's]* Herbert Warren Wind, if you have any imagination."

Watson has the imagination of a dreamer. "Sure, you play-act on the golf course growing up," he says, "play out your fantasies." In that delightful aside after his U.S. Open victory at Pebble Beach last summer, Watson told how, while a student at nearby Stanford, he had often practiced just the closing holes there, thinking: "All right, you need to play these last two holes one-under to beat Nicklaus in the Open." Watson's dramatic chip-in at 17 last June, which the world thought was miraculously struck, he considered only amazingly timed. "To do it *then*," he says. On the record, he had been the best golfer for five years, but crashing at the U.S. Open was also a part of his identity. "Winning it has put my career on a different level." And, of course, Jack Nicklaus was the man he beat.

MANNY RUBIO

Golf's best player and his look of eagles—or birdies

To be remembered, and to achieve something lasting.

The golfers' awe of Nicklaus—this prehistoric bear—is so gigantic that on meeting him, many people are surprised that he is under 6 ft. Is this the man who bashes the ball so hard and so high and leaves "bear tracks" in the green to chill Johnny Miller? "Don't disturb the bear," Lee Trevino shuddered, even when Trevino was disturbing him greatly. Watson was the first to come along who really thought he was the equal of Nicklaus, and he is the only one Nicklaus truly came to regard as a peer. Over the past six years, Watson has won twice as many major championships (6 to 3), twice as much money and five P.G.A. Player-of-the-Year awards. But the public is no more disposed to throw over Nicklaus for Watson than it once was to drop Arnold Palmer for Nicklaus. Symmetrically enough, Palmer is 53, Nicklaus 43, Watson 33.

On the four great occasions when Nicklaus and Watson have looked each other in the eye—the 1977 Masters; the British Open that year at Turnberry, Scotland; the 1981 Masters; and last year at Pebble Beach—it has always been Jack who blinked. At Turnberry, their epic confrontation, Nicklaus finished 65-66 with a stouthearted 40-ft. putt spoiled by Watson's 65-65 and a stately seven-iron shot that settled lightly by the last hole. Squeezing Tom's arm—Watson is rather diminutive, 5 ft. 9 in., but the arms are parts off a larger man—Nicklaus told him as they strode away together, "I threw my best at you, and it wasn't good enough."

Of the 1982 U.S. Open, Nicklaus says just as forthrightly, "My year was finished 15 minutes after Tom's shot went in at 17. But I'm over that now." It is a new year. For everyone who plays for something beyond money (maybe only two of them), the year begins this week in Augusta, Ga., at the Masters, resumes at the U.S. Open in June, winds down at the British Open in July, and concludes at the P.G.A. in August. And though he holds the championships of both the U.S. and Britain, and Nicklaus has no current title, Watson knows, "As long as Nicklaus is still active, I'm going to play second fiddle." Far from minding too much, Watson would take more solitude if he could get it.

Partly because there is no gallery, he is a man who enjoys hunting birds; eating them too. He likes being outside by himself. "There are more drawbacks than pluses to fame," he says. "I think so. They say fame is fleeting. I hope so." One drawback is never being allowed to be alone on a golf course. In Ireland once, he called for a dew sweeper's teetime at Ballybunion Golf Club and asked the pro to keep it quiet. When Watson arrived, 3,000 Irishmen were waiting. "I just miss the beauty of an empty golf course," says Watson, who can rhapsodize about the fragrance of Augusta when the sun goes down, or the sound at Cypress Point when the wind comes up. "I hear people wishing golfers would be more flamboyant, but I don't intend to be," he says, almost flamboyantly. "I don't want people to know a certain private side of myself. They have no business."

It is not an appreciation for aesthetics that makes Watson the finest of so many excellent golfers today, maybe a few too many of them towheads. "As Nicklaus says, 'There are better scorers today than ever before.' Not players, scorers," Watson notes. He leaves it to you to mull the distinction. "Nobody on tour today can play like Hogan or Snead," he says, "not even Nicklaus." There is nothing obvious to choose between any two of today's top 100 pros when you line them up at the practice tee, so it must be something inside

A garden spot for Watson at the Masters in 1981, his second Augusta victory

that distinguishes a man. "Something that allows you to deal with the task," Watson agrees, "to live with it. Golf is a negative sport, telling yourself over and over all that can go wrong, then not letting it. Four days is a long while without a release, and at times the pressure is immense. I started learning about pressure competing with my older and younger brother and my father."

Ray Watson, a Kansas City insurance broker and expert golfer, a man with a certain temper, started Tommy out with a sawed-off three wood at age six and had him defending the family honor with it by seven. The Watsons were vacationing in Colorado, and father and son were about to tee off when the starter objected that the child was too little. Pointing to a ditch in the distance, Ray Watson struck a bargain. If Tommy was able to carry the hazard, could he play? It was agreed. Seven is young to feel that kind of pressure, but Tommy played that day.

His father's golfing companions took to calling Tommy "Fly" for "Flytrap Finnegan," the mouthy caddie of the Toonerville Trolley, since young Tom scarcely uttered a word. Stan Thirsk, the Kansas City Country Club pro who would be to Watson what Jack Grout has been to Nicklaus, a lifelong tutor, noticed Tom in a drive, pitch and putt contest at seven. "Usually a kid that age will just haul off and try to slug the ball," Thirsk says, "but already he had a beautiful balance." It was not until five years later that Thirsk took over Watson's schooling, but he remembered. In 1972, after Tom graduated from Stanford with a degree in a field most helpful to a golfer, psychology, Ray Watson and several of his usual playing partners staked Flytrap Finnegan to $18,000 in expense money for a try at the tour. By the last event of the year, Watson had won just enough to repay them. The next season he paid them dividends. Beamed one of the investors, Bob Willits: "Fly is better than General Motors." In the years since, Watson has won as much as $360,000, $460,000, $530,000 a year, almost $3 million in all.

What his father could not show him and Thirsk could never teach him, Watson had to learn himself: how to win. "You learn how to win," he says, "by losing." Byron Nelson helped him survive the lessons. At 24, Watson led the U.S. Open (he prefers National Open, the old name) after three rounds at Winged Foot in Mamaroneck, N.Y., but on Sunday he bogeyed half of the holes and shot 79. His junior-high sweetheart Linda, his wife less than a year then, remembers that as the lowest point. "Wives weren't allowed in the clubhouse," she says. "I was out in the rain, the workmen were tearing down all the signs, and Tom was inside crying to Byron Nelson."

That was the moment when Nelson, 71, who won eleven consecutive tournaments in 1945, appeared at Watson's side almost like a fairy godfather to explain the pressures that visit a man on the verge of winning a major championship. Why did Nelson bother? He found something appealing about Watson. Nelson did not approve of Watson's flailing swing, but he admired his aggressive manner, and says, "I liked his freckle-faced grin."

Two weeks later, Watson won his first professional golf tournament, the Western Open, and publicly declared that he intended to be the greatest golfer in the world. It was at a small awards dinner, and the Kansas City *Star's* veteran sports editor, Joe McGuff, remembers dropping his fork. "In a game almost based on fear of failure," says McGuff, "he never thought how far he had given himself to fall. He was absolutely sure." Watson laughs at that now. "My father got mad at me that night. 'Even if you think it,' he said, 'do you have to say it?' " At the next U.S. Open, in Medinah, Ill., Watson followed record rounds of 67 and 68 with calamitous scores of 78 and 77, convincing everyone but himself that he was a choker.

"Even my friends started to believe it," he says, "but I just didn't believe in the swing I had that week. I think that's different from choking." A swing that repeats itself is a grail the best golfers keep searching for, finding and losing again. Last week he took time off to practice for the Masters; the week before at the Tournament Players Championship, Watson played what he sarcastically calls "skank" golf, searching for a key. When Nicklaus is doing the same, he says: "I'm diddy-bumping the ball around." The birth of Watson's second child in December kept him home in Mission Hills, Kans., a bit more than usual at the start of the year. He has often won a tournament or two by now, but says, "I have no excuses," nor many concerns. "I've hit a few decent shots," he adds with a smile. Another charm of golf is that only the player knows when the shot is as good as the result. "I have to answer only to me out there," he says, "and it's kind of nice that only you really know how you were that day."

Only slightly less than Nicklaus, Watson is moved by history. "I don't know what my place in golf history will be, but I hope to be remembered as a great player, to achieve something lasting." He will not get up at a dinner and declare for the Grand Slam, but, as Nicklaus allowed the thought to drift across his mind in the '70s—the outlandish hope of winning the Masters, both Opens and the P.G.A. in the same year—Watson is still amenable to a good dream. "What are dreams made of?" he asks. "I dreamed of birdieing 17 at Pebble Beach, but I also practiced the same chip shot that week on the slope in back of No. 2 green."

It does not bother him that, before the shot, most people watching may have been hoping he would botch it and Nicklaus would win, because they were thrilled despite themselves when he made it. "I'm pleased for you," Nicklaus said. Everyone was. —*By Tom Callahan*

At last, victory in the 1982 U.S. Open, and congratulations from Nicklaus

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Wallflower at the Orgy

HEARTBURN *by Nora Ephron; Knopf; 179 pages; $11.95*

In 1961 *Take Her, She's Mine* opened on Broadway. The autobiographical comedy by Phoebe and Henry Ephron concerned a middle-aged couple and their recalcitrant daughter Mollie. Onstage the teen-ager was impersonated by an actress named Elizabeth Ashley. At home she was played by a girl called Nora.

In her first novel, Nora Ephron, 41, has carried on the family tradition, going public with her personal tribulations. Anyone familiar with the author's bright, acerbic articles *(Crazy Salad, Scribble Scribble)* knows the tropes. As before, there is the Johnny Carson Comparative: She "was so stingy she once tried to sell a used nylon stocking to a mugger"; the Descriptive Thrust: "His coffee tastes like a very spicy old foot"; the Confessional Counterpunch: "I would imagine [my husband's] funeral . . . and how soon I could start dating . . ."

These alone would make *Heartburn* a useful anthology of insults. But Ephron has another purpose. It is no secret that her marriages were more the stuff of Congreve than *Cosmo*. The first, to Comedy Writer Dan Greenburg *(How to Be a Jewish Mother)*, ended in 1973. The second, to Journalist Carl Bernstein *(All the President's Men)*, was finished shortly after the birth of their second son. Bernstein's association with an ambassador's wife had been Topic A at Washington parties. When Ephron discovered the liaison, she headed back to New York City and retribution.

It takes the form of a memoir composed by Rachel Samstat, cookbook writer and veteran of two marriages. The first, to a neurasthenic "so neat he put hospital corners on the newspaper he lined the hamster cage with," is a mutual misunderstanding. The second, to Columnist Mark Feldman, is even more calamitous. As Rachel acknowledges, "The man is capable of having sex with a Venetian blind." Even so, she is astonished when, swollen with her second pregnancy, she learns that Mark has been sleeping with Washington Hostess Thelma Rice. "The most unfair thing about this whole business," she begins, "is that I can't even date." Later the saline level rises. When Mark contritely bursts into tears, Rachel concludes, "It's true that men who cry are sensitive to and in touch with feelings, but the only feelings they tend to be sensitive to and in touch with are their own."

She dreads resumption of the single life: "The old New York ratio going against me . . . packs of Amazons roaming the streets . . . for someone genuinely eligible and self-supporting who didn't mind a little cellulite." She wonders how she failed: perhaps her breasts were too small, or "Maybe we just ran out of things to renovate." The motivations hardly matter. When little Nathaniel is born prematurely, his mother bitterly acknowledges the truth: "Something was dying inside me, and he had to get out."

Throughout, Ephron refuses to allow a note of self-pity; even her title is derisive. Humiliations are always relieved by pratfalls: Mark has been spending time on the psychiatrist's couch—unfortunately, Thelma is on it with him. Rachel's mother breathes her last, and when a nurse covers her with a sheet the old lady sits up, sings "Ta da!", checks out of the hospital and files for divorce.

As Rachel shuttles between Washington and Manhattan, she oscillates between hysteria and impartial reportage. But if she is contradictory as a character, she is consistent as an alter ego. Nora Ephron once imagined herself as a "wallflower at the orgy, . . . everyone else is having a marvelous time, eating, drinking, having sex in the back room, and I am standing on the side taking notes on it all." It was a premonitory passage. Here she is in 1983, everybody sleeping around like characters in a Restoration play, while she records the events with misery and wit. At times her comedy seems borrowed: the paradoxes are straight out of Peter De Vries: "All summer long I was snapping at him because he was never there." And the ethnic comedy ("The Jewish prince doesn't mean 'Where's the butter?' He means 'Get me the butter' ") might have come from a property settlement with her first husband. But when Ephron is herself, she can be the most painfully funny two-time loser in America. For months, people will be debating whether Rachel's analyst Vera Maxwell is based on Nora's therapist Mildred Newman *(How to Be Your Own Best Friend)*, or if Pollster Pat Caddell's white and black beard has been transferred to the chin of Carl Bernstein. That is the stuff of columns, not criticism. Long after the chatter has abated, *Heartburn* will be providing insights and laughter. Forty thousand copies are already in print, and the bestseller list cannot be far away. As Nora Ephron is about to learn, leaving well is the best revenge. —*By Stefan Kanfer*

Excerpt

"There have always been many things you can do short of actually ending a bad marriage—buying a house, having an affair and having a baby are the most common, I suppose—but in the early 1970s there were at least two more. You could go into consciousness raising . . . And you could sit down with your husband and thrash everything out . . . drawing up a list of household duties . . . This happened in thousands of households, with identical results: thousands of husbands agreed to clear the table. They cleared the table. They cleared the table and then looked around as if they deserved a medal. They cleared the table and then hoped they would never again be asked to do another thing. They cleared the table and hoped the whole thing would go away. And it did. The women's movement went away, and so, in many cases, did their wives. Their wives went out into the world, free at last, single again, and discovered the horrible truth: that they were sellers in a buyers' market, and that the major concrete achievement of the women's movement in the 1970s was the Dutch treat."

Nora Ephron: funny two-time loser

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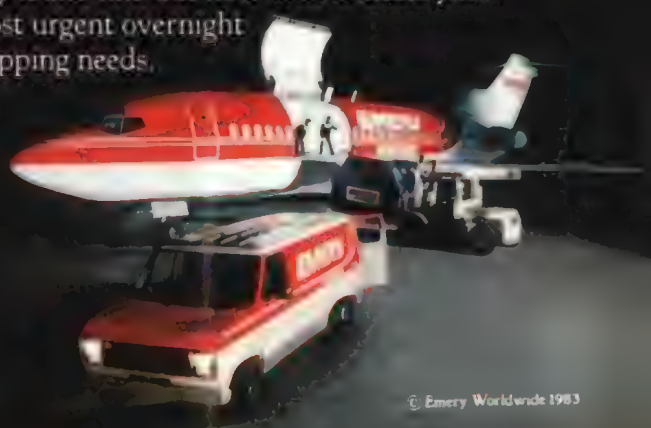

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Fast Upward

THE LETTERS OF HENRY ADAMS *Edited by J.C. Levenson, Ernest Samuels, Charles Vandersee, Viola Hopkins Winner; Belknap Press; 3 volumes; $100*

"I still would like to think," Henry Adams once wrote to his older brother Charles, "that a century or two hence when everything else about us is forgotten my letters might still be read and quoted as a memorial of manners and habits at the time of the great secession of 1860." Adams was then a bumptious youth of 22, just three years out of Harvard, desperately uncertain about what he wanted to do with his life but just as desperately aware that his grandfather and great-grandfather had both been Presidents of the U.S.

Adams was right. More than a century after he wrote, his letters may still be read and quoted as a memorial of manners—as well as on the construction of a personality. Adams was one of the great letter writers of the English language. Proof is now offered in a major publishing event: the first half of a six-volume edition. The new collection will include virtually all of Adams' 4,500 surviving letters; only about half, many of them prudishly censored, have ever been published before.

In an age when manners are measured by how long it takes someone's secretary to return a telephone call, the art of writing letters may seem obsolete, like designing stained-glass windows or working gold. The Adamses traditionally thought otherwise. All of them believed it their duty to posterity to record whatever happened to them, but of all that high-minded clan, only Henry was an artist.

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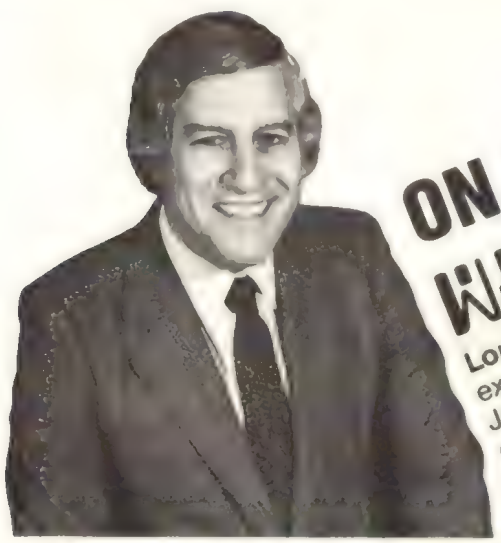
Henry Adams

One of his greatest feats of artistic legerdemain was to convince the world that he really was the crabbed and crotchety misanthrope portrayed in that greatest American autobiography, *The Education of Henry Adams*. The extended flow of his letters—these three volumes take him from age 20 to 54—portray someone quite different. Even in middle age, he was a man of considerable enthusiasm ("Man is still going fast upward," he wrote to a friend) and considerable charm ("Gumdrops are better than chocolate in hot weather," he advised a two-year-old neighbor).

And unlike the recluse of the last years, the young Henry Adams pushed toward the vortex of events. In Washington in 1869 he wrote brilliant articles on the corruption in the Grant Administration. When liberal Republicans tried to overthrow President Grant by nominating Henry's father, Charles Francis Adams, Henry exulted: "Just now I am engaged singlehanded in the slight task of organizing a new party to contest the next presidential election in '76."

The suicide in 1885 of Adams' mordantly witty wife Clover left him lost in darkness. "Fate at last has smashed the life out of me," he wrote to a friend, "but for twelve years I had everything I most wanted on earth." He labored on to complete the nine volumes of his excellent history of the Jefferson years, then gave a verdict on his own life by burning all the diaries he had kept since college. "In the midst of gloom and depression I have come to the last page of my history," he wrote in one of the few diary fragments that somehow survived the incineration and is included in this book. "I wish I cared but I do not care a straw."

Uncaring, he sailed off to investigate Japan, newly opened after two centuries of isolation, and then took up the study of Chinese. Uncaring, he wandered through the South Seas, one of the first Americans



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to explore their remote islands as a private citizen. He savored delicacies unknown in Boston ("I like squid, to my astonishment, and rather enjoy banana soup"), and he also savored the half-naked girls who anointed themselves with coconut oil and gyrated around him in a dance called the Siva ("as superb a creature here as the world has to offer").

The correspondent to whom Adams wrote most frequently (908 letters over the course of nearly 40 years) was the beautiful Elizabeth Sherman Cameron. They met in 1881, when he was 43 and she 24. They were both married, she to a stodgy Senator twice her age. Adams had fled to the South Seas partly to escape his increasing need for her, but he ended his voyage by meeting her in Paris. This time she was the one who fled, back to Washington, pursued by an eloquently inarticulate letter. "I am not old enough to be a tame cat; you are too old to accept me in any other character . . .," Adams wrote. "One may be innocent as the angels, yet as unhappy as the wicked; and I, who would lie down and die rather than give you a day's pain, am going to pain you the more, the more I love."

Rejected, Adams returns to Washington at the end of this volume in a state of suspension between futility and despair. On the eve of his 54th birthday, he has no idea that he has yet to write *Education*, the masterpiece on which his enduring fame will rest. —*By Otto Friedrich*

Exact Fit

TZILI: THE STORY OF A LIFE
by Aharon Appelfeld
Translated by Dalya Bilu
Dutton; 185 pages; $12.95

In 1941, when Aharon Appelfeld was nine years old, he managed to escape from a labor camp in the Rumanian-occupied Ukraine. He was in effect already an orphan; his mother had been killed by the Nazis, and his father failed to escape with him. For two years the boy wandered the inhospitable countryside, working as a shepherd, fleeing human contact. "I knew that if the peasants discovered I was Jewish, they would kill me," he later recalled.

Out of the shards of this experience, Appelfeld, now a renowned Israeli novelist, has composed a tale of appalling symmetry. Among Appelfeld's many novels and stories of the Holocaust (*Badenheim 1939, The Age of Wonders*), *Tzili* best exemplifies Kafka's bitter aphorism, "The arrows fit exactly in the wounds they have made."

As always, Appelfeld's style is affectingly spare. His fictional victim is a little East European girl, born to be despised. Ugly and slow to learn, Tzili is neglected and abused by her large, impoverished Jewish family. In infancy she is left alone to play in the dirt outdoors. In childhood she becomes the butt of her Christian

Aharon Appelfeld

The arrows fit exactly in the wounds.

schoolmates. As the Nazis approach, Tzili is abandoned by her parents. She seeks shelter among the peasants in the district, claiming to be the daughter of the local Gentile whore. But if she is spared deportation as a Jew, she is execrated as one of the devil's brood. "The peasants drove her mercilessly. She cleaned the cow shed . . . brought firewood from the forest. At night the peasant's wife would mutter: 'You know who your mother is. You must pay for your sins. Your mother has corrupted whole villages.' " Wherever Tzili goes the peasants beat her with sticks and ropes.

Inevitably, Tzili invites comparison with the little boy hideously brutalized by peasants in Jerzy Kosinski's *The Painted Bird*. But Kosinski's martyred child survives with nothing but rage and revenge; Tzili is strangely passive, accepting the insults and the blows as her destiny, if not her due. Kosinski's novel is a series of surreal images; Appelfeld's is a shadow play whose characters move mutely behind a scrim of inexpressible sadness.

Running from her peasant persecutors, the adolescent finds refuge in a hole in the ground, together with a crazed escapee from a Nazi camp. Love, pregnancy and abandonment follow in rapid succession. Then, as the war and Tzili's wanderings come to a close, she joins a group of other survivors.

The terminally weary Jews doze for days on end, then awaken to a semblance of life. Messiahs approach them, preaching repentance and a return to the faith, and from Palestine come the Zionists, calling for a new dedication, but the survivors pay no attention.

It is an indifference few readers will share. One seeks in vain for some faint sign of hope in Appelfeld's enigmatic parable. Redemption through suffering? Renewal or rebirth? Tzili's baby dies in her womb. The only human being who reaches out a hand to her is a prostitute. As the two women stand side by side on a ship headed for Palestine, the injured adolescent suddenly says to the fallen woman, "What I'd like now is a pear." That is all that is left of desire in Tzili, and even the pear is not forthcoming. —*By Patricia Blake*

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Rising Above the Murmur

The best plays at Louisville's Humana Festival radiate promise

The theater community has found a new rite of spring. On the last weekend of March, some 400 professionals—actors and agents, playwrights and directors, critics from every major U.S. publication and from a dozen foreign countries—convene in Louisville in hopes of seeing early productions of significant American dramas. The optimism is often justified. Since its inception six years ago, the Humana Festival of New American Plays has introduced, among other works, *The Gin Game, Getting Out, Crimes of the Heart, Agnes of God* and *Lone Star*, all of which have gone on to win a place in the repertoire and two of which have won Pulitzer Prizes. For his efforts, Producing Director Jon Jory has earned his Actors Theater of Louisville a Tony Award and his festival a reputation as the year's headiest theater binge. In three days this year the visitors were exposed to 13 plays (including five one-acters) and enough lively conversation and fast food to keep them stuffed till summer.

In any festival this compact, where impressions and insights jostle for retention in the playgoer's cluttered mind, similarities among plays are easier to spot than originality. This year's crowds chuckled every time barking was heard offstage. Canines figured in nine of the plays, from the howling hounds of hell in Timothy Mason's *In a Northern Landscape* to the title creature in Patrick Tovatt's *Bartok As Dog*. Feminism, incest and home cooking were other recurrent themes. But on half a dozen occasions one could hear distinctive voices rising above the collective murmur—and, in Kathleen Tolan's *A Weekend Near Madison*, the unmistakable cry of an infant hit.

Two of the one-act plays brazened through the cliché barrier to make provocative comments on the battle between artistic integrity and professional survival. In Kent Broadhurst's lovely *The Habitual Acceptance of the Near Enough*, a Manhattan gallery owner (Frederic Major) instructs a brilliant, unknown painter (John C. Vennema) in the art of compromise; fortunately the lesson does not take. In Jeffrey Sweet's *The Value of Names*, Benny (Larry Block), a blacklisted actor who has revived his career on a TV sitcom, crosses rusty swords with Leo (Frederic Major again), the theater director who had testified against him before the House Committee on Un-American Activities. The play's political prejudices are clearly on Benny's side; its emotional sympathies are subtle and shifting. Benny uses his aggressive wit to humiliate any sparring partner, while Leo's views on politics and art are wryly ruminative: "Trotsky was killed with a pickax, you know. I imagine some day John Carpenter will make a movie of it." Emily Mann, the play's director, is alive to both the passion and the ambiguities in each man's argument and, by staging the piece at a ferocious pace, demonstrates that the drama of ideas can be the most exalted of blood sports.

Many of the characters in this year's plays inhabit a landscape of dead or deferred dreams. In John Pielmeier's *Courage*, the Scots playwright James M. Barrie laments "the fierce joy of loving too much. It is a terrible thing!" *Courage* avoids the standard pitfall of the full-length monologue: that of making its subject too ingratiating. It keeps Barrie at a respectful distance from his audience and his own feelings until late in the play, when he relates the awful fates of the four children who inspired characters in his *Peter Pan*. Actor Paul Collins gives Barrie and the play a slow, mournful dignity.

Dignity is a quality that Shroeder Duncan, the laid-back loser of Murphy Guyer's *Eden Court*, would gladly settle for. Murphy has a dead-end job, a cluttered mobile home, a cynical pal (Steve Rankin) and a wife (the elfin Holly Hunter) who still carries a torch for Elvis Presley. This comedy's ambitions are no loftier than Shroeder's; it is just a tasty slice of lowlife, but full of sweet feeling for its tattered eccentrics. As Shroeder, Actor-Playwright Guyer is a brown study of the good ole boy, wondering what ever happened to the kingdom of machismo.

That particular dictatorship, as a number of the Louisville plays make clear, has been overthrown. Now, in the emerging sensibility of equality, men and women must find new places for themselves and each other. It is a challenge eagerly faced by the five young people in *A Weekend Near Madison*. Four of them—David (William Mesnik), a psychotherapist; his wife Doe (Robin Groves), a short-story writer; his brother Jim (Randle Mell), a painter; and Jim's former girlfriend Nessa (Mary McDonnell), a singer—shared a giddy faith in revolution while at the University of Wisconsin in the early '70s. When they meet again it is 1979; time and events have tamped down their political ardor. But Nessa has become a radical feminist who "had to give up sleeping with my oppressors" and has taken up with a girlish member of her back-up group (Holly Hunter again). Nessa's litany of "Heavy"s and "Oh, wow"s, her laser-beam stare and the brightest, most intimidating smile since Sissy Spacek's identify her as a spirit of the '60s. For the others, life is more complicated, the vision more blurred. Doe even daydreams about returning to Manhattan, "where the radiators hiss in winter and I never see the horizon."

Mary McDonnell shares a confidence with Randle Mell in Tolan's *A Weekend Near Madison*

A landscape of dead dreams, the kingdom of machismo and the offstage barking of a dog.

In three acts and at 2½ hours, *A Weekend Near Madison* might benefit from losing ten or 15 minutes and one offstage death. But even in its present form, as directed by Mann and performed by a pristine ensemble, Playwright Tolan's work radiates promise and achievement. Its theme, of community under pressure, also helps define this Louisville weekend, where actors may appear in three or four different plays, turn their talent to playwrighting and even schmooze with the critics. The beleaguered American theater can take hope from these artists, all stretching to see the same horizon. **By Richard Corliss**

Matthew Broderick idolizes the New York Yankees and yearns for life after puberty in *Memoirs*

Speak, Memory

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS
by Neil Simon

In most of his previous works, Neil Simon has parried the perils of heart-to-heart emotional commitment with a disarming quip. A loose upper lip has been his tactic for keeping pain in quarantine. With an ironclad consistency, he has been the Man in the Comic Mask.

The endearing aspect of *Brighton Beach Memoirs* is that the mask has slipped a little. Without slighting his potent comic gifts, Simon looks back, not in anger, remorse or undue guilt but with fondly nourished compassion, at himself as an adolescent in 1937 and at the almost asphyxiatingly close-knit family around him. While the play housed at Broadway's Alvin Theater does not fully attain the playwright's highest aims, it does give off compelling glints of an urban *Morning's at Seven*, a ghetto *Our Town* and a wryly caustic *Ah, Wilderness!* Like them, *Brighton Beach Memoirs* belongs to the family genre where the passwords are forgive and remember.

The hub of the play is the teen-age Eugene, portrayed with winning deadpan guile by Matthew Broderick. He acts as narrator, a kind of perky tourist guide to darkest Depression Brooklyn. He is possessed by two maddeningly tantalizing desires: to play for the New York Yankees and to behold a naked woman while eating an ice cream cone.

Though Eugene dearly, if undemonstratively, loves his family, he announces the members of the household like coming attractions he would rather not see. Mother (Elizabeth Franz) is an obsessive homemaker with the bawl of a staff sergeant. She inhales imminent doom with every breath. When Eugene asks why he cannot buy a half-pound of butter in the morning instead of a quarter-pound each in the a.m. and p.m., his mother retorts with fatalistic logic: "Suppose the house burned down this afternoon!"

Father (Peter Michael Goetz) has the wheyfaced fatigue and resigned gallantry of the immigrant provider who got a foothold on U.S. soil only to have the Depression whittle it to a scrabbling fingerhold on survival. Simon is openly comfortable with the Jewishness of his characters, and he knows the dread words that are italicized whispers in this home: "cancer," "diphtheria," "heart attack."

There are soap-operatic calamities in this extended family, complete with a widowed aunt (Joyce Van Patten), her restless older daughter (Jodi Thelen) and her coddled, sickly younger one (Mandy Ingber). But they are redeemed by Simon's abiding affection. In a character portrait in depth, Zeljko Ivanek, as Eugene's older brother, provides his panting sibling with a silver lining: not a Yankees uniform but a French postcard. This season's silver lining is Neil Simon's love letter to his past.

—*By T.E. Kalem*

White Hell

K2 *by Patrick Meyers*

Modern man's awe of nature has pretty much atrophied. Primitive man stood in still wonder in the presence of the seamless order of the elements and took violent fissures of that order as omens of supernatural wrath. Today such disasters are rationalized as freakish accidents, not as shattering revelations of immutable forces that man may never tame.

"I will show you fear in a handful of dust," wrote T.S. Eliot. The towering set that vaults above and plummets below the stage of Broadway's Brooks Atkinson Theater shows us fear on the inscrutable face of a perpendicular wall of stone and ice, pockmarked by eons. The hand-held camera that scales Designer Ming Cho Lee's awesome set is the playgoer's eye, restored to a 20/20 vision of the power, mystery, majesty and menace of undomesticated nature.

Halfway up this grim parapet of fate is a scooped-out ledge, a pocket of tenuous survival, where two men lie panting for breath. Taylor (Jeffrey DeMunn) and Harold (Jay Patterson) have reached the summit of K2. At 28,250 ft., this Himalayan peak is the second highest mountain in the world, topped only by Everest. On the way down, Harold lost his footing and suffered a critical leg wound. Only Taylor can descend for help. He is short 120 ft. of much needed rope, having left it at the last stopping place. He climbs the sheer wall three times to secure it. It is a feat of hair-raising tension that earns DeMunn spontaneous applause for his endeavors. But nature is not mocked or appeased. The rope hurtles by the pair in a brutal snowslide that nearly buries them.

"Mountains are metaphors," Harold says, but imminent death is not. The two men jest, curse and trade raw-tongued obscenities—all impotent delaying actions. Playwright Meyers tries to penetrate the core of each man's being, but he is only fitfully successful. Information is not insight. Meyers probes the past lives of Taylor and Harold, but not their hearts and souls or the roots of their perplexing friendship. Taylor is a hard-nosed district attorney with a rightist bias who revels in his animal prowess with girls in singles bars. Harold is a do-good veteran of the '60s scene with its liberal pantomimes and drug dabbling. He sought God in a physics equation and found solace in a loving wife and child. His poetic affirmation of that love affectingly shields him from the play's ungentle night.

If the text is sometimes like shifting snow, DeMunn's and Patterson's acting skills are rock-solid. Credit Playwright Meyers with braving a skyhold on verities more elevated than Broadway's passing parade of frivolity.

—*T.E.K.*

Jeffrey DeMunn icebound in *K2*
Jesting on the grim parapet of fate

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Holding the Speaker Hostage

Heckling is both a primitive art form and a kind of low-grade amateur guerrilla warfare, a nonviolent intellectual terrorism. Done properly, it produces roughly the effect achieved by releasing a bagful of garter snakes and rats in a cathedral: a spiritual shambles, the sermon in ruins, the bishop standing speechless at the altar.

Some sentimentalists, of course, think of heckling as a democratic dialogue, a roughhewn give-and-take of language. But it can turn strident and ultimately sinister. The shriek from the floor can become a different medium altogether. It turns into street theater. Anarchy crashes the hall, like a motorcycle leaping through the window and blasting down the aisle toward the podium. The sound is an anti-language, a gust of obliterating noise from below that is designed precisely to subvert the process whereby words arrive as ideas at their destination in people's brains.

When practiced at certain universities, heckling to silence and expel the intruder achieves a tribal quality; it becomes a gesture of group solidarity, a way that certain zealots in the academic capsule reaffirm the received wisdom of their tribe and symbolically slay the stranger. As such, it is after all a comparatively harmless practice. If academe were more profoundly primitive, undergraduates might have to initiate themselves into the group by, say, ritually mutilating a Republican.

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY ARNIE LEVIN

Some politicians, notably the British, cultivate an amiable relationship with hecklers. A man would shout "Rubbish!" during one of former Prime Minister Harold Wilson's stump speeches, and Wilson would imperturbably answer, "Sir, we will get to your area of special interest in just a moment." Other politicians have got down to the darker possibilities. Once in 1921, Adolf Hitler led a gang of Brownshirts into a meeting that was to be addressed by a Bavarian federalist named Ballerstedt. "We got what we wanted," Hitler said. "Ballerstedt did not speak." Hitler explained, "The National Socialist Movement will in the future ruthlessly prevent, if necessary by force, all meetings or lectures that are likely to distract the minds of our fellow countrymen."

The distractions in U.S. halls have increased lately. Disruptive little creatures have been loose—not at political meetings, where hecklers may have more legitimate business, but in university auditoriums. Two months ago in Berkeley, the cradle of the Free Speech Movement in 1964, a group of them managed to jeer U.N. Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick from the stage, temporarily. She canceled her lecture scheduled for the next day. The student senate, in a masterpiece of smug non sequitur, sent a letter of regret that observed, "We cannot help but find it somewhat inconsistent that you feel such great concern for your own freedom of speech while blithely accepting . . . so much misery and lack of freedom throughout the world."

Kirkpatrick ran into similar trouble at the University of Minnesota last month. Even before she began her speech, student protesters shouted epithets and chanted, "Murderer! Nazi! Fascist, go home!" (The "Nazi" vocabulary is promiscuously adaptable.) Smith College invited Kirkpatrick to be its commencement speaker this spring, and prepared to award her an honorary degree. The school then decided it could not guarantee decorum if Kirkpatrick came to speak, and so she withdrew.

Other speakers have had trouble lately being heard in academe. Former Black Panther Eldridge Cleaver, now, improbably, a conservative born-again Christian, was drowned out by several hundred screaming protesters when he tried to speak at the University of Wisconsin. Saudi Arabian Oil Minister Sheik Ahmed Zaki Yamani began a talk at Kansas State University. A roar of protest erupted from the back of the auditorium. The hall had to be cleared for 80 minutes.

Finally last week, the American Council on Education, joined by the American Association of University Professors and three national student organizations, decided that the spectacles had grown both embarrassing and morally dangerous. The groups issued a statement that condemned heckling that silences speakers on college campuses. "Unless there is freedom to speak and to teach," the statement said, "even for those with whom we differ on fundamentals, and unless there is freedom for all to listen and learn, there can be no true college or university."

Both students and teachers are casting an apprehensive eye toward this spring's graduation ceremonies. Some administrators are afraid that the crowd manners of the '60s are on the way back. They may be. The operative logic then, as now, was what might be called the Doctrine of Overriding Outrage. This doctrine holds that the issue at hand—U.S. policy in El Salvador, for example—is too important to be left to the flaccid (two sides to every question) processes of free speech and calm discussion. Why tolerate ideas that are so obscenely wrong? History is not high tea. As the Marxist philosopher Herbert Marcuse wrote in his essay *Repressive Tolerance*, under the free-speech practices of a liberal regime, "the stupid opinion is treated with the same respect as the intelligent one, the misinformed may talk as long as the informed." History is not the *MacNeil-Lehrer Report* either. Should one grit one's teeth and recite the First Amendment when, say, American Nazis decide to march in a Chicago suburb (Skokie) inhabited by many Jews who survived the Holocaust? Suppose that a man (William Shockley) wishes to tour American lecture halls suggesting that blacks are inherently inferior to whites?

The Doctrine of Overriding Outrage also rests on the submerged premise that since the established power owns the microphone and podium, the process of so-called free speech is part of the problem, not the solution. The heckling zealot wishes to reroute the entire discussion: hijack the issue and force it to a wilder jurisdiction. Hecklers take ideas hostage.

Those who disrupt, of course, are almost always a tiny minority of the audience. They achieve theatrical results far out of proportion to their size. They traffic in a publicity of anger, not in ideas. For too long, universities have, rather sweetly, rather weakly, feared to come down hard on those whose screaming silences speakers. Administrators did not wish to be thought intolerant of dissent; they do not want to interfere too much with youth supposedly acting out its ideals. They need the character to enforce the prerequisites of intellectual inquiry. They need to think more clearly about an essential distinction: if a disrupter is removed from the hall and arrested, it is not the disrupter's opinions that are being censured, but the disruption. A society that will not defend its basic principles of order is off on a brainless drift. If free speech has meaning, it must be defended against both cretins and idealists.

—By Lance Morrow

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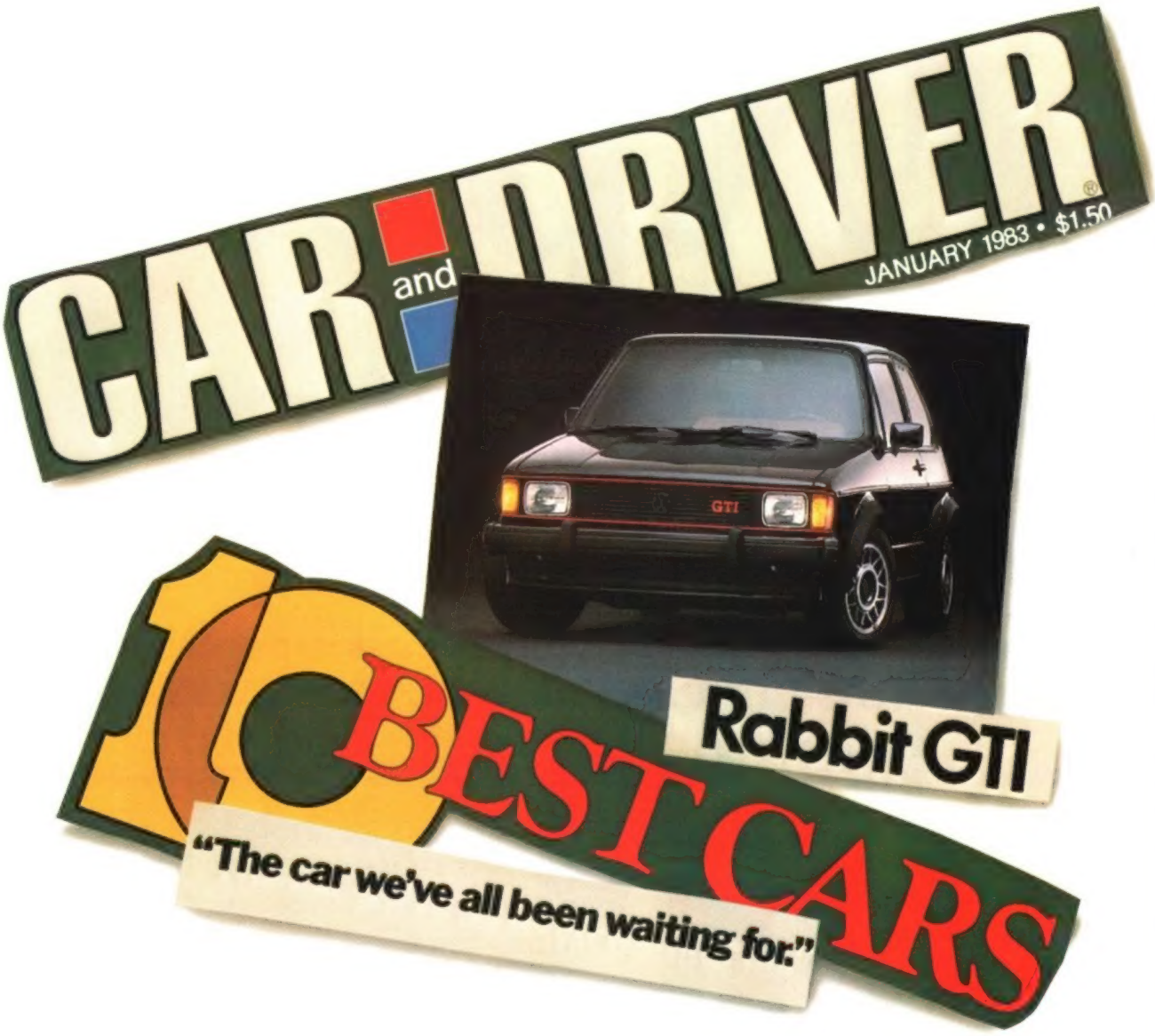

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